

AS HE JOURNEYED


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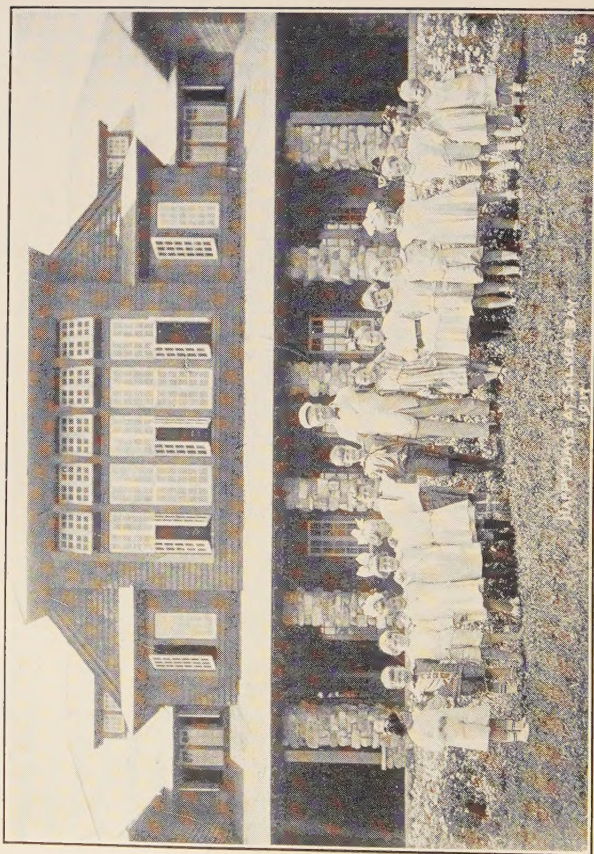
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HAPPY DAYS AT SILVER BAY

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As He Journeyed

The Autobiography of
WILLIAM D. MURRAY

Foreword by

FLETCHER S. BROCKMAN

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UNIONS CHRÉTIENNES DE JEUNES GENS
GENÈVE
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FOREWORD

“I have only done what any ordinary man might do.”

If we accept this judgment of Mr. Murray regarding his life the reading of these pages will reveal to the ordinary man hitherto unimagined possibilities in his own life.

Here is the story of a corporation lawyer in the financial district of New York who in addition to the exacting duties of his profession has carried on over a period of more than forty years a maze of activities, some worldwide in extent, and of such variety that they would have taxed the energies of a group of men, not of ordinary, but of extraordinary ability. It has been done without seeming stress or strain and he arrives at his three-score years and ten as serene and calm as if he had never borne the burden of other lives. He has had time to play with children, make friends of thousands of them and write books for them. He has been a creative force and constant worker in the worldwide activities of the two great youth movements of his generation, the Young Men's Christian Association and the Boy Scouts.

In his own hand he has maintained personal correspondence with friends of child welfare and youth movements in over thirty nations.

He has lived in our machine age without losing his individuality or his appreciation of the supremacy of personal values. He has been a part of "Wall Street" and has kept the simplicity of childhood. He is a world citizen but has never allowed himself to become so absorbed in world affairs as to lessen his interest in the personal affairs of an ever-widening circle of friends.

How has it been done? This book does not tell us. The author does not consider that he has done anything out of the ordinary. To his mind there is nothing which calls for explanation. Such lack of self-consciousness is characteristic of the finest genius. It all seems as natural and easy for him as for the lily to clothe itself in beauty. He tells us the story of his life with consummate art because he has kept the artlessness of the child heart.

His part has been only to record the miracle of his life; it is ours to discover the secret.

FLETCHER S. BROCKMAN.

Vanderbilt University
7th October, 1929

INTRODUCTION

For nearly half a century I have been active in various forms of altruistic service. It had never occurred to me that anyone outside my own family would be particularly interested in what I had done, or that my activities were worthy of permanent record. But so many of my good friends in the Young Men's Christian Association, particularly during the past ten years, have asked me if I did not intend to make my experience available for young men that, at last, as evening is drawing near, I have seriously considered the matter. And, as I have gone over the years, it does seem to me that perhaps this story of my life *as a layman* might inspire other laymen to realize that they can do more than they are doing. It is with an earnest prayer that this may be true that I write.

While my life has been far from monotonous, it has been just such a life as any laymen of ordinary ability could live. I never realized how diversified it had been until there came among my birthday letters in 1918 this one from our poet-secretary, Howard Walter, in Srinagar, Kashmir, in far-away India. (Walter died within two months of writing these verses.)

To W. D. M.

(On his Sixtieth Birthday)

July 17, 1918

They tell me you have reached three score,
But now I wish they'd tell me more.

Which of your lives has grown so old?
(For, like the cat, you've nine, all told.)

Is it the lawyer, primed for work,
No duty ever known to shirk?

Is it the scribe, whose books of worth
Are studied over all the earth?

Is it the man the boys demand,
The friend of youth in every land?

Is it the one the "Y" loves best—
Home, Foreign, Army, all the rest?

Is it the teacher, keen and strong,
To whom the Sunday scholars throng?

Is it the man whose rare addresses
Make conferences sure successes?

Is it the churchman, true and tried,
With every righteous cause allied?

Is it the citizen ideal,
Who loves and serves his country's weal?

No one of these nine lives, I hold,
In spite of years, can e'er grow old.

So if your record now appears,
Five hundred forty lustrous years,

Or if, but sixty be the truth,
We drink to your perennial youth.

W. D. M.

Plainfield, N. J.—June, 1929.

I

MY CHILDHOOD

I happen to be the first of eight children in our family. This quota was filled before I was sixteen, five boys and three girls. We were not wealthy, and everyone who was big enough had to help with the younger children. Many a time in the "good old days" have I rocked the cradle with my foot while studying my lessons for the next day. In my boyhood I was surrounded with children and they have not deserted me in later years. How instinctively they recognize one who really loves them!

I look back with great satisfaction to a holiday, after I had passed the half-century mark. I was sitting in my library, when the doorbell rang. When I opened the door there stood two ten-year-old boys, and one of them complimented me by saying, "Will you come out and play with us?" There could be only one answer to such a request.

I had passed my sixtieth year and was on a steamer on the Pacific Ocean. I had been telling stories to the children, and our companionship was about to be broken by a call for supper. One little

six-year-old fellow lingered in my lap, and as he left me he looked up into my face with an expression I shall never forget and said, "Mr. Murray, you're almost a little boy." Was ever a man blessed with a richer compliment than that? I never heard of any. I like to associate it with the words of One who set a little child in the midst, and said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." I have always tried to cultivate towards children what Professor Palmer calls "an aptitude for vicariousness." Only by putting oneself in the child's place can one enter into the life of the child. I think I have succeeded. One of my nephews said to me not many years ago, and he said it with admiration, "Uncle Will, you never grew up, did you?" I can remember how I dreaded the coming of the day when Fourth of July would come and find me not wanting to set off firecrackers. I never pass a window where there is a display of lead pencils without longing for a handful of them.

My own son, who was a member of our Primary Department, reported to me one day that the boys liked me, "because" as he said, "you tell them what you did when you were a little boy."

I had an illustration of this principle one day when I was preparing a birthday letter for a nine-year-old boy. I said to my son of the same age,

"What kind of a picture shall be put in Jack's letter?" "He's a ball-player," he replied, "put in a picture of a catcher." This I did, and when it was done my boy said, "That's the finest birthday letter you ever made. No boy could want a finer letter than that." This was because the letter was something out of his own life, for he was very fond of baseball.

I was born in 1858, and lived until I was seven years old in New York City, on Twentieth Street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues. At the time of the Draft Riots in 1863, I was a small youngster. I was greatly moved when some one told me that the chalk mark on the sidewalk meant that our house had been picked out to be burned. I recall how we left the house carrying certain precious things with us. Among them was an oil painting of a ship at sea, which hung in our home for half a century. In one corner was a hole, which we children believed had been made by a bullet as the picture was carried out of the house. As I grew older I reluctantly abandoned that belief, and came to think that in the hurry of departure some one had brought the picture too violently against some resisting object.

My earliest memories illustrate the kind of things that impress the child mind. I remember the morning when news came of the assassination

of President Lincoln. I do not recall having heard the story told, but I do recall the strange feeling that came over me when I saw the buildings hung with black stuff and the newspapers with black borders. Later I saw Lincoln's funeral move down Fifth Avenue.

I was sent to a public school before I was five, and was the third in the class according to size. I have a dim recollection of the school, but a vivid memory of some sort of public performance at which a little girl and I spoke a dialogue. She was dressed as grandmother, and spoke first; I was to enter properly dressed, upon hearing her say, "Grandpa's coming pretty soon to find out what's the matter." That sentence contains the only words I remember of all that was said to me during my two years in that school. It isn't hard to see why. It had been drummed into me that when I heard those words, I must go out on the platform and speak, a thing I greatly dreaded. This was my first appearance before the public. A little while ago I thought I would see if I could find in my diary, now fifty-six years old, any record of the first time I spoke on our high school platform. In those days (1873-75) every pupil had to declaim once or twice a year. I finally found an entry, "Practiced my piece today." A few days later there was a similar one, and so for two or three days more.

At last came this, "Spoke my piece today, done good."

I had a little brother, two years younger than I. I remember only two things about him in those early days. One was the distress of the family when it was announced that John was lost. My aunt, a young girl who lived with us, started out to find him, taking with her a wet face cloth, for she said that wherever she found him she knew he would have a dirty face. (That involved another dreaded performance.) He was discovered subsequently, asleep under the piano. The other incident I remember about him was the awful fright I had when this little fellow fell and put his teeth through his tongue. I was sure he would never speak again, even if he didn't bleed to death.

In 1865 we moved to Harlem, 123d Street. How long ago it seems! We used to go fishing on 125th Street for real gold fish. My father's office was at 176 Broadway, and occasionally he would take me downtown with him. The thing I remember about that office was a cracker box, where the clerks appeased their hunger. It was fastened by a curious lock which pulled apart when the cylinders were set so that the letters spelled "Dog." I don't know which I enjoyed most, the crackers or the lock. Sometimes my father would send me home on a horse car, starting from the City Hall, telling

the conductor where to put me off. I remember how frightened I would get when they changed horses at Yorkville, the halfway station. I thought the journey was ended and I was far from home. And then how cold those cars were in the winter time; how little comfort there was in the straw which filled the bottom of the car. The journey lasted an hour and a quarter.

When I was a very little chap, under nine, my father took me with him on one of his business trips to Washington. I have always been rather ashamed of the way I treated him on that trip. He found that if I would dine in the children's dining room, he would have to pay only half price for me. But when he took me into that room and started to leave me, I thought I would never see him again, and my tears were so abundant that I dined with him. I can still remember the sense of awful responsibility which came over me when a guide in the Treasury Department put a big envelope into my hand and said, "Sonny, you can hold this, there's three million dollars in it." A like feeling has taken possession of me at times when a parent has put a child in my care.

Our great joy in those Harlem days was a team of goats. One night my father came home and told us he had bought them for us and that they were at Riverdale. We could hardly wait until the

next morning, when my grandfather took my brother and me to Riverdale. What a wonderful outfit it was! I enjoy even the memory of it. No boy with an automobile, in these degenerate days, can possibly be as elated as we were. Seated in a double wagon, taking turns driving, with "Gramp" walking behind, we drove the seven miles to 123d Street, in all our glory, and immediately became the envy of every boy in the neighborhood. I recall a boy who lived across the street, and who was very angry because we would not lend him the goats. The next day he appeared driving a little black goat that could almost walk under our big ones, and he declared that he didn't want our nasty old goats.

One of the sad memories of that time is a Fourth of July when we had to go to bed while it was daylight. After our parents had left us we crawled out of bed onto the shed roof, and stood there in our night clothes watching happier boys who were still celebrating. I can remember after more than sixty years the suffering of that night; it seemed so unjust.

In 1867 we moved into the country; the children were coming along and needed more room. Here an entirely new set of experiences awaited us. The new home was in a house with a glorious garret, a boys' paradise. The former owner had been com-

pelled to sell the house before the third floor was finished. This was our playground on wet days and we used it to the limit. It had in it a lot of the former owner's furniture which we found most useful in constructing our castles and forts.

My brother and I, as we reveled in the prospect of living in the country, had counted upon becoming rich by gathering apples and selling them to the people who went through on the trains. When this was prohibited we thought we had lost a great opportunity.

I remember when one of the lots next to us was sold, and holes were dug for the line fence. One of us, snooping round looking for something to do, happened to look into one of these holes, and lo and behold, there were toads in it! An examination of the next hole revealed the same state of affairs, and so did the next. A bright idea occurred to one of us, "let's see how many of them we can get and take them up in our garret"! So, armed with a peach basket apiece, we gathered the crop. They were very heavy and in trying to get them to the third floor without unduly attracting the attention of those who might not have the same interest in them as we had, we spilled them. There were toads everywhere. However, we assembled all we could find and at last landed them safely in our stronghold. Unfortunately we had not noticed

that there was an opening where the floor did not quite reach the side wall, and before long the poor toads had fallen into another trap, between the garret floor and the ceiling of the room below, from which they never visibly emerged. I have sometime wondered how my mother and father lived to such a good old age.

My grandfather, of course, went to the country with us. I am sorry for the boy who has no grandfather, being a grandfather myself. I doubt if any grandfather was ever called by the name bestowed upon me by an eighteen-month-old grandson. One Sunday I said to the children in Sunday school, "I've been here since before any of your fathers or mothers were born." One little six-year-old was quite overcome and yelled, "Gosh!" I repeated this story at the dinner table when I came home, and immediately my grandson said, "Gosh," and ever since he has called me *Gosh*, abbreviated to *Gar*.

But to go back to my grandfather. He had a room on the top floor, just off our garret. In one corner was a huge bureau, into the top drawer of which he dumped all sorts of useless things in which boys delight. We used to visit that drawer surreptitiously, and exhibit our trophies to envious boys. It was a great secret, the place from which those things came, and great was the curiosity

aroused. I cannot recall all that we found there, but I do remember a long spiral spring, nails of various sizes, mostly very large, a smooth stone, and an old knife without a whole blade in it. His pocket was as much a curiosity shop as his bureau drawer. I've often gone to him for a piece of candy. Out would come a handful of nails, string, a stubby pencil or two, in the midst of which would be fragments from a stick of peppermint candy. No candy ever tasted better, and I do not remember any germs.

My father might have been counted as the ninth child, and my mother would surely make the tenth.

These recollections of my own childhood will show, I trust, that I have qualified as a witness for childhood. I am sure my own state of mind in childhood's days has enabled me to enter more sympathetically into children's feelings. For example, for some years I wondered why people in church sang, "Have they glued you?" "Hallelujah" was far beyond me. In the same way I tried to think what a "Real Eastern Agent" might be, there were so many of them along Third Avenue. I learned later that they were Real Estate Agents. So when one of my pupils went home after hearing the story of Joseph and told her mother that Mr. Murray said Joseph's brothers put him in a peach pit, I quite understood.

II

EARLY YEARS

During the years 1871 to 1875, I was a student in the Plainfield, N. J., high school. It was customary then, as now, to invite men to speak at what we called our "morning exercises." I remember very little about those morning hours, though I do recall the day when the principal, after a long pause, said "Will some one please start the Lord's Prayer?" Another speaker, I remember, advised us to brush our teeth up and down as well as across. This is about all I remember, except one day in June, 1873, Dr. John H. Vincent, a beloved citizen of our city, was the speaker. I don't remember what he was talking about but I do know that he said, "Any man who can keep a diary for two years is a genius." That seemed a very simple way of discovering whether or not I belonged in that class, so, as soon as school was out, I rushed downtown and bought a ten-cent paper-covered blank book, and that night made my first entry in my diary, June 20, 1873. I have kept it day by day ever since. It is now contained in more than fifty volumes. Although the good doctor's statement

has not been verified in my case, I have always been grateful to him for the advice he gave us that morning. Especially as it enables me now, after more than fifty years, to set down accurately the events of my life. Dr. Vincent was one of the members of our Board of Education and I have always been proud of his autograph on my diploma.

His distinguished son, George E., was one of my boyhood playmates. Even in those days he showed signs of the brilliancy which has marked his career. For instance, it was a custom for the ministers of the city to take dinner together at the different homes. Once when Dr. Vincent entertained them, George made the place cards. Now it so happens that we had two Baptist churches in Plainfield, one larger than the other. On the card for the minister of the large Baptist church he drew the constellation of the large dipper, and on the card for the other he made the little dipper. It is said that once while consigned to a side table for dinner, George, upon being asked to return thanks, said, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

My four years in high school were joyful ones. Classes were small. Few boys left town for preparatory schools. We knew each other intimately. The pleasant journey through the four years was

largely due to two congenial teachers, a man and a woman. In those days each class had one teacher and each teacher taught all the subjects studied in that class. Miss Julia E. Bulkley endured much at our hands, but ever sought to win our affection. She had our class in junior year. She had offered some prizes for the work of that year; when the time came to award them—I do not know just how it happened—one of them came to me “for improvement in deportment.” It was a copy of Tyndall’s “Hours of Exercise in the Alps,” and I rather think this good lady imagined that it would be good for me if I tried to overcome some of the obstacles I met, as had Tyndall. In later years when we were raising money for our Y M C A building, she came to me with a check for one hundred dollars, saying that she wanted to put it into my hands personally. This dear old lady, now Mrs. Shelland, of St. Paul, Minnesota, visited us in 1921 and we had a fine gathering of her old boys and girls to meet her. In 1922 we sent her a substantial Christmas present.

The other teacher, later known as Judge Robert Kerr, of Colorado Springs, was a graduate of the class of 1873 at Dartmouth. Before going to college he had served through the Civil War on the Union side. He was athletic and friendly and near

enough to the great war to be a hero in our eyes. He had our class in senior year, 1874-75. I remember he once reminded some of us boys that his first name was Robert. He it was who awakened in me a love for poetry, especially Tennyson, his favorite. At one time, I could repeat 1,900 lines of Tennyson's "Princess"; I can still repeat the 650 lines of "Guinevere." I once had a dream that I had arranged a meeting at which Tennyson was to read his poems. When the time came he walked into the parlor, looking exactly like his pictures and complaining that this was the very last time he was ever going to appear in public.

When the time came for our annual prize speaking contest, I was chosen as one of the contestants. Mr. Kerr came to me and said, "I know a piece I think you could speak. I'd like to have you look it over." Then one morning he brought it to me, in his own handwriting. (I have it still among my treasures.) It was entitled "A Eulogy on Robert E. Lee." It was only ten years after Antietam. I read it and liked it. I spoke it and was awarded the first prize. The people were delighted with it, and when we looked for the author we discovered that it was the oration Mr. Kerr had written and delivered when he was graduated from Dartmouth! I subsequently used it in two other declamation contests in college getting a first and a second prize.

I was graduated from the high school in 1875 at the age of seventeen. There were thirteen of us in that class. Each boy had to write and deliver a "Commencement Oration"; and each girl read an "Essay." The state of my mind at that time is indicated by the subject I selected for my "oration": *Is there a God?* Draper's "Conflict between Science and Religion" had recently appeared and I had read it with great interest. Tyndall had just delivered his Belfast Address and I had read that. My father was greatly disturbed when he came to the commencement and learned for the first time what my subject was. He immediately sought the principal of the school and insisted that my oration be cut out unless he could be assured that there was nothing offensive in it. Upon receiving this assurance he was pacified, and I proceeded when my turn came. I contended that there was a God, using the ancient argument from design and quoting freely from Tennyson's, "In Memoriam." My effort was a little out of the ordinary, for late in 1926 I met a friend who told me he remembered his father saying that he heard me speak at commencement.

I have always been interested in my old school. In 1910, *The Oracle*, the school paper, mentioned a number of graduates and said this:

Do you wonder why we have not, among this long list of honored names, mentioned that of William D. Murray, '75? Because, as the children say, "The last's the best of all the game!" Courteous Christian Gentleman is the degree we would confer upon him and there is no higher. A lawyer of the first rank; a Sunday school superintendent with every child his devoted friend; a Y M C A worker, his influence far reaching; an author, whose books are the inspiration of many discouraged souls. Mr. Murray stands for the ideals for which this Plainfield High School has always worked—a trained mind, but still more important, a strong and manly character.

For many years I have spoken at least once each year at the old school.

Once a boy, who had done something wrong in school, had meted out to him as punishment, to tell his father and mother what he had done; promise to do better and go over to my house and have a talk with me.

As this school did not in my time prepare for college, I had to take another year of Greek and Latin in order to enter Yale in 1876.

My life during these four college years, from 1876 to 1880, which I spent in New Haven, has been told in great detail in my diary published by the class under the title, "Billy of '80," so I need not dwell upon it here. I look back upon

those four years as, in some ways, the most wonderful of all my life.

Bright college years, with pleasure rife,
The shortest, gladdest years of life;
 How swiftly are ye gliding by!
 Oh, why doth time so quickly fly?
The seasons come, the seasons go,
The earth is green, or white with snow,
But time and change shall naught avail,
To break the friendships formed at Yale.

We had a small class, 155 of us started, 123 graduated, which included some who joined us after the start. Half our number were still living in 1928. There was no room for us on the campus until sophomore year; after that we were in dormitories on this campus, dormitories without a single bath! Rooms were allotted under some system of drawing for choice, and men were permitted to sell their choices. In sophomore year all of us wanted to be together in South Middle, now Connecticut Hall. My chum and I drew such a high number that we had to buy our way down for \$150, in order to get into this coveted apartment. And what a room it was! The only bedroom had no window of any kind. The man who went to bed first slept in this closet; the other one on a lounge in the sitting room. Often the door of that closet

would be shut by the one who wanted to stay up awhile and then he would forget all about it when he turned out the light.

President Angell says many of the boys now in college regard it as "a glorified country club." No such idea ever entered any of our heads. I never thought of leaving New Haven except at the regular vacation time or to follow the nine or the football team. It was very uncommon for men to go to New York or elsewhere for the week-end as so many do now.

Dormitory life was delightful. We were like a great family of boys; but we dined in small natural groups. I knew every man in my class, and I believe every one of them was my friend. I do not think any distinction was ever made among us because of wealth or lack of wealth; we were a democratic lot.

For the first two years everyone studied exactly the same subjects; Latin, Greek, and mathematics; in junior and senior years we had a few "optionals," very few.

We had some great teachers, one of whom, perhaps the one who influenced me most, was Billy Sumner, otherwise known as Professor William G. Sumner. He taught us political economy. He was an ardent free trader and I have followed him in that belief. I have always remembered two

pieces of advice he gave us: "Ally yourself with the food industries." People must eat, he said, so if you want to be sure of a permanent business let it be something having to do with feeding people. The other was this, and it has been of inestimable value to me all through the years, "If there are two ways of doing a thing, and about one way you have to argue and the other requires no argument, always choose the latter."

Another teacher I love to remember was Baldy Wright, Professor Henry P. Wright, the father of Henry Wright, of fragrant memory to Y M C A men. He taught us Latin, patiently; but none of us will ever forget his fatherly interest in us.

Then there was Cyrus Northrup, professor of English, eking out his stipend as a professor by being collector of the port of New Haven. He was a heavy man, physically, but he had a wonderfully keen sense of humor which we often aroused. He had an uncanny power of detecting compositions which had been copied from the encyclopedia. I remember one boy was reading his production on Napoleon. Suddenly Northrup stopped him and said, "Just go back to such and such a place and read again." The boy did and read on until stopped again, when Northrup said, "Now, that was pretty good, but where in the world did you get the rest of it?" He had hit upon the exact spot

when the weary student had begun to copy from an essay on Napoleon in order to fill out the required number of words. Many years later I met the genial professor, and I said, "Professor, you don't remember me, but I used to hand in some awful compositions to you." "They all did," was his smiling reply.

Sunday church and daily chapel attendance were required. I think we were far more reverent than the present generation, though we sometimes broke loose. One boy, who afterwards became a missionary, was suspended for shuffling his feet because the sermon had exceeded the time he had set for it. Most of us, I fear, were not much interested. We had class deacons who looked after the religion of the class, a cold class prayer meeting, and some of the boys taught Sunday school classes. I am sorry to say I had no part in any of the religious efforts of the class. Moody came to New Haven while we were there, and I was in the choir, more to be sure of getting into the hall than for any other reason.

We had few nationally distinguished men in '80. I suppose Walter Camp was the best known. Walter was a good scholar as well as a great athlete and he was no mean poet. Some of his verses deserve to live. We had two bishops of the Episcopal Church, Keator and Partridge. In college, Par-

tridge's specialty was a Punch and Judy show. We produced at least three missionaries: Scudder to Japan, Boomer to Chile, and Ransom to South Africa. Partridge also was for some years in China. If I remember correctly we had five clergymen, a few professors, and a host of lawyers and doctors. Perhaps Harry Taft leads the lawyers and Sam Lambert the latter group.

At least once a month throughout these fifty years, I have dreamed that I am in college again, sometimes in the old days, sometimes going through the course anew. Generally the boys are with me, just as they were in the old days, even those who have been long dead. Nearly always my dream is an uncomfortable one. One of the most frequent is, when I can't find the room where the recitation is to be held or I do not know which lesson is to come at that hour. One which recurs frequently is that I rise to recite and am smoking a big cigar! I always grab it and stuff it down deep into my pocket hoping that the professor had not seen it.

I have been able to attend the ten reunions of our class in New Haven, and have been at twenty-three annual class dinners in New York.

While I must have gotten something from the classrooms in those four glorious years, I am confident that I learned more outside from contact

with men who came from all sections of the country.

I have spoken elsewhere of my two years in Columbia Law School. I came home finally in 1882 and have lived in Plainfield, N. J., ever since.

After my return home from college and Law School, I was profoundly moved in my spiritual life by two influences. The first of these was a Workers' Bible Training Class in our Y M C A. It was led by Charles T. Kissan, at that time a paying teller in the Manhattan Bank on Wall Street, New York City. I joined this class in October, 1885, as ignorant of the Bible as the average young man of my day. I had always gone to church and Sunday school. Our family had one of the two largest pews in the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church. We needed a good deal of room for father and mother and the eight children. But at about sixteen I had begun to question the statements I had up to that time accepted from my parents. This came out in my commencement effort. In college the religious life, for me at least, was a cold and formal thing and I never got into it. There was no Y M C A. So that when I came home my mind was in a turmoil, and I hardly knew what I believed or whether I believed anything. It was then, while looking for light, that I discovered this class. I found them

studying the Bible as I had never seen it studied before. At first we used David McConaughy's little two-by-three book, "Leaves from a Worker's Notebook." It was a crude production, but I often take up my old copy and look at its pages with reverence, for through it a great blessing came into my life. I have felt ever since that only by helping others to get from the Bible what I got from it in that class could I repay, even in part, the debt I owe. We used to meet early Sunday morning. One day in December, 1886, I wrote, "It was a dreary morning to start for the Training Class at 8:30, but I went and was very much surprised to find twelve members present. We naturally had a good lesson. It was on Leviticus." We took up such subjects as: Books of the Bible, Prayer, Assurance, Consecration, Holy Spirit, and objections raised by inquirers.

Sometimes one of us impersonated an inquirer and the others dealt with him, and criticized each other. We had a drill which consisted in locating familiar passages and verses.

This class was a cross section of the community. One member was a blacksmith, another a stenographer, I was a lawyer, the rest were clerks. The class ran for several years until there were three, one of which I was teaching. My first contribution to *The Watchman* (the predecessor of *Association*

Men), made in June, 1886, was a description of our class. With our missionary offerings we furnished a room in the new Y M C A College just getting started in Springfield, Massachusetts, naming it after our beloved teacher. Later a member of the class, who had decided to become a Y M C A secretary, C. F. Powlison, occupied it. A number of men went out from that class into Christian work as a vocation.

I heard Him call
Come follow, that was all.
My gold grew dim
My soul went after Him.
I rose and followed, that was all.
Who would not follow if he heard His call?

The second influence which came into my life at that time was the preaching and the friendship of William R. Richards. He came as the minister of our church in May, 1884, a graduate of Yale, '75. I was a member of the church, having joined on confession of faith at the age of fourteen, during a revival under the gentle, kindly ministry of John C. Bliss.

I had attended church regularly, but had taken no part in its activities except to be a member of the Sunday school. Dr. Richards' sermons found me. They were in the realm where I lived.

They answered my questions. I think I could now give the outlines of a score of them. He seemed to sense the questions which kept arising in my mind and in the minds of other young men, and he discussed them honestly and reasonably. He was a real man and never dodged. I remember hearing that when he came before our Presbytery—he had been a Congregationalist—he was asked, “What becomes of the heathen who never heard of Christ?” and replied, “I do not think we have been told.” Dr. Richards had that rare combination of keen intellect and the evangelistic spirit. He believed in conversion. He was anxious that men should become followers of Christ and should live Christian lives. His sermons stabbed and stung. They were never aimless. From memory I can recall many of them. “Follow me,” an offer of partnership; “How much owest thou to my Lord?” are you a parasite, or are you paying your debt?; “Gashmu saith,” unfounded rumor and gossip; “Laying aside every weight,” the proper use of Sunday; “There is an accursed thing in the camp,” secret sin preventing blessing; “Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you,” a missionary sermon; “On the East three gates; on the North three gates; on the South three gates; and on the West three gates,” a universal religion—Christianity; “Give ye them to

eat," a plea for personal service; "A large upper room, furnished," when we dedicated our new Sunday school room on the second floor; "Behold three men seek thee," when we made our offering for our three chapels. He came to me once all smiles to show me a fine text he had found for his Children's Day sermon, "Even a child is known by his doing."

III

HOME LIFE

I grew up in a congenial home, with my brothers and sisters. All my grandparents were born in Scotland, as was my father. In 1906 we celebrated father's and mother's golden wedding with all the children, and their eight husbands and wives living, and all present but one, who was kept away by sickness. We began the day with family devotions which I led. The whole day was given over to the celebration, ending with fireworks at night.

Then followed ten years of happy home life and a celebration of the sixtieth wedding anniversary, with all the children and all the husbands and wives still living. Some one remarked that the Lord must have forgotten that the Murray family was on the earth. It was a remarkable record. The sixty-first anniversary found us with only one break, a brother had died. Then father went and, not long after, mother.

My birthdays, especially my fiftieth and sixtieth, have brought me great joy. On my fiftieth birthday, I received fully one hundred letters from little children and many from men in twenty countries.

Ten years later, there was another avalanche. One which reached me two days after my birthday was a cable from Leonard Dixon, then serving with the British soldiers in desolate, hot Mesopotamia. Another was in the shape of a frog from a woman in China, whom I had taught the art of paper folding at Silver Bay. One of my sisters sent me this poem:

So much you have given to others
To make life seem worthwhile;
So much of true friendship and service,
Your helping hand and smile,
That many a one on this birthday
Would join with me and say,
The best that life has to offer
I wish for your alway.

Like many other young men, whose home conditions are congenial, I had decided not to marry. I made an entry to that effect in my diary. But I was so fond of children that I had made up my mind to conduct an orphan asylum, so that I might have children around me. This resolution kept me free from entangling alliances until I was thirty-five. The year 1893 saw my surrender. On a very cold night in January of that year I was one of a party of young people on a sleigh-ride. This was my first social event with the girl who was to become my wife, although I had known

her for many years. I was a very timid wooer, for a week later I had one of my sisters go with me to call on her. The next month I was a trifle bolder and took her to church unassisted. Then we went to a concert together. People who saw us that night told me later that they considered the alliance as good as accomplished, though they held their breath for fear something might prevent it. I didn't have that assurance myself, but the entries in my diary are rather frequent from now on. My first formal call, all by myself, was made just one month after that sleigh-ride. The twenty-second of February was a very stormy day, a regular blizzard, but I had told her that I would bring down my Japanese pictures to show her, so storm or no storm, I went to her home, a mile away from mine. The next month I again took her to church, and wrote, "I must say I enjoy being with her," and a week later, "Spent a decidedly pleasant evening." I was becoming very bold, and had made my decision. A decisive event was taking her to lunch in New York, but still I was a little afraid of her, so I invited her sister to be with us. Four days later my proposition was accepted for a joint journey through life. I shall never forget that night. When I was halfway through my argument, an obtuse old gentleman, a friend of the family, called, and for an eternity conversed with

us, just as if matters of life and death were not hanging in the balance.

On reaching home, late as it was, I called our pastor, Dr. Richards, and told him that Miss Mosher and I had decided to walk down the long trail together, and his joy was certainly sincere. Then I called up one of my brothers, who had a friend in the jewelry business, and said, "Because of a conversation I've just had I find it necessary to buy a diamond ring. Will you help me?" A couple of Sundays later, I being superintendent and she a teacher in the Sunday school, the lesson was on "The Excellent Woman." My diary for that night reads, in part, "Dr. Richards helped me out by summing up the lesson; it was too appropriate for me just now."

The ring was bought and given and that summer, in the first letter she ever wrote me, she said: "The diamond on my finger shines and sparkles and almost smiles, and does not seem to care one bit because you have gone away. It is very *hard* hearted, or else it may be thinking of Weehawken a week from Friday. If that is the case, I can forgive it and love the little demon—for it seems almost alive."

Of course it was a violent case. One Friday I wrote in my diary, "I haven't seen Mary since Wednesday, and it seems a long time."

Before the fateful happy year had ended we were married by our beloved Dr. Richards. I had built a small house in the meantime and it was ready for us. We went on the regulation wedding journey, but after four days in Washington, we agreed that the little home waiting for us was far better than any other place on earth, so back we came to it and here we are still. We thought of carving over the mantel, "It's wee, but it's our ain," and on the lintel, "It was noised that He was in the house." One of our visitors from India wrote back, "There is an atmosphere or something in your home and with you that always seems to set the world in order, unimportant, trivial things seem so insignificant, and the sweet, real friendly things of life just naturally take their place."

Twenty years later still, when at Silver Bay, my wife sent me this poem which she said must have been written about me:

I never crossed your threshold with a grief
But that I went without it; never came
Heart hungry, but you fed me, eased the blame,
And gave the sorrow solace and relief.

I never left you but I took away
The love that drew me to your side again,
Thro' the wide door that never could remain
Quite closed between us for a little day.

If R. L. S. had visited in our home, he never would have written as he did in "Virginibus Peurisque," "Times are changed with him who marries; there are no more by-path meadows, where you may innocently linger, but the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave."

When our son was about ten years of age he fell violently in love with a young lady of the same age, named Hannah. One day his mother said, "George, I think Hannah looks like me when I was a little girl." Very seriously, George replied, "Father, I don't wonder you wanted her."

Besides this boy, we were blessed with a dear little girl, who stayed with us less than five years, but they were years fragrant with her personality.

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow.

But where the path we walk'd began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended, following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;
Who broke our fair companionship.

One day, when she was four, she said to me, "When will God want me to come back to heaven to live." Just a year later He called her. My arms

ache for her even now, and again and again in my diary, especially on her birthdays, I find entries like this one on Christmas, 1923: "I thought so often of a dear little girl who is not with us, who would have been the heart of Christmas."

Cometh before our misty eyes
That other little face,
And we clasp in tender, reverent wise,
That love in the old embrace.

Our son went to the Hill School and was graduated from Yale in his Navy Uniform in 1917. He became an ensign and was mustered out in December, 1918. His little son and daughter are now our joy.

I am afraid I have been a little too proud of retaining my youth. One day when I was nearly sixty-five, a man who bears the same name as mine, and who was a year ahead of me in college, said to me, "What do you think Dr. Kelley said when I was introduced to him? He said, 'I know your son, W. D. Murray.'" I wrote in my diary, "This certainly is evidence of youthful appearance." When asked the secret of my perpetual youth—and I am asked many times—I always reply, "The Primary Department." To keep young, live with the children.

But signs of age began to appear. When I was fifty-one, a friend of mine asked a general secretary of one of our associations, if he knew me, and this ignorant fellow asked in answer, "Do you mean the old man who was at Silver Bay last summer?" I think this is the first suggestion I had of approaching age. Then a sister-in-law, taking a taxi at our railroad station, said to the driver, "Do you know where Mr. Murray lives?" "Oh, yes," he said, "he's a fine old man." On the other hand, when I was sixty-one I met a lot of our foreign secretaries whom I hadn't seen for years. One and all told me that I had not changed a bit, and was as young as ever; but that very day a boy gave me his seat in the subway—the first of a number of those humiliating experiences.

IV

WITH CHILDREN

My great opportunity for winning the friendship of little children, and for enjoying their companionship, came when I became the leader of the Primary Department.* I had long coveted the office, but had to wait until it became necessary to get a new leader. I entered upon this royal task fully agreeing with the conditions laid down by Miss Peabody in her "Lectures to Kindergartners," p. 19, "It is only you who are sufficiently free from other obligations to give yourselves the privilege and luxury of working with God on the paradisaical ground of childhood, who should enter this field." For over thirty-two years it has been and still is, "the paradisaical ground of childhood," and it has indeed been, and still is, a privilege and a luxury. I have had over twelve hundred different children in my class, twelve hundred warm-hearted little friends. I often say to myself, "Rejoice before the Lord thy God in all that thou puttest thy hands unto" (Deut. 12:18) and I have rejoiced in this work.

* The program of this department I have described in my book "Our Primary Department."

Here are some of the things that make me think it a privilege and a luxury. I have among my treasures a small gift of absolutely no value, yet one which I greatly prize. It came from a very little girl. She came to me just as school was about to open one Sunday morning and handed me a small pill box. "What is this?" I asked her, and she replied, very seriously, "Open it and see." I did open it, and picked up the contents, and again I said to her, "Why, what is it?" and she answered, "It's my tooth, and I want to give it to you." I understood.

One night, after prayer meeting, the mother of one of my boys came to me and said, "John [her boy who was in my class] sends you barrels and barrels of kisses. I am sorry I can only deliver them in spirit. He says you are almost the best friend he has." And again I understood.

It would be easy to multiply such incidents. One boy told his mother that next to God he loved Daddy, then Mr. Johnson, a neighbor, and then Mr. Murray.

One Sunday morning a mother brought her seven-year-old to school. It was a very stormy day, and I said to her, "It's very nice to see Alva here on a day like this," and the mother replied, "I just had to bring Alva; he said 'Mr. Murray depends on me'"—and I did.

The first Sunday Fred and Ned came to Sunday school, I asked them how they liked it, and Ned answered, "Not much." A few Sundays later I found the two boys outside at the close of school, and I asked what was the matter, to which Fred replied, "I can't get Ned to go home." A few Sundays still later their mother was very busy, they had company, and the dinner was late, so she said, "You can stay home from Sunday school today." "No, sir," they cried, and left home without waiting for the ice cream.

I have always assumed that my little children, coming as they did from Christian homes, were Christians. I agree with good Dr. Watson who said, "I hold that a child may be born into the kingdom of God when it is born into the world, and grow up within God's family, as did Jeremiah and John the Baptist." And with Bushnell when he asserts, "The child is to grow up a Christian and never know himself as being otherwise."

I will confess, however, that once in a while my faith has been put to the test. A little girl, who was not one of my pupils, went home from one of our lawn parties and took with her a parasol which belonged to another girl. At home she told her mother she had won it as a first prize at the party, and that a blue one was the second prize. That evening, calling on my sister, this mother happened

to remark that her daughter had won such a nice prize at the party. "Why," said my sister, "Will never gives prizes; you'd better look into this." Then the truth came out, but the little girl then insisted that it had looked so much like rain that the little owner of the parasol had asked her to keep it for her so that it would not get wet.

It is true I do not believe in prizes for competitive work. I like to reward all who do good work. Children like to receive something. Once when I returned from a visit to the Far East I gave each child a Japanese and a Chinese coin, much to their delight. At one of our parties I had a good opportunity to give them something, not in the nature of a prize. My small son had been engaged in raising white rats, and we had concluded that the time had come to get rid of them. One of the children happened to see the rats and of course wanted one. This was a suggestion, perhaps others would like one. Others did, and when the children went home all the rats went with them in boxes which had held ice cream earlier in the day. I said to my wife, "Most of them will be back by eight o'clock." But only two returned. One little girl brought hers back and said, "Mother thanks you very much, but she does not think she'll keep it." I can still hear the little girl who gave me the tooth, now a married woman, pleading

over the telephone with her aunt, with whom she lived, to be allowed to bring home one of the rats. "He has such lovely red eyes," she kept repeating, but all in vain.

Little children feel their own importance. My five-year-old daughter once refused to wear the kid gloves we had bought for her, because she said the children would call her a kid. More than once six-year-olds have said to me, referring to the Primary Department, "I want to get out of this baby class." Once a nine-year-old boy, who had just been promoted and who looked in on us on his way to his own department, said, "What little fellows you have here now." Sitting at the table one day, I remarked to my wife, "We've got a sleight-of-hand man for the little folks' Christmas party." My son, aged six, looked up and asked, "What have you got for *us*?"

One Sunday morning this conversation took place:

Judy (aged six): Mr. Murray, do you see my shirt?

Mr. M.: Why, of course I see your shirt.

Judy: It's a real shirt.

Mr. M.: I see it is.

Then I realized that this was the first time he had worn a shirt, before this it had been a blouse.

The next Sunday came and with it:

Judy: Mr. Murray, do you see my shirt?

Mr. M.: Why, yes, Judy; I saw that last Sunday.

Judy (with smiling face): No, you didn't; that was my brother's, this is mine.

It was his first shirt; no more baby blouses for him.

For some time Jim, aged seven, had acted as usher in the Primary Department and had collected the offering. Then he was absent for a long time on account of sickness. Upon his return he found another boy in that office. Jim went home and announced to his mother that he would never set foot in that school again. "Why, Jim," his mother said, "what has happened?" "Mr. Murray has got a new usher," he said. "Well," his mother told him, "that's natural; Mr. Murray wants to give all the boys a turn." "No, sir," said Jim, "the appointment was for life."

I was often reminded of children's sense of ownership and the dignity which came with it. Many times a child has come up to me to make sure that I saw her new hat or dress. One four-year-old, now a business man, said to me, "This is the last time you will see me in dresses." A few Sundays later I was asked to admire his first trousers. Mary, aged five, rushed up to me and

said, "I've got something to show you." Then she sat down, pulled up her dress and pulled down her stocking, and said, "There's my vaccination."

Once a year, in June, I have a great Saturday afternoon with my children when they come to my home for a lawn party.

We were amused once when a little brother and sister came to the back door on Friday, and when, in answer to their inquiry, the cook said, "Yes, Mr. Murray lives here," the boy said, "We are coming to a party here tomorrow." They weren't going to waste any of the precious party time locating the place where it was to be held. A six-year-old came rushing up to me, very early on the party afternoon, and called out, "Auntie says the party mustn't go on until Katharine wakes up." Katharine was his little sister who was engaged just then with her afternoon nap. They have very definite ideas of what the real party is. Often-times one would ask, "When does the party come?" and when I would say, "Why, you are at the party now," the answer would be, "I mean the ice cream."

At one party a little fellow rushed up to me as soon as he arrived, with this announcement, which he delivered in staccato sentences, "Mother says if you have ice cream, I may eat *that*; if you have strawberries, I may eat *them*, but I am not to eat both." Having relieved his mind he ran off to join

the others in their play. One little girl suggested that we invite a little dog to the party, and when she was asked why, answered, "To eat up the scraps."

And he who gives a child a treat
Makes joy bells ring in heaven's street.

I appreciated the confidence in me which one little girl showed, when she came to me at one of our parties, and said, "Mr. Murray, I can't come to Sunday school tomorrow." When I asked why, she answered, "I've swallowed my ring and I have to take castor oil tonight." Later she told me the ring had been recovered.

Of course I frequently heard echoes of the parties from parents. One of them told me that she said to her boy who reached home after six o'clock, "You must have stayed until the last one." "No," he replied, "I waited until the last one went and then I came home."

Our dear little girl was greatly interested in the few parties which came in her short life, and always looked forward to having the children at her home. Once the party day came, long looked for, and it was cloudy and threatening. After an early lunch we sat on the front porch, rather disconsolate. My son looked at the sky and said, "Do you think we can have it?" and was much

cast down. "Oh, yes," I said, "I don't believe it will rain. I guess we can have it." Little Jean looked up at me and said very seriously, "Do you think it would do any good to pray?"

Many interesting experiences have come to me as I have tried to lead these little children. Some have been amusing, and many have made me wonder whether I really appreciated the infinite possibilities wrapped up in these precious human beings.

I had been teaching a lesson about David, and I had told the children how brave he was, he had killed a bear and a lion. Right in front of me Fred was sitting, intent on what I had been saying. He had just had his fourth birthday. When there came a break, Fred spoke up. "What is it, Fred," I said. "Mr. Murray, I can tell you how to kill a lion," he answered. That was certainly worth learning, so I said, "How would you do it, Fred?" I remember how he stood up, a sturdy little fellow, and said, "I'd grab him by the tail, and slam him down hard on the sidewalk." No lion could daunt him, as he proved abundantly when he fought in France.

I learned that I had to be ready for the unexpected. While I have never tried to fill the children's minds with facts merely, we do have a simple drill on some of the outstanding events of

Bible history. Once when we were going through it, I asked who could tell us who it was that God called to leave his own country and go into another country? One of our brightest answered quickly, "Lincoln." "Didn't you get the last name instead of the first?" I inquired. "Oh, yes," he said with a smile, "it was Abraham." It recalled the story of the boy who upon being asked where Jesus was born answered, "Allentown," and when his teacher said, "No, no, Bethlehem," answered again, "Well, I knew it was on the Lehigh Valley."

In these days children are always interested in journeys. This led me, when our lesson was about how God guided the people of Israel by the pillar of cloud, to say, "I was in New York and I was in an automobile. I wanted to get to Plainfield, but I didn't know the way and I didn't know how to drive the car, what should I do?" I got many answers that I had not thought of: Use your brains; get a compass; follow the railroad track. One little girl said, as if to settle the matter, "We have an automobile Blue Book in our car." Finally came the answers I wanted: Follow the sign-boards; get a chauffeur. After the lesson, one little girl who had listened very intently, came to me and said, "God's full of tricks, ain't He?"

I was teaching a lesson on obeying our parents, and I wanted to lead the children to see how much

they owed their parents. "When you came down to breakfast this morning," I said, "I don't believe there was a thing on the table you had gotten for yourself; your parents got everything for you." One little girl spoke up, "We don't take our meals at home now, we go out to all our meals."

What active imaginations they have! In teaching a lesson on the Golden Rule I wanted to show them that saying the Golden Rule wasn't enough. I said, "Suppose a poor hungry boy should come in here, and I should say, 'Sit right down here [pretending to seat him]. Here is some bread, and there's an egg, and here is some milk,' would that feed him?" There was a unanimous cry of "Yes." They saw the food, while I wanted them only to imagine it.

The golden text one Sunday was, "Be ye merciful," and I thought it was a good time to say something about being kind to our pets. "You children have lots of things you can be merciful to. I know a boy who had rabbits and forgot to feed them for two days. That wasn't merciful." One boy spoke up, "I knew a boy who forgot his rabbits and they died." (Great sensation.) Then I said, "And some of you have dogs; be merciful, kind, to them." A little girl piped up, "Our dog isn't merciful to cats," and then a boy took it up

and said, "Our dog is merciful to cats, you want to know why? He's too lazy to run after them."

And how they do like to be appreciated! I met Donald, eight years old, one Monday on his way to school. He stopped me and said, "Mr. Murray, I think that was fine yesterday, don't you?" I knew he was referring to Sunday school and said, "Yes, I do." He thought it was fine because when I asked if anyone could tell us the story of Joseph he stood up and told it.

I have learned from my association with them that it is difficult at times to know just how a child's mind is going to work. One of our scholars was asked at home if Jesus was in the school that day. "No," she said, "he was out calling." We had been singing, "Jesus is calling today." Another one was playing parchesi with her parents and needed a three and a five, so she prayed right here, "Oh, Lord, send me a three and a five." Strangely enough, a three and a five turned up. Then she turned to her mother and said, "Ask and ye shall receive."

This story is not about one of our children, but the boy was a son of one of our elders, and it illustrates what I am saying. In his home they have a rule that any child who breaks anything, when he ought not to have been handling the object, must pay for it out of his allowance. One

day his mother was fixing some dishes and he, her ten-year-old, butted in, and there was a crash. "What did you do, son?" "Broke two plates." "Any reason why you should have had them?" "No." "Anything of yours there?" "No." "Well, it seems to me, son, you were a very unwise boy." "Unwise? I was a damn fool."

Katharine, aged six, one of my girls, often went to call on a young woman across the street, whom we will call Mary. One day while Katharine was calling, Mary said, "Now I think I'll have to go downstairs to see some friends who have just come in." "Does that mean you want me to go home?" "Well," Mary said, "I wouldn't put it just that way." "I don't think that's very polite," Katharine said. "You ought to do it this way: you ought to say 'Why, Katharine, must you go?' and I would say, 'Yes, I must.' Then you would say, 'Can't you stay a little longer?' and I would say, 'No, I must go.'" "Very well," Mary said, "we'll play it that way now.—Must you go, Katharine?" "Yes, I must." "I'm so sorry, couldn't you stay a little longer?" "Yes, I think I can," Katharine answered.

One of my little girls, who has since gone to her heavenly home after having exerted a fine influence among a lot of young people, was very much frightened during a thunder storm when she

was six. Her father put her to bed during the storm, and when she prayed asked her if she didn't want to thank God for keeping her safe. "No," she answered, "the storm isn't over yet." It was this same girl who called her new kitten "Mer-rimac," so that if he turned out to be a boy she could call him Mac; and if he were a girl she could call her Mary.

One Sunday I asked the children to tell me something they had done to help some one else. One very small girl, Emma, said, "I made the beds for mother." I told my wife about it and we smiled, because she was so little. The next Sunday in going over the roll to see who had been absent, I mentioned Emma, and wondered where she was. My boy, who had heard me telling about her last Sunday, at once replied, "I guess she was home making the beds for mother."

V

ENTERTAINING CHILDREN

I have always been interested in entertaining children. To my mind there is almost nothing so lovely as the upturned, responsive faces of happy children. The response is so genuine. Possessed of such sentiments, it was only natural that at a certain stage of my existence I should give Punch and Judy, the children's classic. I must confess, however, that I never quite understood why they like it so much. And the bloodier it is the more they respond to it. And yet I have to admit that I thoroughly enjoyed giving it, notwithstanding the heat generated in the close box by the vocal and muscular activity needed in the performance.

I used to try to add to the interest by introducing something not in the written drama. One time I bought a lot of tiny boxes and filled them with very small candies. These boxes I piled up in front, on the place where the footlights would be in a theater. At a certain point the rollicking Punch kicked them off into the audience. The children rose as one man, rushed forward, and scrambled for the boxes, nearly wrecking the whole outfit. I used that feature only once.

At another performance I had noticed there was one little colored boy among all the whites who were waiting for the show. I asked one of the teachers the name of that boy, and then Punch, in one of his few solemn moments, looked right down at him and said, "Is James K. Polk here?" for that was the boy's name. They told me that James turned almost white.

One evening Punch was going through his regular performance. Judy appeared, as she always does, carrying the baby. Punch asked if he might have the baby and Judy gave it to him. Then she went downstairs to attend to her housekeeping. Punch sang to the baby, who was restless, and finally he had to spank him. Still he could not quiet him, so he threw him out the window. Pretty soon Judy appeared and to her question as to where the baby was Punch replied he didn't know, he hadn't seen the baby. Just then a youngster in the front row rose up and yelled out. "You're a liar; I saw you throw him out the window!" It was some time before I could continue with the cavorting Mr. Punch.

I have had a good deal of discussion with myself about Santa Claus. What shall we do with that great entertainer? One Sunday morning just before Christmas, I overheard two of my boys discussing this old hero:

Jimmy: Santa Claus brought me a beautiful tree last Christmas.

Gordon: No such thing; it was your father.

Jimmy: Didn't I see the print of the reindeer's feet on the shed!

Gordon, to me: Come here, Mr. Murray, here's a boy thinks reindeers can fly.

But Jimmy went on his way undisturbed.

One of my little girls came to me, very sad, and said, "I don't have as much fun on Christmas as the other children because I don't believe in Santa Claus." How pitiful.

I really can sympathize with an eight-year-old friend who was beginning to doubt whether there was a Santa Claus or not. One of her presents was in a box on which her mother had written her name. After Christmas she went to her mother and said, "How do you write 'Louise'?" her name. Her mother wrote it for her, and then she produced the box cover with "Louise" on it and said, "And you wrote that one."

I like the boys who put letters in the chimney for the old saint. I have heard of a boy who, while walking with his father, pointed to a very small chimney and said, "I wish you would tell me how Santa Claus can get down that chimney." When his father answered, "I think that question

is for Santa Claus himself to answer," the boy replied, "I guess that's so."

I should be glad to have all my children read the inspired reply in the New York *Sun* to Virginia O'Hanlon:

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas, how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Folding paper toys, birds, frogs, boats, tables, and all the rest has brought me many delighted little friends. Once, standing on a street corner in Seoul, Korea, waiting for a friend, I took out one of the square pieces of paper I always carry and began to fold it. Soon a couple of children stopped to see what the strange-looking man was doing. Then several more came along, and before long there must have been a couple of dozen, surrounded by a periphery of grown-ups. When at last the folds were complete and I pulled the bird's tail so that its wings flapped, young and old joined

in a shout of triumph, and we understood one another. It was the universal language of illustration. I had the same experience talking to some small Greek boys in the great marble stadium at Athens one Sunday morning. They were Wolf Cubs connected with the Boy Scouts. We could not understand each other's tongue, but when I had folded my paper into a rooster and placed it on the back of my hand, at once they shouted "Cock-a-doodle-do." And again, I understood.

I have used thousands of these sheets of paper entertaining children. One summer while at Silver Bay I had made some of these paper toys for a little girl who came from a city where they made paper. Her father asked me casually what size paper I used and what quality was best. I told him. One morning not long after a package came to my office; I opened it and, greatly to my surprise, I found ten thousand of these little sheets of all colors. I am now supplied for life.

In my book, "Fun With Paper Folding," I include the story I tell with folded paper. It is about a boy who is sent to buy a boat, but who finds a dozen or more things to buy before he finally gets the boat. The paper is changed by folding from one thing to the next as he goes along. I told this story to a little girl who afterwards went to China, and when I visited her there

I found she had told the story with paper at the Christmas entertainment of their Sunday school in Shanghai.

Wherever I have been I have been able to gather the children about me, for I am fortunate in being able to do two things all children enjoy: tell stories and make paper toys. I have been fortunate, too, in having been able to travel. Shipboard is a paradise for children and for those who love them, especially when the voyage is long, the longer the better. I have found this very true in crossing the Pacific: to the children the voyage is not long, especially when they have a friend. I have always tried to be such a friend, and I believe I have invariably succeeded because of my two accomplishments. On my last story telling hour on the *Empress of Russia* a little boy came up to me and said sadly, I thought, "Mr. Murray, will this be our last story?" I was sorry to have to tell him that it was. I remember one voyage when the children became so insistent that it looked as if I would have time for nothing else. So I had to say to them, "Now, every morning at eleven I'll meet you on the deck under the stairway to the bridge," and there we had our stories and our toys. One good woman evidently thought that my repertoire was exhausted for she brought me a book and said, "Here are some good stories." Of course, I

couldn't use it. I wanted to tell stories, not read them, and the children were of the same mind. Moreover, I can't tell a story to children until I have made it in a sense my own.

There was a very attractive mite of a girl on that ship to whom I became greatly attached. Her mother was dead and her aunt was taking her to her father who was detained in England on business. As we left the ship on the tender at Liverpool her aunt carried her in her arms. As we approached the landing stage she recognized her father and clapped her hands with joy. As soon as she could she jumped into his arms, outstretched for her, and then turning, she took my hand and said, "Father, here's a man who has been very kind to me." That was long ago, but the wonder of it still possesses me. Maybe some day, when I go to my Father, He who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," will take my hand and say, "Father, here's a man who has been very kind to me." I love children for themselves, but I love them too because He loved them so much.

I was well equipped for children when I crossed the Pacific on the good ship *Hoosier State*. I had visited one of our Y M C A secretaries in Taiyüanfu in North China. This was in the fam-

ine region, but now the famine was over. The enterprising Mr. Wrigley had seen in this famine an opportunity and had sent ten thousand dollars' worth of his product to be distributed among the sufferers, on the theory, I suppose, that something is always better than nothing. Our men had given away all the people would absorb, and still had great quantities on hand. This they were getting rid of by inducing each visitor to take a couple of gross. I believe they gave me two gross; it was an awful lot of chewing gum. The boys and girls on the ship soon discovered this hidden treasure, and every morning I found a group waiting for me as I emerged from my cabin. This went on for several days, until one mother said to me, "Mr. Murray, do you know where this chewing gum comes from, we find it everywhere; we step on it, it's under the tables and chairs." Fortunately for me, my supply had run out by that time, so I allowed the question to lapse.

On one voyage we had a larger number of children than usual, mostly the children of missionaries returning to their fields. And they were the best-behaved lot I have ever come across. On that ship we had a children's room where we used to gather twice a day for stories and toys. After a few days one of the mothers came and asked if they couldn't learn to make some of those things. I

saw no reason why they couldn't, in fact, lot of reasons why they should. So we gathered one morning in the children's room, some forty of us, both mothers and fathers. I gave each one a square of paper and was standing before them showing them with my piece how to make a bird. One of the passengers, who apparently had little use for missionaries, looked in and remarked, "Another of those damn missionaries giving a talk." A friend of mine standing by him said to him quietly, "I beg your pardon; that is not a missionary, he is a New York lawyer and he is teaching those women kindergarten methods." No one heard what he said after that.

VI

JUST CHILDREN

Knowing my love for children, people are constantly telling me about their children. The wise man of old said, "The glory of children are their fathers" (Prov. 17:6). I wish he had given us a companion verse, reading, "The glory of children are their fathers and mothers, grandmothers and grandfathers, and uncles and aunts."

A grandfather told me with great satisfaction that his twelve-year-old grandson when told to write a composition in school took as his subject, "My Grandfather," and wrote a short biography. It was all interesting, he said, but the last part impressed the old gentleman very much. The boy closed with this: "My grandfather has never been a great general in the Army, he has never been a great admiral in the Navy, but is a very great man." Can we ever live up to their estimate of us?

One of my little five-year-olds evidently had the same high regard for her aunts, though she expressed it differently. She and her mother lived with two maiden aunts. Martha was greatly interested in the Christmas story, especially in the

appearance of the angels. "What was the angels' other name?" she asked her mother one day. Her mother told her she had no idea what it was, or whether they had any other name. Then Martha asked, "What did Jesus call them?" Again her mother had to confess her ignorance. But Martha had evidently been thinking about it, for she said, "I guess He called them aunties."

Quite different was the feeling of a little friend of mine whose father had to be away from home on business a good deal. Just at this time he had returned after long months of absence, and was walking down the village street, he ahead with his little boy, the mother not far behind with their small daughter. She looked up to her mother and said, "I want some candy." "Very well," her mother said, "run and ask father for some." She started and had almost reached her father when she turned and came back to her mother. "You ask him, mother, I don't know father very well," was her pitiful suggestion.

He would be a very wise man who would undertake to foretell what a child's feeling would be at any given time. One of my girls, eight years old, lived in a Quaker family. They were about to go to the mountains for the summer, she and her grandfather and the rest of the family. When they were about ready to start, she said to the

laundress, who was a special friend of hers, "You know I don't want to go to the mountains, I'm tired of this everlasting 'thee' business." This same little girl, when she was seven, was provoked by something her older sister had done; turning to her mother, she said, "What do you think she would bring at a rummage sale?"

One of my boys, five years old, had been visiting his grandmother, and had been told not to worry her. At night, on his return home, he had a new petition in his prayer: "Oh, God, I didn't worry grandma, and I didn't worry mother; now, God, ain't you proud of me?"

And this brings to mind my four-year-old niece who was being baptized by our pastor. As he was putting the water on her head, she looked up at him and said, "Don't put much water on my hair, it will spoil my curls. I eat spinach." She had been induced to eat spinach by being told that it would hasten the coming of the curls she greatly desired.

I have always been interested in trying to find out what it is that interests children, and why they are impressed by certain things. Years ago I took two boys to Central Park to see the animals. They were interested, but not unduly moved until they came to the lions. One of them was quite excited and asked anxiously, "Who clipped him?"

His father had horses that were clipped in the winter. Evidently to this boy a man who could clip a lion ought to be known. Another time I was in Central Park all alone. I have to go to a circus or a zoo at least once a year. A sort of yearning comes over me, and I just have to go, that's all there is about it. It is a sort of survival of childhood, I suppose. This time I was watching the elephants. Alongside of me was a little street arab. Pointing to one of the elephants, he said, "You'd better look out for him, mister; he'll spit on you." "Why, no," I said, "he can't spit, there's no water. The way elephants do is to suck up water, and then squirt it out." "Oh," said the boy, "but he'll spit on you with his own spit."

When Admiral Dewey returned from the battle of Manila Bay, he received a great welcome in New York. The city was beautifully decorated with flags and handsome arches. My son was six years old and I thought he ought to see the beauty of it all, as I, at six, had seen and remembered Lincoln's funeral procession as it went down Fifth Avenue. We made a day of it, and when we got home I said, "Now, George, tell me what you liked best of all you saw today." I suppose I ought not to have been surprised at his answer, but I certainly was. He said, "The machinery on the ferryboat!"

And what hero worshipers they are! When this same boy was eleven and already booked for Yale, he had saved soap wrappers until he had enough to get a premium: a rubber stamp, "George Murray, '17." I took him to see the football game between Yale and West Point. We arrived early and were watching the cadets on the Parade Ground, when some one said, "There's Shevlin." Shevlin was the Yale captain, a very great man. Immediately George said to me, "Let's go over and stand close by him." And, of course, we did. Two or three days later I heard him telling another boy, "I stood as near to Shevlin as I am to you." A little later I took this same boy to see a Yale-Princeton football game. Next door to us lived a boy of about the same age who had no particular college allegiance. We invited him to go with us. At one point in the game one of the Princeton players made a fine play and our little friend arose and applauded it. My young son immediately arose on the other side of me, glared at the other boy, and said, "You Dago, what did we bring you for?"

Nothing has helped me in maintaining my faith in God more than the faith and sincere trust I have seen in little children. Margaret who had two kittens killed, upon learning of the death of an old friend, said to her mother, "I wonder whether

Uncle Fuller has met my kittens yet." A boy walking with his father was gently reproved for hanging on so hard. His father at last said to him, "There's no crowd now, you can go alone." "Yes," he said, "I could go alone, but I like to feel you." How much smoother our life journey would be if we always insisted on feeling the touch of the Elder Brother's hand; how our heart would burn within us if He talked with us by the way.

Although there is nothing personal in them, I must add two stories which I think help to deepen the impression I am trying, very feebly, I fear, to make. A small boy sat quietly in a seat of the day coach on a train running between two of our Western cities. It was a hot dusty day, very uncomfortable for traveling, and that particular ride is perhaps the most uninteresting day's journey in our whole land. But the little fellow sat patiently watching the fields and fences hurrying by, until a motherly old lady leaned forward and asked sympathetically, "Aren't you tired of the long ride, dear, and the dust and the heat?" The lad looked up brightly and replied with a smile, "Yes, ma'am, a little, but I don't mind it much, because my father is going to meet me when I get to the end of it."

And the other story is this. A boys' meeting was being held and some two hundred boys were

present. At the organ in the front of the church was the regular organist, seated with his back to the congregation. Above him was the mirror usually found on organs. When the invitation was given for those to stand who had decided to accept Christ as their Saviour, one little fellow arose and clearly expressed his decision. The organist was seen to drop his head forward, and then in the stillness there quietly floated out the strains of "Almost persuaded." The boy was the organist's son. In the mirror he had seen his son rise and had heard his voice as he confessed his Saviour. The music was the father's Amen to his son's decision.

VII

LAW

I went to college expecting to study medicine. I had been interested in the microscope and in the study of anatomy and physiology. I had bought the latest textbooks in both subjects and Dunglison's Medical Dictionary. In college I continued to be interested in medicine. In junior year we had a course in physiology. Once while we were in that course, Dr. Lambert, father of S. W. Lambert, a classmate, brought a human brain to New Haven, and dissected it before a group of us embryo M.D.'s, as we then thought.

But gradually I began to feel that any natural endowments I had were not of the kind that could be utilized in the life of a doctor. By the time I had entered senior year I had decided to study law. My only prize in college was for declamation. So on my return from my trip abroad, in October, 1880, I entered the Columbia Law School in New York. We met in an old dwelling house on Great Jones Street. That remarkable teacher, Theodore W. Dwight, was at its head. The other teachers were Judge John F. Dillon, ponderous

and impressive; and George B. Chase, a much younger man and a good teacher. We had a divided class, part of us meeting in the forenoon, and part in the afternoon. Living as I did in 34th Street, I got my exercise by walking from the office in lower Broadway to the school and then from the school to my boarding house.

Dr. Dwight was a learned man who could impart his learning. He made Bills and Notes look attractive. His winning smile made it a pleasure to sit under him. Judge Dillon was an able teacher. He was dignified and fully met our idea of what a judge must be, a creature most of us had never seen. But we realized that he was human as we saw him marching down Broadway, leading a lawyers' battalion in the Blaine campaign. I remember, too, how surprised we were once in class when the judge quietly remarked after one of the boys had answered a question, "Yes, that is the radex of the matter; plant it, water it, and cultivate it, and it might blossom into a thought."

One day I looked back in my diary for 1881 to see if I had made any mention of Theodore Roosevelt, who was one of us. I found this entry: "We had our first moot court case today and won it. There were three others on my side. Theodore

Roosevelt made the best argument, as he hit the exact point." He soon left us to go into politics.

We were required to pass a written and an oral examination for admission to the bar. I shall never forget one answer, made by a graduate of a great university. He was asked where the writ of habeas corpus originated, and replied in the New York Code of Civil Procedure. Not a very promising beginning for a legal career.

With the last recitation on May 5, 1882, my school life, continuous since 1863, came to an end and my education began. Our commencement was held in the old Academy of Music and Chauncey M. Depew addressed us. On June 3 we were sworn in as members of the New York bar.

I soon entered the office of Luke A. Lockwood. He said to me once, "Remember the meaning of the word client, and let him lean on you; don't you lean on him."

I have no desire to record my life as a lawyer; it has been just like thousands of others in the great city. Perhaps I have tried a little harder than some to make any legal talent I might have contribute towards the accomplishment of my dominant purpose in life, the building up of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ in all the earth. And I have received my reward. I recall saying one

day to a fellow lawyer who was complaining of his fees, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." And I had.

Naturally with such a purpose a great deal of my service as a lawyer had been rendered without any thought of compensation. One day I wrote in my diary, "Here are the consultations I had today which do not get into the fee book: Jenkins, concerning a power of attorney in accordance with the laws of Portugal; Hague, what he should do with his life insurance policy; Dodge, regarding sale of stock owned by Robert College; Certificate to show incorporation of Society for Christian Literature for Moslems. Boy Scouts regarding material contributed to Boys' Life by Dan Beard. This is not an unusual day by any means."

My first fee was a five-dollar gold piece for drawing a deed. I had it made into a breast pin and gave it to my mother. I learned some years later that she had soon lost it and lived in dread of being asked about it.

Whenever I could I listened to the leaders of the bar. Among those I heard in my early days were Elihu Root, Joseph H. Choate, Roscoe Conkling, F. N. Bangs, Robert G. Ingersoll, and Lord Chief Justice Coolidge of England.

I have always gotten on well with my Hebrew brethren. One of them once wrote me on December

24, enclosing a check for fifty dollars, which he had been ordered to pay for the privilege of amending his complaint. "Wishing you a very merry Christmas, and thanking you for your many courtesies, although you have beaten me at every step so far, I assure you that the best of feeling still exists."

And here is the opinion of a Christian as I recorded the incident: "I went to Newark and closed a loan and was at my office a little while. In Newark the attorney for the other people was a man named Woodruff, from Rahway. He was a loud talker. After we had been there awhile, he said, 'Is this W. D. Murray?' I said yes. 'From Plainfield?' he queried. Again I said yes. 'Well,' he said, 'I want to tell these people what I've been hearing about W. D. Murray of Plainfield for a good many years: that he is a good lawyer and a Christian man; two almost impossible things to combine.'"

As I became more and more deeply interested in religious work, I found myself giving more and more time to the legal affairs of religious corporations—almost always without pecuniary compensation. An indication of this is shown in the corporations I brought into being:

The Bureau of Missions, an outgrowth of the Ecumenical Conference in 1900.

The Silver Bay Association for Christian Conferences and Training.

The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions.

The World's Morning Watch, of which E. L. Shuey became president.

The Glen Alpine Springs School, for mountain whites, of which I became president.

The Eastern Association School, of which I have always been vice president.

The American Christian Literature Society for Moslems.

The Committee on the Promotion of Friendship between America and the Far East.

The Retirement Fund of the Y M C A, of which I am attorney.

The Retirement Fund of the Y W C A, of which I am a trustee.

The Trustees of the World Students' Christian Federation, of which I am secretary and treasurer.

The incorporation of the last organization had in it an element of humor. I had drawn a bill to incorporate it and it had been introduced in the New York Legislature. The day came when it was up for final reading, and as I wanted to see it through, I attended that session of the Senate. When the bill was called, Senator Wagner (afterwards a United States Senator), then the Demo-

cratic leader, who stood just inside the rail, turned round and supposing he was addressing a colleague, remarked *sotto voce*: "Tim Sullivan's old bill under a new name!" I never found out what was in his mind, but our bill was killed. We had to incorporate by filing a certificate.

Committee of Reference and Counsel of the Foreign Mission Conference of North America. It took many conferences to get this bill through the legislature and to persuade the governor to sign it. It became Chapter 699 of the Laws of 1917. I met with the Committee and completed the organization. A few days later, I received the best kind of compensation in the following letter:

I am sure you felt the other day when you were present at the meeting of the Committee of Reference and Counsel, how deeply appreciative we all were of the important service which you yourself had rendered in getting the bill for incorporation through the Legislature. On behalf of the Committee, and in my own behalf, I want to express that appreciation, although any expression that I may put down will but inadequately voice what we sincerely feel. Your life has been so full of good works and service to others, that you will regard this as only one other but yet to the members of the Committee of Reference and Counsel and

to the Mission Boards of North America this service is of great and lasting significance.

Very faithfully yours,

JAMES L. BARTON,
Chairman.

The National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States of America.

In another place I have told about the birth of this great organization. I procured the passage of the law incorporating it (Chapter 442 of Laws of 1907). I have acted as attorney for the National Board ever since, and there is something missing in the day when I do not have something to do for them.

Three times I have had bills passed amending the act incorporating the International Committee.

While the Boy Scouts of America has had the valuable services of Paul Sleman, of Washington, as its attorney, I have had many matters brought to me for attention. In the long litigation with the United States Boy Scouts, I was the liaison officer between the organization and Judge Hughes' firm, our attorneys. I helped draft the bill in Congress which gave the Boy Scouts of America their federal charter.

I have drawn over fifty wills for Y M C A men,

including Mott and Eddy. I remember one I drew for Robert Weidensall. He was in bed in Brooklyn Central Y M C A, and at his request I went over to him. From the information he gave me, I drafted the will, took it to him, but something was wrong, so it was redrawn. Then I went over a third time. After I had read the will to him, he said, "There, I forgot that old fountain pen with which I have written so much for the Y M C A." So the will was drafted over once more to include "the old fountain pen." I have forgotten to whom it was given.

I remember being called by an old lady. I found she had drawn her will, and executed it. After the last clause, and before the signature was a blank space. "What is this for?" I asked. "Oh," she said, "I left that so that if I thought of something later, I could write it in."

Among the odds and ends of service I have gladly rendered for Association secretaries were consultations about infringement of the red triangle; getting men excused from jury duty; seeking tax exemption; passport difficulties; drawing deeds, mortgages, and deeds of trust; helping recover stolen property; advising as to relation of National Council and International Committee; and helping a Chinese who was having trouble with the parents of his American wife.

I have advised with secretaries hundreds of times on legal matters. Three of them I have helped adopt babies, one of them on his way back to his field in the Orient. One of our foreign secretaries came home, and shortly thereafter his wife died leaving several children, one a baby a few weeks old. This little girl was taken in charge by his wife's sister, who later legally adopted her. After several years, this secretary, who was about to marry this sister-in-law, wrote me about the status of that child. He wanted to know whether after their marriage the little girl would be his daughter, his stepdaughter, or his niece?

The powers of attorney, deeds of trusts, declarations of trust, and deeds which have gone out of my office would fill a good-sized file case. I have advised the Secretarial Alliance. Recently, I've had the troublesome question of transferring the International Committee funds to the General Board.

One day I received a long letter from a well-known Association layman asking me to tell him if there was any way a state could withdraw from the National Council. I told him the Supreme Court had held that a state did not have the right to withdraw from the Union, and I hoped that decision might help him.

Then there were many calls about property.

Let me cite just one. A secretary in China, with a wife and children, sent me two hundred dollars to invest for him, and wrote: "This is a great experience for me, so surround it with all the mystery of a rite. I today, for the first time, solemnly and deliberately join the capitalistic class." I put it in a guaranteed first mortgage.

I never really enjoyed jury trials. This was partly due to the fact that nearly always I represented a defendant insurance company, and juries were far from friendly. I remember one case where the plaintiff, whom we insured, had put in what we considered an outrageous claim, so we let him sue for it. On cross-examination I said to him, looking at his schedule, "I see you have here 'one spring overcoat, \$30.' Where is that coat?" "Here it is," he blandly replied, lifting up part of the coat he was wearing, although he had sworn that it had been destroyed by fire. The jury gave him a verdict. His counsel took him in hand on redirect examination and had him say that he went to the priest, and the priest told him to put in everything he had, and the insurance company would cross out what they wouldn't pay for!

The wear and tear of a jury trial is illustrated by a case I had soon after I began to practice. As usual I was for a defendant insurance company. My witnesses came from a distance and had to be

brought to court each day by detectives, who were supposed to keep them in hand while we waited for our case to be reached. It finally was called at the afternoon session, but my opponents had succeeded in getting my witnesses so drunk that they couldn't testify. Fortunately we succeeded in getting an adjournment. That case I won after a long journey to the Court of Appeals and back.

The Court of Appeals of New York is a great court, and it is a pleasure to appear there. Whatever the result, I always felt that I was getting the unbiased opinion of men intent on doing absolute justice. A visit to Albany was a real treat in my legal life, so much of which was dull and colorless. I have many pleasant memories of such visits. Once I had gone up on the afternoon before and secured a room in the Ten Eyck Hotel, to be ready for the morning. My opponent arrived later, in the evening, and could find no room. It so happened that there were two beds in the room I had secured, so I invited him to share it with me. After a peaceful sleep we argued our case. Perhaps I remember the incident because I won the case.

On another occasion there were two of us appearing for the respondents. The counsel for the appellants was so cocksure of success that he said to us, as we sat in the hotel lobby, "You fellows

haven't a ghost of a chance, so to make sure that you get something out of it, I'll give you a good lunch," which he did, probably including it in his expense account. Then, unfortunately, the court decided in our favor.

At one of the Northfield Student Conferences, when the different vocations were being presented at the Round Top meeting, I was asked to speak on Law as a Life Work. I tried to show that life, wherever expended, was a ministry; "that it is more important to make a life than to make a living," and that if they went into law it must be with a realization that in the legal profession a man could really invest his life. I cited some of the opportunities which had come to me to do legal work for religious organizations and the satisfaction it had brought. I cited the words of the dean of one of our law schools who had taught a Bible class at Silver Bay, that success was not measured by the fee book, and Ruskin's saying, "Fee first and you're the fiend's; work first and you serve the Lord God Almighty." It seemed to grip them, for many came to talk it over. After that I was invited to repeat my talk but could accept only three invitations, at Yale, Amherst, and Williams. I certainly enjoyed that kind of legal work.

VIII

MY CHURCH

I had the good fortune to belong to an old Scotch family, the members of which had always gone to church. Eight of us children, with our father and mother, went to church. I can remember as a boy of seven sitting with my parents in the last pew of the old 13th Street Presbyterian Church in New York. We occupied that pew because my father was one of the members of the Volunteer Fire Department—it was before the days of the paid department—and he wanted to be where he could slip out quietly upon an alarm of fire.

When I was fifteen, I united with the church on confession of faith, with a large number of boys and girls who had been moved by an evangelist. What I am writing in this book is my testimony to the efficacy of evangelistic services.

I believe that children are born into the Kingdom, and that they do not need a renunciation when they join the church, but a reaffirmation. I agree with Horace Bushnell, who said he could not understand why the lambs should be kept out of the fold until we saw how they stood the weather.

I was elected an elder when I was forty-five and served for fifteen years. After an interval of ten years, I was reelected. Only once have I attended officially a meeting of the Presbytery; and although elected a Commissioner to the General Assembly, I declined to serve. Just at that time the controversy with Union Seminary was consuming a lot of time. These meetings of the church courts never appealed to me as did the conventions and conferences of the Y M C A.

Sunday had always been the best and busiest day in my week. I am seldom away from home over the week-end. In 1905 I wrote of a Sunday, "It was very much like other Sundays," and here's what happened: "8:30 family worship, we have always kept the family altar; 9:30 to Sunday school room to prepare for session; 10:20 prayer with pastor; 10:30 Church service; 1:30 to 2 Bible Study; 2 to 4 in Sunday school with 115 children; 6:25 train to Garwood; 8 spoke in Garwood Chapel; 10 to bed."

Notwithstanding my activities in the Y M C A, I have tried to be a good churchman and have given the church my first allegiance. I feel that the church is divine, while the Association is human. I do not mean that the Spirit of God is not in the Y M C A; I know He is. I like to think that the story of the first Young Men's Christian

Association is recorded in the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. But it was the Church, and not the Association, that Jesus founded.

I believe in corporate worship and always attend the morning church service. When in 1918 our Plainfield churches were closed for lack of coal, I made the journey to New York City to attend church. But I never have felt that my obligation to the church was discharged by merely sitting in the pew and enjoying a good sermon. It did me good to be there, but I couldn't think that I was rendering any very great "service." There was no action on my part. There are too many people in the pews "comfortably wrapped in cotton-wool, and enjoying the undisturbed serenity of the prematurely dead." I sympathize with Father Endeavor Clark who wrote about "the menace of the sermon."

All through the years I have supported the mid-week prayer meeting, which in the good old days ran for fifty-two weeks each year. I verily believe "it is the power house of all Christian progress," that is, when it is a *prayer* meeting. I usually had something to say. Even when away from home on Wednesday evening, I sought out a prayer meeting.

When I first became really interested in religion,

I fully believed that a man was lost who did not join the church, and that salvation had to do with man after he was dead. With the passing of years, I have realized that oftentimes men are accepted for church membership because they assent with their lips to a creedal statement, while thoughtful men "unable to believe some theological amplifications" about Christ are rejected. Jesus said, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven," and "Come, . . . inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

I have led a great many of these prayer meetings. Sometimes the call to lead was very sudden. I recall once when such a summons came after I entered the meeting room and I took for my text, "Such as I have, give I thee." More than once the call to lead came after I reached home from a trying day in my office, and unless I led there would be no meeting. One evening, before I had visited China, we were to have a talk on China. I was called on the phone as the hour approached,

and a voice said, "My son was to give a lecture on China tonight, but he is sick, will you do it?" Rushing in where angels fear to tread, I undertook the task.

Sometimes I played the piano for the singing. But I'm afraid the old mid-week prayer meeting is a thing of the past. I feel sure it will be renewed some day; it was too helpful to pass away permanently.

I believe in Sunday. When our Country Club opened its grounds on Sunday, I resigned, for I felt that in so doing I could with more consistency urge the men and children in my Bible classes, "to remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy." My notion of a holy Sabbath may be different from others, and they may be right and I may be wrong, but I certainly feel more comfortable in my Christian work in taking the stand that I do. I am not criticizing anyone; I am trying to qualify for what I consider the more important duties of life. I have a race to run, and I do not want to wear an overcoat. I have a simple formula which helps me greatly. Anything that builds me up and makes me more fit for service is right for me on Sunday; anything that pulls me down is wrong.

I believe in prayer. I confess I do not understand it, but I say to myself, Jesus not only prayed

himself, but He told his disciples to pray, and He said that prayer accomplished results, and He knew. Then, too, my best friends are praying men and women and I am glad to be like them in that respect. I have been helped by making a study of prayer. Among the books other than the Bible, which have helped me I would put first, Trumbull's "Prayer, Its meaning and Scope," and then "The Still Hour," by Austin Phelps. Later came "A Mighty Means of Usefulness," by McClure; "Beyond the Natural Order," by Best; "Lord, Teach Us to Pray," by Whyte; Fosdick's book, "The Meaning of Prayer."

When I pray, either in public or in private, I seem to be lifted into the real presence of a patient, loving, but almighty Father God, and prayer becomes a very vital experience.

Besides my duties in Sunday school, and my attendance at the mid-week meeting, for many years I had more or less to do with the young people's meeting, and often met with them. I sometimes felt that they needed a guiding hand. I remember one meeting at which they were discussing teaching the Bible in the public schools; one boy, who is now studying for the ministry, suggested in real earnestness that all difficulties could be overcome by putting the Protestants in one class, Roman

Catholics in another, Hebrews in a third, and Episcopalians in a fourth.

The problem of young people's meetings has ever been with us. Years ago I wrote in my diary after a conference with our young people: "They are in a low condition. We talked for two hours and got nowhere. They did not take kindly to my suggestions that the old folks get out and that the meeting be held on Sunday evenings." The old folks were those of us who, beginning as young folks, had failed to note the passing of time. Again I wrote, "The session discussed the troublesome question of our Young People's Society," and later in 1911, "We had a meeting of a committee of the session to discuss our young people. I suggested appointing a committee whose duty it should be to get every one of our younger members at some kind of work, here or elsewhere. Our pastor rose up at this and opposed it, 'Anything we do,' he said, 'must be done in the church building.' I can't see it. What I want is to see the young people growing in Christian graces and serving Jesus Christ."

I have always championed the cause of young people, especially boys. In 1903 I was appointed a member of the General Assembly's Committee on Young People and had the privilege of serving

for three years with J. Ross Stevenson, John Timothy Stone, Nolan Best, and J. Willis Baer.

In the course of time, I became a sort of guerilla preacher, though I always resented being called a preacher: I was glad to testify for my Master. My text is Psalms 45:1 (marginal) "I speak; my work is for a king." I have occupied every pulpit in our city, with two or three exceptions. Of course, I never accepted any compensation for such service, though once when I got my hotel bill at a summer resort, I found a credit, "Two Sunday Services, \$10." I once preached for a pastor in his church so that he could preach in a church that paid him fifty dollars. One of the addresses—sermons, if you please—which I used when the pastor of the church was absent was based on I Thessalonians 1:8, which I read, "From you hath sounded forth the word of the Lord . . . so that we need not speak anything in your neighborhood." I try to show that the test of their pastor's success as a preacher is to be found in the kind of lives his hearers live, after listening to him; I quote ex-President Coolidge, "It is not enough that there should be action in the pulpit, there must be reaction in the pews." I frequently conducted both the morning and the evening service in a church. I tried to learn from

what famous preachers had to say about preaching. I read Black, Jowett, McDowell, Horne, Beecher, Brown, Watson, Fitch, and others.

Many of the same talks I have given at Rescue Missions, Lodging Houses, car barns, from automobiles on street corners, many times at the Hoe Press Works in New York. It has been a rare privilege to speak to the favored boys at Prep schools. I have always found these boys most responsive and the masters have been good enough to tell me how they felt about what I said. After a talk at the Taft School, one of the masters said to me, "I want to thank you for that talk. You did the masters as much good as the boys." Later a master wrote, "Although a week has gone by since your visit, the boys are still talking about your talk. I am hoping that you will be able to come again next year. There are so few men who are willing to say things shortly and simply that when we do find one with a message, we want him to come again. I can't thank you enough for giving us your valuable time and service." This is one of many such delightful letters that make life worth living.

The number of times I have spoken on religious topics to Y M C A audiences, of one kind and another, to parents on parent-teacher problems, and to all kinds of Sunday schools and at church

celebrations, besides an infinite number of missionary addresses, it is beyond my power to enumerate.

Many of these talks I have gathered together in my little book, "My Three Keys."

Partly because of my own conversion in an evangelistic campaign, I have always believed in them. I agree heartily with President Angell, of Yale, who said: "Few men come to a living religious faith over the road of sheer reflective thought. Few honest men could tolerate a faith which flatly contravened the deliverances of intelligence; but sentiment, tradition, the compelling power of desires and emotions, deeds bedded in the tissues of the human race, come welling up to give direction to man's hopes and dreams and faiths, and for these cravings reason often finds support; but rarely or never does it of its own give that dynamic which marks a vital faith."

I felt it part of my Christian duty to bring evangelists to Plainfield. I was responsible for the visit of the saintly Major Whittle, followed by Mr. Moody in 1886. In 1890 we had B. Fay Mills. It will be a long time before I forget that "mid-week Sunday," as he called it, when on Tuesday business was laid aside, stores were closed, and the day was given over to religious meetings in homes and churches. Mr. Mills preached on "Roll ye away the stone," urging us to do our part

in the revival which was clearly taking place. I had many visits with Mills and found him a delightful companion, and at that time a thoroughly orthodox fundamentalist. Ten years later we had Bishop Henderson.

In 1915, at a ministers' meeting, I was appointed chairman of a general committee to bring before them a plan for an evangelistic campaign. As a result of the report made by the committee, we had our great Biederwolf Campaign in 1916. After a vain search for a man willing to assume the leadership of such an undertaking, I reluctantly consented to serve as chairman. With my other duties, it seemed impossible to give the necessary time, but for six weeks I missed only two or three public meetings, besides attending the numberless meetings made necessary in caring for the details. At the closing meeting some one asked me if I was tired, and I replied by quoting, "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength," for I had had that experience. We built a tabernacle costing five thousand dollars, which seated more than six thousand people. It was often filled to overflowing. More than two hundred thousand people attended the meetings. We raised \$14,700, of which \$7,573 was the free will offering for Dr. Biederwolf, who had rendered our city a great service. Prayer meetings were held in homes where

there were no church attendants. Night after night, and on many afternoons, the great, bare, barnlike tabernacle was crammed. Everybody was talking religion. A New York paper reported a contribution from our city of \$1,400 to the Conscience Fund in Washington. A Catholic said he had five dollars he wanted to give to Dr. Biedewolf because an account of long standing had been settled. In one of the shops swearing had been forbidden. One of our citizens was wearing in his office in New York the little button bearing the cross. He was asked what it was for and told the inquirer about our evangelistic meetings. The next day the man asked for five of the buttons, and later told his friend that he had put one on himself, one on his wife, and one on each child, and that they had all gone to prayer meeting and asked to be prayed for.

Of course, not all who professed conversion were in earnest, but evidences of the result of the work done during those six weeks can still be seen in our city. The ministers entered cordially into the campaign. On the night when the great audience left the tabernacle and marched through the streets singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," most of our ministers were in line, singing lustily. It is impossible to relate all the wonderful happenings

of those days of heaven upon earth. Let me quote from my diary for one day, April 30, 1916:

The great day of the campaign, long to be remembered by the people of Plainfield. As I rode home with Dr. Biederwolf, he said this was the greatest day in his evangelistic work. I don't know how many decisions there were, hundreds, many of them fine young men.

I was early at the Tabernacle—9:45—and found a good many people there. By 10:45 the place was full. After the usual singing by the great choir, announcements, etc., Charles W. McCutchen took hold and made a fine presentation of our obligation to God and our needs and asked for \$6,000 to make up the \$11,000 needed to cover expenses. Three \$500 gifts came quickly, then \$250's, \$100's, \$50's, \$25's, while Dr. Biederwolf sat looking on. Harris and I said a few words now and then, and finally we had to ask them to stop giving. Over \$6,500 had come in.

I had my little folks in Sunday school at noon, because I knew few of them would go to the Tabernacle this afternoon—about fifteen did. I marched down with them, as all the schools gathered there. It was another inspiring sight, there must have been 4,500 Sunday school people. Dr. Biederwolf gave them a splendid talk. As soon as I got home I took off my clothes, and went to bed after a cold bath. A short nap was most refreshing.

George Hall took me to the Tabernacle tonight. Dr. Biederwolf gave a searching talk to the great

crowd on "Almost lost, but saved." The response was wonderful.

I'm gloriously tired and I want to get to bed after I have praised God for permitting me to live to see this great day.

One day I met a man who was not particularly interested in church matters. He asked me if I thought the campaign paid and I said I certainly did. "Well," he replied, "I don't always agree with you, but I admire you." It certainly paid. The town was stirred to the depths. Men came to my office to talk about personal religion. We are a better community today because of these meetings, thirteen years ago.

I have told of the inestimable help I received from Dr. Richards, and the same might be said, to a degree, of all our pastors, but of none so much as of him. My association with these men, both in the home church and in the chapels, has been intimate and delightful. One of them was an usher at our wedding, and I traveled abroad with another.

When the committee of which I was a member had agreed on Dr. Zelig as Dr. Richards' successor, I carried the call to him in Schenectady. When he made his first visit to Plainfield to spy out the land, he stayed at our home. Before he was installed, I wrote in my diary, "The people without

exception like him, and it is hard to see how they could help doing so." One Sunday after ten years, I wrote again, "He exerted himself, and gave us a long, fine sermon on church unity. He showed what he could do with a subject in which he is really interested."

Once, when at Williams College to speak to the students, I called on President Hopkins and told him that our people would be pleased if this man, our pastor, could receive a doctor's degree from his Alma Mater. A little later he received it. One day he called at my office and said he had a check for two hundred dollars which had been given to him, and he did not want to disclose the donor's name, but wanted to cash it. Without knowing whose check it was, I endorsed it, took him to my bank, and cashed it. I never learned whose check I had endorsed. He once told one of our elders, who repeated it to me, that I was worth as much to the Crescent Avenue Church as a hundred thousand dollar endowment fund. I seldom have had higher praise, unless it was at a foreign work conference where I was keeping twenty-five children quiet. The father of one of them said to me, "You're worth your weight in radium to this conference."

An unfortunate letter, which I wrote with the best of intentions, caused a rift in our friendship,

and led to my declining to stand for reelection as an elder. Dr. Zelig left us. During the war he rendered a great service as a Red Cross chaplain in France.

Our present pastor, who succeeded Dr. Zelig, is John J. Moment, in my humble opinion a great preacher for the people of this day and generation. He has been with us ten years and has inspired us by his sermons and his genial personality.

I am glad to assume the responsibility for two innovations in our church life. One is our little monthly journal, *The Messenger*. I suggested it in 1904, brought out the first number, and acted as editor for fourteen years.

The other was the adoption of the plan of systematic giving for our benevolences. We had been giving with our accustomed generosity, but in a haphazard way. I suggested an every-member canvass, spent not a little time organizing it, and acted as one of the canvassers. Later, at their invitation, I met a committee of the Brick Church in New York to explain to them our system.

Year by year our annual church meeting was a formal affair, very poorly attended. I remember once, when there were less than a dozen present, the president of the board arose and said, "We will now proceed to the reelection of the trustees." That is exactly what the meeting was. I sug-

gested that we invite the folk to a supper and have a good speaker. This was done, and now we have trouble in accommodating those who want to come.

One of our pastors used to speak on the value of "cross-fertilization" in preaching work. With that thought in mind, and also to educate our people in the work of the Y M C A, I brought many of our Y M C A secretaries to the church. Among those who have delighted us with their interesting stories are Wilder, Carter, Colton, Rugh, Yergen, Eddy, Brockman, and Mott. At the close of one of the services at which Brockman had spoken, a member of the congregation came to me and said, "That man ought not to go back to China." I was surprised, for I knew what a power for good he had been over there. Seeing my distressed look, he went on to say, "He ought to be sent to Congress. We need a man like that to try to get our country to do its duty in international relations." Then I felt better.

I never cared much for theology, though naturally, in my work, I've had to study it. The controversy in the churches in the early twenties was tiresome to me. I began as a fundamentalist and now I presume I would be classed as an evangelical modernist. I believe in the Virgin birth. I cannot think, however, that it makes the slightest difference what a man believes about that sacred

event. Canon Raven says, "The doctrine of the Incarnation does not depend upon the manner of His birth, but upon the character of Him who was born." I felt that precious time was being wasted by bringing so much of the discussion into the pulpit. We went to church to worship our God, and to be inspired and strengthened, not for controversy. My reading during the years gives some indication of how my mind was working. In 1888 I read "In the Volume of the Book," by Pentecost; "Notes on the Book of Genesis," by C. H. M.; "Many Infallible Proofs," by Pierson; "Horæ Pauline," by Paley; "Grace and Truth," by Mackay; "The Approaching End of the Age," by H. Gratten Gaunlis. Ten years later among my books were the following: "History of the Hebrew People," by Kent; "Introduction to the Study of Holy Scripture," by Briggs; "The Book of the Twelve Prophets," by G. A. Smith; "The Gospel of John," by Marcus Dod; "Studies of the Portrait of Christ," by George Matheson. Another ten years brought me to "Pragmatism," "Reconstruction in Theology," "Brain and Personality," "The Education of the Will," "The Living Christ and the Four Gospels," "Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind." And another decade found me using "Ecce Homo," by Seeley; "About Jesus," by Bosworth; "The Science of

Power," by Kidd; "Yale Talks," by Dean Brown; "The Religious Experiences of Israel," by Hutchens; "The Meaning of Service," by Fosdick. And in the decade closing in 1925, I read, "A Living Universe," by Jacks; "Studies in the Life of Christ," by Fairbairn; "The Quest of the Historical Jesus," by Schweitzer; "Reconstruction of Religion," by Elwood; "Belief in Christ" and "Belief in God," by Gore; "The Modern Use of the Bible," by Fosdick; "Foundations of Method," by Kilpatrick.

The Crescent Avenue Church, where I have worked and worshiped all these many years, has meant more to me than anyone will ever know. I first publicly confessed Christ there, I was married there, my children were baptized there, and I expect to be buried from there.

IX

SUNDAY SCHOOL

One of the little boys in my Sunday school class, on reaching home, was asked how he enjoyed it, and answered, "Very much, but it is so long before next Sunday." That's exactly the way I feel about it myself.

It might honestly be said that I have spent my life in Sunday school, for only my first five years found me not a member. I began before I was five years old in the 13th Street Presbyterian Church in New York City, where I had been baptized as a baby by Dr. Burchard, who years afterwards became famous through a chance remark. From then until now, I have been scholar, officer, teacher, for sixty-six years.

I have attended with great regularity, and have refused a great many week-end invitations during my sixty-two years in the Crescent Avenue Sunday school.

The nearest I ever came to missing the service was one morning when daylight saving went into effect. Saturday night I had carefully turned all our clocks *back* one hour. Sunday morning I was

aroused by a neighbor who called, "Do you know it is nine-thirty?" I jumped from bed, dressed, shaved, ate a bite of breakfast and opened the school at 9:50.

I never missed an opportunity to learn something from other schools. Even when on my wedding journey and at the World's Fair in Chicago, I hunted up a Sunday school trying to get some new ideas. Stopping over for Sunday at Niagara Falls on my way across the continent, I visited a school. I even attended the summer school at Asbury Park when I was the only man among a hundred and fifty women.

Soon after my return from the Law School, at our pastor's request I took a class of six little girls in the Primary Department. Three years later, I was induced to take the Men's Bible Class, although at the time I was teaching another set of men in a Workers' Bible Training Class at the Y M C A. After three enjoyable years with these young men, I was chosen superintendent of the Sunday school and held that office for over seven years. There were 454 on the roll and often over 350 were present. When 315 was the day's record, I wrote, "Our low attendance is due to the fact that there is a good deal of sickness." The school met every Sunday in the year, but in 1908 we voted to discontinue for July and August, but I had the

Primary Department excepted from this rule. In 1893 our figures were much larger than in 1927. Our average attendance for twelve months in 1893 was 250—from January to June, 287; from June to December, 214.

I made much of prayer and often held a teachers' prayer service after school. I looked for conversions. My heart overflowed with joy when forty-eight scholars united with the church one Sunday morning.

But all through the years of my superintendency, my heart was with the little folks. It was, therefore, a real joy when the opportunity came in 1898 and I resigned to become leader of the Primary Department, an office I still hold. More than twelve hundred children, between the ages of six and nine, have come under my care, and two hundred babies have been on our Cradle Roll. Among the latter were several of my mother's great-grandchildren, during her lifetime. I am now teaching children whose mothers were on the cradle roll, and putting on the cradle roll babies whose mothers and fathers were in the Primary Department. Once at the wedding of two who had been in the Primary Department, a friend remarked to me, "You must have taught them the verse, 'Little children, love one another.'"

Our cradle roll is an interesting institution.

One day a little fellow came early to Sunday school. Rushing up to me, he said, "Mr. Murray, I don't believe you know what happened at the hospital last night." "No," I said, "I hadn't been near the hospital." "I've got a baby sister there; Daddy's seen her," he called out. We put her on the cradle roll that morning, before she was twenty-four hours old, much to her little brother's joy.

I remember once when we had a brother and sister in the Primary Department whose parents were Episcopalians. Meeting one of our doctors on the street, he said, "There's a baby for your cradle roll at Mrs. M's." I sent a card at once. The next day the Episcopal rector called. He was never quite reconciled to the two who were with us, and he said to Mrs. M's sister, "I suppose this is one for us," and she had to tell him that I had applied for it the day before.

I have made it a rule of my life to have quiet Saturday evenings, in order to be fit when I meet my children Sunday morning. Dr. King has written these wise words in "Rational Living" with which I thoroughly agree: "We must persistently aim, then, at surplus nervous energy, at what Emerson calls 'plus energy,' and in no calling is this more imperative than in teaching, especially the teaching of little children. It is the special

prerogative of the child to see things freshly. If one is to be able to put himself at the child's point of view and see for him, one requires above all, *freshness*, freshness of body, mind and spirit."

Nearly all my Saturday afternoons for thirty years have been spent in the Primary Department room preparing the material for the session Sunday morning.

We have tried morning, noon, and afternoon as the time for Sunday school, and there are objections to each one of these hours. Once when we changed to the noon hour one of my little girls wrote to me: "I am sorry we can't come to Sunday school any more; Mary just cries about it and I want to go very much. We are so sorry. I hope you will remember us. So I am writing to tell you how sorry we are. I must say good-bye. Dorothy."

For twenty-five years a faithful woman was our pianist. She was a music teacher earning, I suppose, just enough to keep body and soul together. It was one of her comforts to come to dinner with us and sit by our wood fire in the evening. The class decided to reward her with a trip to Europe. I raised the money from the parents of our children. Most of them thanked me for giving them the opportunity. There was a rich man, however, who had three children in the Primary, who said

he didn't think it was necessary for a woman as poor as she was to go on such an expensive journey. He finally contributed two dollars and a half for each of his children. And then there was a rich woman to whom I applied for a gift toward this fund. She sent me ten dollars and wrote sarcastically, "Miss D. is paid for her work, isn't she?" We were giving her twenty-five dollars a year! Needless to say it was a great trip, it was *the* time of her life. She kept a diary and every once in awhile she would rewrite it, until it grew to be three times its original size. She was taken sick with a fatal illness, and was confined to her room. I used to read to her. She longed for the children; was so anxious to hear their singing. One Sunday I arranged with our telephone company—it was before the days of radio—to give us a free open wire between her room and the church during the school session. In this way for the last time she heard those voices which must have sounded like the angel voices she was to hear so soon. She went to her reward greatly beloved by all who knew her.

I believe thoroughly in teacher training, not only in the Bible, but in pedagogics. As superintendent, I felt that it was my duty to have a class for this purpose. One season we studied together Edwin F. Lee's "Teaching of Bible Classes," meet-

ing at nine o'clock after the mid-week meeting. It was well attended and enjoyed. For three years I conducted a class for teachers on the lessons we were studying. Here again we had to meet from nine to ten at night. A very enjoyable group of teachers was that which met at my house one winter to go through Trumbull's "Teaching and Teachers."

Each year, for twenty years, I asked the parents, fathers as well as mothers, to meet with me to talk about our children. Some of the talks I gave are printed in my book, "Our Primary Department." They were on such subjects as Telling Stories to Children, How to Teach the Bible to Children, The Cooperation of the Home, and Sex Instruction. It has become unnecessary to have these talks now, for our pastor is saying the things I used to say.

In our birthday exercise we sing a song, the child puts into the bank a penny for each of his years, and we have a prayer. I give each child a birthday letter. I think I have written at least twenty-five hundred of these, and in fully two thousand I have painted a watercolor picture. The picture seldom has anything to do with the particular child, but it gives me an easy start for the letter. Yes, it takes a lot of time: I often spend an hour on a letter; but then I don't play

bridge. And how great is the reward. In one of the classes in our high school, the scholars were debating whether there was more reverence or hypocrisy in the world. One of them made the assertion that Sunday school superintendents took such positions simply to show off. The next day a girl, who had been in our Primary Department some years before, came to the class and showed five or six of these birthday letters which I had given her, and asked, "Do you think he does this just to show off?"

One of my former children had won a scholarship at Yale. I wrote congratulating him. In his reply he said, "Do you know that I have kept all your birthday letters of former years, reading them over occasionally, and even now they help me on account of the helpful advice that is in them."

There is a great desire to get these letters. Our pastor and our sexton each puts in his pennies and each gets a letter. The latter says he now has fifteen and is thinking of making a scrap book of them.

Perhaps the most pathetic incident connected with our birthdays had to do with one of our boys who was killed in France. His mother went to visit some friends in a neighboring town, taking with her the treasures her boy had been keeping.

Among them were the birthday letters I had written him when he was a timid little fellow in our department.

I wrote to my boys when they were at the front in France, making the letters just like the ones they had received when they were our children. Ten years after the war one of these boys met me and told me what comfort that letter had brought him, as he lay wounded in a hospital in France.

One of our well-known Y M C A secretaries came to me one day and said, "Do I understand that you write letters to each member of your Bible Class?" When I explained to him that he had probably heard that I wrote a birthday letter to each of my children, he said, "Well, well," and tears came in his eyes, "that's it, the personal touch; your work counts."

We have tried to keep our little folks interested in missions. We always contribute to the support of a particular boy or girl in some foreign land. One year as we were separating for the summer, I gave each child a china pig bank, telling them the story of John Williams and the pigs in the South Seas, and asking them to fatten the pigs with coins instead of corn. We got quite a large sum in the fall and I wrote an account of it for the *Sunday School Times*. Soon after that I re-

ceived a letter from a man in Texas saying he had seen my article, and was enclosing a booklet he had written. In it he argued that most of the ills of life came from eating pork, "which is forbidden by God," he said.

That our missionary Sundays were effective would seem to be indicated by the statement of one boy, at the close of such a Sunday, that he was going to be a missionary. When I asked him what country he would go to he said, "all of them." He has since then been a leader in athletics and in Christian work in his school and college.

How shall I speak of the great hour each week, the greatest of the week to me, when I am actually with the children! I wrote in my diary in 1907, "I look forward to this hour with my children as a boy looks forward to the coming of the circus—with great expectation." And thirty years have not dimmed the splendor of it. Everything else is in preparation for that hour. In my book, "Our Primary Department," I have described in detail what we do each Sunday, and I need not repeat it here. But I do wish I had the pen of a Stevenson that I might give my readers some idea of the exhilaration of that blessed time. To look into the faces of nearly a hundred pure, sweet, trustful little children; to lead them in their songs and in their prayers; to try to bring to them the

right lessons from God's holy Word is surely work fit for angels. Again and again, I read in my diary, "Had a delightful hour with my little ones." One day a little boy lingered after the others had gone. When I asked him if he wasn't going home, he looked up at me, and I shall never forget his face, and said, "Oh yes; but I wanted to be by you a little while."

In 1915 I wrote in my diary, "I've had some very pleasant experiences in Sunday school lately. One woman came to me with tears in her eyes and said, 'Oh, thank you for the wonderful morning.' Another said, 'This is the most wonderful thing I have ever seen.'" I get a number of telephone calls from people who want to put their children in our Primary Department, but often the children are too old. One day a woman who is not a member of our church said to me, "She thought the time came to every mother when she had to decide whether she would send her children to her own Sunday school, or to Mr. Murray's."

One of our high days is the Sunday before Christmas, when our chapels meet with us, sometimes over a thousand scholars. Almost always we use the old standard Christmas carols, "Holy Night," "The First Noel," and others. One feature is the address, usually by the pastor. Twice we've had that good story, "Why the Chimes

Rang," with organ accompaniment. Occasionally, I have given the talk. I recall one Saturday afternoon when our pastor called me on the telephone and said he couldn't make the address, would I do it for him. It was rather short notice to prepare a talk that would hold the attention of a thousand people, hundreds of them children under twelve. But I enjoy talking to children, so I undertook the job. A day or two later I got a card from one of our least demonstrative older members in which he said: "I was so charmed by your address at the Christmas service Sunday, that I wanted to applaud it—but the time and place did not permit, so I have to adopt this quiet way of demonstrating. It is, however, just as appreciative."

For thirty years, and more, we had some sort of Christmas entertainment for the children, and year by year for the same length of time I've had them at my home on a Saturday afternoon in June for a lawn party. These were red letter days for me, though I was always thoroughly exhausted when night came. I recall one Christmas when it was decided not to give candy to the children as we had been in the habit of doing. In my ignorance, I disagreed with the powers that be, and decided to give the little children some candy. I filled two large paper bags with the candy I had bought. I thought it would add zest to the

gift if I let them scramble for it. So I hung one bag from the ceiling, blindfolded a little girl and let her hit at the bag with a brass rod. After she had hit two or three children, she struck the bag, and cut a slit across the bottom out of which all the candy fell into a pile on the floor. There was a scramble! Nothing but legs could be seen. When they came out—the children—their clothes were torn, many were crying, and a few had all the candy. I did not even let them know that I had another bag. Usually we hired an entertainer, but it was not long before I sought to avoid expense by giving the entertainment myself. So I procured a Punch and Judy outfit and learned to give the shows. About this I have spoken elsewhere.

Away back in the '70's, long before the "gay 90's," we used to have an old-fashioned outdoor picnic. It was before automobiles and you could have seen a long line of all sorts of carriages conveying us and our lunch to some picnic spot, when young and old spent the day in good old-fashioned games. Before long we became so sophisticated that a commonplace picnic ceased to have any appeal; so after that each year we went by train for a day at the seashore. It was a long, tiresome day, but I usually went as it gave me a chance to get acquainted with the children.

Now we've given up even "the excursion," as it was called. They now have so much in the way of parties that the seashore, too, has ceased to appeal.

I was instrumental in starting, in 1895, our Primary Union, which still goes on. I have often taught the lesson at meetings of this Union. The meetings, however, come at an hour when I can seldom be present. Because of my connection with this body and my experience in primary work, I am often called upon to tell about it in other towns.

Five years later I helped organize the Plainfield Superintendents' Union, in which we tried, but not very successfully, to do for all teachers what the Primary Teachers' Union was doing for that particular set of teachers.

I became a member of the Executive Committee of the New Jersey State Sunday School Association, and often took part in conventions. My topics usually were "The Spiritual Side of the Teachers' Work," or "The Teachers' Own Preparation." I often spoke in other schools when ours was not in session.

I shall never forget one visit I made. I had accepted an invitation which had come to me by mail, to speak at a Rally Day service in a Sunday school in a city some ten miles away. The superin-

tendent had written me that he would call at my house at two-thirty. I waited impatiently, for the school began at three, and at that hour an old rattle trap of a car drove up. The chauffeur informed me that he was to take me to New Brunswick, and I urged him to make haste. When we were about halfway, a tire blew out, and then there was a long wait to fix it. By and by we arrived, and my driver announced, "This is New Brunswick." "Yes," I said, "I know this is New Brunswick, take me to the Sunday school." He declared he knew nothing about any Sunday school; he was told to take me to New Brunswick and here we were. I had relied on my correspondent, who had said that he would call for me, so I didn't even know the name of the school in which I was to speak. I did remember his name, however, so we went from Sunday school to Sunday school asking if Mr. So-and-So was the superintendent there. Most of them were discharging their scholars for it was now after four o'clock. Finally one man said, "Oh, Mr. So-and-So is in the Methodist Sunday school on such-and-such a street." Away we went and found a tired lot of children, with a man on the platform, killing time. I spoke about five minutes and released them. Instead of calling for me my correspondent had forgotten and had called up a garage in Plainfield and given

instructions. Six months later I got a letter from the garage asking me if I could help them collect the taxi bill. I am afraid the letter I wrote that superintendent lacked some elements of Christianity.

I have often said, "Where I am, there is a Sunday school," for I have felt that absence from home ought not to deprive me of that pleasure. Even on the Pacific Ocean I had a Sunday school. Each Sunday I gathered the children, and some of the older folk too, in a quiet corner of the upper deck, and went over a Bible story, repeated familiar Psalms, and had prayer together. I have done the same when crossing the Atlantic. Some of the most satisfactory Sunday schools have been those I led when on my vacation. At one resort the only available meeting place was the little red schoolhouse by the roadside. The authorities very gladly opened it for us, and on five Sundays about twenty-five of us gathered there and had a real Sunday school. An old farmer living across the road, who couldn't remember when he last went to church, heard that I was to teach the lesson with clocks so he came over to see what it was all about. He liked it and came each of the following Sundays. After I had gone home he met one of my brothers and said to him, "What does your brother do in New York?" He was told that I

was a lawyer, and the old farmer shook his head and said, "You go long, you can't be a lawyer and be a Sunday school man." (It is too bad that so many people think the same. Why is it?)

One summer in Sullivan County, New York, I had the children on my five Sundays. When the time came for us to go home our landlady came to me and offered to reduce the rent a hundred dollars if I would come back the next summer. I was told that our services had raised the tone of the whole community.

Some of the best times I have had with my summer children have been on the shore of a little lake in the Adirondacks. One meeting place was in the hayloft of a barn. The old folk liked to come as well as the children, and some of them were ministers. I recall a wet Sunday when it didn't seem possible to get together, but the people began to inquire so we had our school at five o'clock after it had cleared a little. When we could we met outdoors or on the shady porch of a cottage. We all knew certain hymns and these we used. I generally arranged some sort of object lesson to make it attractive. We sent our offering to some fresh air camp.

My summer Sunday schools at Silver Bay I have mentioned elsewhere.

The most impressive of these summer gatherings

of children was at Northfield. We had arranged that just before the sermon began in the auditorium, I was to take the children out. I led them to Round Top and there beside Mr. Moody's grave I tried to tell them of the love of God, their Father and his.

Some one who had seen one of my summer Sunday schools in session wrote as follows in the *Epworth Herald*: "We were privileged to watch the children and their teacher at the second session of the Sunday school. The lesson was simple, practical and beautiful. The subject was the 'Four kinds of soil,' and by the use of a small map which the teacher had made with cleverness, and decorated with skill, the children were taught that God's word was the seed and that human hearts were the soil.

"It was inspiring to see a man seize his chance and impress his faith upon little children. He might easily have pleaded the need of rest, and the enjoyment of his vacation; or that he was a stranger, or even that he had Sunday school enough at home. Instead he 'bought up' his opportunity; and won the hearts of little children who will never forget what he did and said on those two Sundays in the woods." It was a vacation *cum laude*.

I have enjoyed the confidence of these little

ones in our Primary Department. One little girl came up to me and said, "I dreamed about you last night." Again and again they have called my attention to a new hat or coat. One boy said to me, "I've got on a collar just like yours." They tell me how many teeth the baby now has, and all kinds of family secrets; even, in this new age, of the expected arrival of a new baby.

The love of little children is more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold; it is sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb, and I have had it in abundant measure. And they have not hesitated to tell me of their love. Our pastor's little girl told her mother, as she was distinguishing between two Will Murrays, that I was "the one the children loved." My own little son said to me one day, "You're good enough company for me." More than once a five- or six-year-old youngster has asked me to come out and play with him. One dear little girl who has since gone to the larger life said to her mother one day, "Mother, have you ever thought who you would have for a father if father died?" And when the smiling mother replied, "Why, no, I never thought of that," the little daughter said, "I'll tell you who I would like to have, Mr. Murray." At a seashore resort a little fellow whom I had been entertaining said, "Mother is going to ask you if your pen name is

John Martin." I wrote in my diary one night after a number of these happenings, "Who wouldn't stand fast with such support?"

I have been honored by the friendship of the children's parents. One summer when our pastor was away one of our cradle roll babies died. The father called me to ask what he ought to do. I suggested the pastor of one of our chapels, and he replied, "No, we don't know him. We would love to have you conduct the funeral, will you?" It was difficult, but I was glad to join them in their sorrow. I read the appropriate passages, had a prayer, and went with them to the little grave.

I would have craved the privilege of working in Sunday school: the work itself is such rich reward. But I did enjoy letters like this: "We appreciate deeply your labor, your time, your prayers given for the Primary Department of which our boy is a member. While we know you are not working for the praise of men and that your reward both present and future is far richer than the appreciation of those so greatly indebted to you, we do thank you most sincerely."

X

BIBLE STUDY

It is difficult to speak of one's own Bible study, it is such a sacred thing, but my experience may be helpful to some young men, and therefore I venture to speak.

Ever since my spiritual awakening in the Y M C A, I have been teaching the Bible—this has been a steadying process, upon which I look back with deep gratitude. My work at Silver Bay, Northfield, and in Sunday school I have mentioned elsewhere. There were months at a time when I was teaching three different lessons each week: one at this Association, one in Sunday school, and one with the teachers; there were many Sundays when I had two Sunday school lessons to teach—one in our own school, one elsewhere.

I have always regarded the study of each book as fundamental to specific study. It seemed to me that one must understand the character of the particular book, before attempting to understand its message.

During twenty-five years, I had at least one weekly Bible class at the Association, sometimes

two. In the early days we called it a workers' training class; really a class to familiarize men with the Bible. I often had classes in See's, "The Teaching of Bible Classes," and a few seasons in Professor Horne's "Jesus, the Master Teacher." Some of the best classes I ever had were those in which we studied the miscalled Minor Prophets, so wonderfully modern in their teachings. I have taught classes in many cities and in some colleges. Once I made a trip to Clemson College, N. C., situated on John C. Calhoun's old homestead, and led a three days' Bible Conference. One season, when our own school met at noon, I had an afternoon class in the lodge room of the Junior Order of American Mechanics, where we went through Dr. Jenks' book, "The Social Significance of the Teachings of Jesus." This was a worth-while class. Another season I took the young people of our church through the book of Psalms.

One of the most satisfactory classes I ever had was composed of a group of high school boys, fifteen of them. We met once a week at five o'clock in the high school and used the Life and Works of Jesus according to St. Mark. At the close of the series the principal of the school came to thank me and said that the influence of the class was felt through all the school.

All this drove me to the Bible. Teaching always

took something out of me. Once, after teaching an Easter lesson, I wrote in my diary, "Tonight I have been resting; no one can teach such a lesson and not feel the drain of it. I am always tired when I get through my afternoon work—but always very happy." To succeed with my classes, I had to have something to give them. I remember a young Princeton graduate who had just taken a Sunday school class. One day I asked him how he was getting along. "Oh," he said, "the first ten minutes are all right, but I don't know what to do with the other twenty." I tried never to get caught that way, and I don't think I ever did.

After I really began to study the Bible, I found that increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on. One entry reads, "Put in two hours on First Samuel." I often recorded the time I spent with the Book. "My average—not including time spent in Sunday school, public meetings, etc.—has been, January, 52 minutes a day; February, 23; March, 44; April, 38." Besides keeping the morning watch, I always have some particular part of the Bible, or some special subject to which I am giving attention. In July, 1899, I wrote, "I have begun a summer on the Prophets using George Adam Smith's book." Another summer I gave to Ezekiel, and another to Isaiah, and I had a delightful month in the Adirondacks going over the

Psalms, one by one. At one time I became greatly interested in the Bible teaching on the Holy Spirit and read such books as, "The Spirit of Christ," by Murray; "The Tongue of Fire," by Arthur; "The Ministry of the Spirit," by Gordon; "The Holy Spirit in Life and Service" (a conference report); "The Spirit Filled Life," by John MacNeil, and others.

I gradually became fairly familiar with the contents of the inexhaustible Book. I remember how impressed I was when Mr. Moody asked Webb-Peploe if he could turn to any passage in the Bible that might be called for, and he answered, "I should hope so, Mr. Moody." I have no such knowledge as that, but what I do have has been a great comfort to me. One day I was sitting in my office talking with Robert Wilder. The telephone rang, and a Wall Street broker asked me if I could tell him where he could find, "I am the resurrection and the life." Fortunately I could. A man who was to speak on Round Top came to me, just before he was to speak, and said, "Can you find that verse, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God,'" and again I could. I have had many similar experiences.

For fifteen years I marked examination papers written by boys who were studying my books. The number of papers year by year ran from 419 to

1,033. It was for the most part pure drudgery, with occasional bright spots. I never knew words could be spelled in so many different ways, and when one boy mentioned, "Judas his carrot," I recognized that there was ignorance in the land. On one paper was the question, "If you could ask the Lord only one question, what would you ask?" A boy answered, "I would ask him to answer No. 6, on this paper." In answer to the question, "What now takes the place of the Passover?" a boy wrote "Crape on the door." There was a great deal of confusion about Moses. One youngster asserted, "Moses was a follower of God and a devout follower of the Christian religion." Another said, "Moses was a relation of Jesus." In answering the question, "Why did Mark record the deeds rather than the words of Jesus?" a boy said, "Because actions speak louder than words," and another "Because it's easier said than done." Not bad answers, if you stop to think!

To stimulate Bible study, I brought noted teachers to our city. After I had heard Dr. Harper, I was anxious that our people should hear him too. When I wrote to him in Chicago, he said he would be glad to come to us but he didn't think we could afford to pay what he had to charge. We thought otherwise and he came and gave us an exposition of the book of Joel which was a

revelation, indeed, to most of us. Another time I secured Dr. Schauffler, of New York, for a series of addresses. I had learned from him the names of the books he expected to mention, and had them on sale. This came very near paying the expenses of the course. Twice we had a delightful week of Bible study with Don O. Shelton.

Perhaps a few words about my Bibles will indicate what the Book has been to me. The following was written originally for the *Westminster Adult Bible Class*, published by the Presbyterian Board of Religious Education.

Just as a golfer likes to have a club for each kind of shot, so I like to have Bibles to meet my different needs.

First I would put the Bible I call my "devotional" Bible. Although I believe that we have better translations, my devotional Bible is the King James Version, the book of my childhood. It is the copy I use in my personal devotional study, and it is decidedly my own. I bought it many years ago and I have been trying, all through the years, to enrich it and make it mean more to me. In the first place, partly for convenience in handling, I had it interleaved and bound in two volumes, Old and New Testaments. This gives me ample space for notes. In order to make room for longer quotations, poems and such,

I had a small blank book bound in the New Testament volume. The poems and quotations in this blank book have alongside them the chapter and verse to which they refer. For instance, the page marked "Isa. 40:11" has the poem beginning with the stanza:

The way was rough and dreary,
The wind was bitter cold,
And the little lamb—it was weary
And longing for the fold.

I had tried for some time, in a number of ways, to keep track of illustrations which appealed to me. I had a great deal of trouble until I hit upon this plan: When I read a book I write its title on a blank page in the end of the New Testament and give it a number. These numbers now run to 125. When I come upon an illustration or a thought in one of these books, which I want to save, I index it opposite the verse on which it has a bearing. For instance, opposite I Thess. 3:3 I find written 82:283, which means that on page 283 of the book bearing that number I will find something bearing on that verse. I suppose that I must have at least a thousand such references. Of course I do not index every book I read. Some are not worth it and many, like commentaries, need no indexing. But books such as "The Life of Phillips Brooks,"

“Light from the Ancient East,” “The Little Minister” contain illustrations and information which would be lost unless caught in some such way as this which makes the material readily available for use.

Another thing I have done to add to the value of these volumes, and to make them still more my own, is the way in which I have added marginal references as I have discovered them. Opposite Gal. 6:7, for instance, I find I have written Eccl. 10:8; Judg. 1:7; Josh. 7: 1-26; Ex. 32:20; Judg. 9-56, 57; Esth. 7:9; Jer. 12:13; Heb. 12:17. I have many hundreds of such references, the slow growth of years of reading.

Every once in a while I come upon a verse alongside of which is a number in a circle. This means that in a certain part of my file case among a number of written outlines of talks, or lessons, or notes, one will be found bearing on this portion of Scripture; for instance, opposite John 14 is the number 44 in a circle, which means that my study of that chapter will be found in the file case on the sheet numbered 44. Most of these outlines would have been lost if I had not adopted some plan of putting them where I could find them and also indicating that there were such outlines.

Besides conserving results of previous studies, this particular copy of the Bible has become a

part of myself; it is saturated with my personality. The glorious gospel of the Son of God, and the testimony of His coming are more real to me because I have this particular book into which I have been putting myself these many years.

Now let me say a few words about the particular volume which I call my "missionary" Bible. I adopted such a book because I realized that the Bible itself is the greatest of all the missionary books. So in 1888 I procured an Oxford Ruby 16 mo. thin, and pasted on the first leaf a picture of a Bible under which were printed the words, "The Great Missionary Book."

Then I began to ask missionaries, as I met them, to write their names on the blank pages at the back of the book. I began with Dwight L. Moody. This was at a Northfield student conference, just after he had delivered his great sermon on "Am I my brother's keeper?" He added to his signature Ps. 84:11. I remember how he said, "Don't let the rest see me doing this." At another Northfield conference Mott and Speer and C. T. Studd signed their names close beside that of Luther Wishard. Robert Wilder and John Forman, pioneers in the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, put their names beside that of Grace Wilder, whose prayers had so much to do with that movement in its early days.

I have the names of many of the great educational missionaries, J. C. R. Ewing, of India, and his brother Arthur; Dr. Alexander MacLachlan, of Smyrna; Dr. Huntington, of Robert College, Constantinople; Edward H. Hume, of Yale in China; William Jessop, of Syria; and our own Harlan P. Beach.

Among the world-renowned missionaries who have been good enough to give me their autographs in this Bible are Bishop Thoburn, of India; William Ashmore, Hunter Corbett, and Henry Blodgett, of China; Jacob Chamberlain, of India, whose appeal at Northfield resulted in the sending of the first Y M C A missionary, David McConaughy, whose autograph is on the same page. The autograph I prize most highly is that of dear old Dr. John G. Paton, whom I had the honor of entertaining in my home.

After the blank pages, including the backs of the maps, were filled I had the missionaries sign on the space at the top of the New Testament pages. They have now advanced to the eighth chapter of Luke. These names, written on the Gospels, remind me of the words of a missionary, who said, "The man who does not believe in foreign missions had better burn up his New Testament, for it is a record of foreign missions." In all I have today two hundred and eighty-three auto-

graphs, and around each of them lingers the memory of some incident connected with the great work of the Master Missionary.

Then I began to mark missionary verses. Some of these are the following: Ezek. 37:9, 10, text of John Eliot's sermon, October 28, 1646—the first sermon on the American continent in a native tongue; Isa. 54:2, 3, William Carey's text, May 31, 1792; II Kings 13:21, text used in Westminster Abbey, as the congregation sat above the bones of David Livingstone; Ps. 62:5-8, written by Allen Gardiner on the rock beneath which he starved to death on Terra del Fuego; I Sam. 30:24, Bishop Hannington's text; Jer. 45:5, Henry Martyn's text; Ex. 14:15, Dr. Pierson's text at Mount Hermon, July 16, 1886, which started the Student Volunteer Movement; Ps. 124:7, sent as a cable after the siege of Peking.

On the blank pages in the front of the book I have written the words of missionaries. For instance, on the title-page I find, "It seems to me that I am still on the margin and I have comprehended nothing as yet of the love of God." Coillard said this, after forty-eight years in Africa. At the end of Malachi I have written the words of this same missionary, penned as he lay on his deathbed: "On the threshold of eternity and in the presence of my God, I solemnly bequeath to the

churches of France, my native land, the responsibility for the Lord's work in Barotseland, and I adjure them in his holy name never to give it up—which would be to despise and renounce the rich harvest reserved to the sowing they have accomplished in suffering and tears."

These autographs and annotations have made this particular copy of the Bible a real missionary book to me, and have helped to keep up my enthusiasm for the great cause of missions.

I have described two of my Bibles: that which I call my devotional Bible, and that which I call my missionary Bible. I said that I had different Bibles for different purposes, and that those were two of them. Now let me say something about my other Bibles, at least about some of them, for as an artist likes to live among his pictures, and a gardener among his flowers, so I, a layman, a Bible teacher, like to have about me my Bibles. In the half-century during which they have been accumulating, they have grown into a fair-sized library, and therefore only some of them can be referred to here.

To begin with, here is a leather-bound King James Version, given to me when a boy by my mother. She is in glory now, and it does me good, now and then, to open this Book and to read, in her handwriting, "To my son, Christmas 1874."

That was really the beginning of my collection; could there have been a better?

Which comes next? Perhaps this American Revised Version, bound in pigskin, printed on India paper, in which is inscribed, "To our son, William D. Murray, from mother and father, Christmas 1915," followed by their autographs. They were then over eighty years of age.

And here is the smallest printed Bible, an Oxford Press production, the pages one and three-quarter inches by one and one-eighth. This is an illustrated edition, and has in the front of it a magnifying glass, without which it could not be read by ordinary eyes.

The next smallest Bible is the Diamond thirty-two mo., bound in limp leather with turnover edges. On the first blank pages I have written the words of Ps. 119:105.

Other small Bibles, or rather portions of Bibles, are a leather-bound copy of the Psalms, two inches by one and a half, the Bijou edition; and the Gospel According to Mark, in the same form. These I bought on a visit to the Oxford Press from which so many of our Bibles come. They are nice to slip into one's vest pocket, and are quite legible.

Another copy of which I think a good deal is my "Boy Scout" Bible, bound in tan leather, a

gift from the publishers, Thomas Nelson and Sons. The Boy Scout insignia is stamped on the outside cover. This book was sent to me because I was asked to prepare, and did prepare, a list of helpful Scripture readings for scouts, and Bible readings on the scout laws and oath. These Scripture selections are printed, together with the oath and laws, and inserted in the front of this Bible. I have also a Boy Scout New Testament, which I always carry, and this has selections from the New Testament bearing on the oath and laws.

Once, in making a special study of the life of Christ, I had a New Testament prepared for this special purpose. This was back in 1885. I took the English Revised Version, had it interleaved and bound in limp leather. Somewhere I had picked up an analytical outline of the life of Christ and an index to the Gospels; these I inserted. At the top of each page I wrote the date and the place of the event recorded in the text. Numerous maps have been inserted on which the journeys have been outlined. Reference slips, pasted in, form a harmony of the Gospels. Later I used this copy in studying Paul's Epistles, writing the outlines on the margins of the pages.

For reading in public, and in Sunday school, I have a black-face American Revised Version; it is easy to see the print.

Next to my devotional and missionary Bibles, I prize a four-volume American Revised Version, six and one-half inches by eight and one-half. This was in the beginning, of course, a single volume, but I had it cut up and rebound in four volumes; in fact, it has been rebound twice; I wore out one leather binding. These four volumes contain the historical books, poetical books, prophetic books, and the New Testament. I had these books made for general Bible study, and I find them very useful. They are large, they lie flat, it is convenient to have more than one volume open while studying. In the volume of history I have outlined on the margin the course of the history. On one summer vacation I took the volume of poetry with me, and studied first the book of Psalms as a book, with its five divisions, and then I took the Psalms one by one, day by day, writing an outline of each on the margin and adding scraps of information. For instance, Luther's favorite psalm, 118; a psalm for Christmas, 110; the Communion Psalm of the Presbyterian Church, 103; the Golden Psalm, 57; a Royal Prayer, 61, and so on. I marked the Song of Songs to indicate the five acts and various scenes into which this drama of true love is divided, and indicated before the verses who was speaking, Solomon, the Shulamite, her lover, and the others.

Most interesting is the volume containing the books of prophecy. I studied each prophet as a book, writing an outline on the margin and giving each book a name: Micah, the prophet of the poor; Jonah, the prophet of catholicity; Joel, the prophet of Pentecost, and so on.

There are many more Bibles. Sixteen volumes of the Modern Readers' Bible, in which one can read as in another book, with no chapters or verse to distract; the new translations, Moffatt's, Goodspeed's, and others; the little pocket editions of the Gospels; the khaki-covered soldier Testaments; they are simply too many to mention. But I cannot omit a beautifully bound English Revised Version which my wife gave me on my birthday in 1897. There are no marks on its pages. I come to it when I want to read unaffected by previous notes. But year by year, on the blank pages in front, I have written a year text. The first is: Psalm 45:1 (margin) "I speak: my work is for a king!" Here are some of the others: "The children are tender, . . . I will lead on gently." "Let not them that wait for thee be put to shame through me, O Lord." "Even when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not until I have declared thy strength unto the next generation." (That was for 1919.) "Cursed be he that doeth the work of Jehovah negligently."

I should not like to have anyone think that I am making a fetish of the Bible; I believe in and worship a person, Jesus Christ. A book is only a book, even if that book be the Bible. But I have found as the years go by that through these various books my Master has spoken to me more personally, that His word has become dearer to me, and that I have put into available form a vast amount of information most of which would otherwise have been lost.

XI

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

If I have been of any use in the world, the Young Men's Christian Association is largely responsible for it. It was there I really met my Lord; it was the Young Men's Christian Association that has given me a purpose in life. I say this with clear recognition of all that the church has done for me and permitted me to do through it.

I have completed forty-five years in the local work of the Association in Plainfield, N. J. I hope to keep on until I take up the larger work in the land of the leal.

In Yale in my day there was no Y M C A, so that during my six years in the University and Law School, I was not exposed to this institution. In fact I knew nothing about it. But soon after getting settled at home I received, in 1884, the following letter from the president of our local association:

I want to ask if we cannot interest you in the Y M C A and so get the benefit of your help. I

do not *think*, but *know*, that any young man who will take hold of the work earnestly, will find in it such satisfaction and help to himself, that he will be unwilling again to forego the pleasure of it. You are missing a great deal by not entering into the work, and the Y M C A is missing a great deal also. I am sure you do not appreciate the value of the Association to yourself, or you would have been with us long ago. I am perhaps an enthusiast in Association matters, but no more than many other active workers. It would take too much time to *write* all that I could say of the value of the Association and its need in Plainfield. There are some, like myself, who are getting along in years and are very near the age when we ought for the good of the Association to retire from the management. I would like very much to have you preparing to go into the management very soon. And then we need your help *now*. There are immense possibilities before us, if we could secure the means and the men.

One department of the Association occurs to me, in which I think you could be of special help. We are just forming a debating society (including general literary features) and I am sure you could be of great service there in making it of interest and a success. Mr. Suffern, Mr. Coddington, Mr. Ulrich, and others like them are in it.

We have a Board meeting on the 6th prox. (Thursday) and I hope you will let me propose your name then for membership.

Yours very truly, H. R. MUNGER.

(This good man was then about forty-five years of age. He is still living and a contributor to the Foreign Work of the Y M C A.)

I replied to this letter, most fortunately, that I would be glad to join, but that I would like to know a little more about what this organization was and what it meant to be an active member. (I can hardly realize that there ever was a time when I would ask such questions.) In reply I received from Mr. Munger the following letter, which I commend to solicitors as a model:

Your favor of October 31st, gives me very great pleasure. If we can get a quorum on Thursday evening, you will be elected an "*Active Member*" of the Y M C A. I shall take pleasure in asking you to do some specific work as soon as an opening which I think will suit you offers. There is plenty of work now to be done, but not just what I want to give you. But in the meantime, I suggest that you try among your friends to increase our membership. We want young men (over 16) for active members, and anyone of either sex to help us financially (as your father does) by taking Sustaining Member tickets. The latter are \$10 per annum, and entitle the holder to a reserved seat at our regular Lecture Course and admission to all entertainments the Association may give.

I would also like to have you attend, and take part in, our Monday evening meetings. Would you not like to help us occasionally in our outpost meet-

ings on Sunday evenings? In December, I have charge of the meetings at Mount Pleasant, and would like to have you go with me on any Sunday evening of that month, most convenient for you.

Very cordially yours,

H. R. MUNGER.

At the next meeting of the board I was duly elected a member and have ever since continued.

I have always thought that that president was a wise and tactful man. All that he knew about me was that I was a young man, a member of his church, and that I had recently come home after graduating from Yale and being admitted to the New York bar. I feel quite sure, too, that he imagined that a little flattery would not be amiss with one who was just then inclined to feel himself a rather important person in the community. And I confess he captured me: he made me feel that I was honoring the Y M C A by joining it. How little I realized the great honor it was going to confer on me, and the rich life it was opening up to me!

The task to which Mr. Munger assigned me, and which he had in mind when he wrote, was the editorship of the monthly magazine, *The Bulletin*, which was launched soon after I joined. I confess again that I was pleased at being asked to be an

editor. In college it had been one of the coveted positions. In order to give the news of the association, I had to know what was going on; this took me frequently to the association's poorly furnished rented rooms, where the chief attraction, or intended attraction, was a lot of badly dilapidated books, which constituted the town library—at least it was the only library the town had. I find many entries in my diary about *The Bulletin*. It wasn't much of a paper, and it didn't live long, but it compelled me to know the local association, to meet the men, and see what was happening. So that I really came into the Y M C A through the same gate as Mr. Morse, who joined the International Committee staff as an editor.

My first active interest in the work of the association was with the Boys' Branch, as we then called it. In February, 1885, I was elected president of the Debating Society—my first office in a Y M C A.

That same year I was elected a member of the board and served until December 17, 1926. They elected me treasurer and I accepted the office because I didn't know enough about the constant financial storm to come in out of the rain. I held this office for two miserable years. I guess it was a providential test of my staying powers. I writhed under the experience, but I stuck to it.

My feelings as treasurer are reflected by entries in my diary. "The treasurership is a great burden to me. If there was only a little larger margin to run on I wouldn't mind it." "I spent most of the day on finances, trying to find some way by which to collect money." "It was an unpleasant duty to report a deficit in our receipts as compared with our disbursements." "The financial outlook is bad, but not worse than it has been." And so over and over again. Our chief source of revenue was from our sustaining members. We never asked anyone for a large gift. I used to carry the membership tickets in my pockets and collect from the men on the trains, for most of us were commuters. When I was elected president, I wrote in my diary, "I am very glad to get rid of the treasurership." But I did not escape, for I find many references during the years to the financial condition. "It looks like rocks ahead for our Y M C A." "Special meeting to see if we could do anything to lift the association out of the financial slough we are in." "Found ourselves in bad financial condition." "Debt growing a thousand dollars a month." Such a chronic condition made the board receptive to the Community Chest idea. Only one other member besides myself voted against joining it.

From the first my interest has been in the re-

ligious work of the association. In the twenty years between 1885 and 1905 we put special emphasis on this phase of the work. In addition to our Sunday afternoon men's meeting, we had a Monday evening prayer meeting for men, besides religious meetings for boys. Among our speakers, to mention only a few, were Anthony Comstock, General O. O. Howard, S. F. Dudley, C. T. Kilborne, Fred B. Smith, R. C. Morse, L. L. Doggett, Charles R. Drum and W. S. Hall.

Throughout these years, I was getting deeper and deeper into the life of an active member. I found out what it meant. If it had been a sickness it would have been called a desperate case. I seldom missed a meeting at the rooms. I have in my library bound volumes of the *Young Men's Era*, every word of which I read.

The association, as a part of its religious program, conducted two Sunday night meetings in the outskirts of the town. A tested leader would take one or two of us youngsters with him, and conduct a gospel meeting. The first time I ever spoke in a religious meeting was in one of the little red schoolhouses where such a meeting was being held by the president of the association, whose letter I have quoted. You see, he didn't let go of me after he secured me as a member. After this first effort, I wrote, "It was not as difficult as

I imagined it would be." By and by I began to lead these meetings myself. One day I wrote, "If I am called upon to lead an outpost meeting again, I shall talk on not being ashamed to own Christ. With that in view I have worked a little on the subject, taking as my text, Rom. 1:15, 16." A month later I find this, "I prepared to lead the meeting at Mt. Pleasant next Sunday night. I have taken for my theme, 'Search the Scriptures,' and propose to talk about Bible study." These meetings were really the beginning of my interest in religious work. I have spoken elsewhere of my Bible work in this association.

It was usually difficult to get a man to serve as president and, I suppose, I accepted the office in 1887, when I was twenty-nine, because I could thereby shed the treasurership. Anyhow I accepted this office and served for twelve years, and, after an interval, for three years more, ending finally in 1918. During the time I held this office I made it a rule to see the general secretary regularly each Saturday afternoon for a formal conference, besides through the week, and to meet with all committees.

I often found myself longing for a quiet evening at home—especially after I was married. Every once in a while I find entries like this: "A lovely evening at home," or this, "A lovely evening at

home by the open fire with Mary reading while I painted Christmas cards for my Silver Bay children." Sometimes I did the reading. Just about that time a poem appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* which expressed our feelings:

Against the curtained casement wind and sleet
Rattle and thresh, while snug by our own fire,
In dear companionship that naught may tire,
We sit—you listening, sewing in your seat,
Half-dreaming in the glow of light and heat,
I reading some old tale of love's desire
That swept on gold wings to disaster dire,
Then rose re-orient from black defeat.

I close the book, and louder yet the storm
Threshes without. Your busy hands are still;
And on your face and hair the light is warm,
As we sit gazing on the coal's red gleam
In a gold glow of happiness, and dream
Diviner dreams the years shall yet fulfill.

When granted the privilege of speaking at a morning church service I have always had a feeling that some of the people, at least, were resenting the use of that hour for anything except the regular sermon, their weekly spiritual stimulant. This led me to combine my Y M C A information with what might be recognized as a sermon. In doing this I often have used the book of Haggai as a basis. One reason for doing this is that it had

in it the element of surprise, and that awakened curiosity and led to interest. I found this invariably true. After I had used this address at a church service, I overheard one of my hearers say to a group at the church door, "He's told us about the Y M C A and he's given us a good sermon, too."

In Haggai we have men who have promised to rebuild the city, but failing to do so, suffered for their disobedience. Then they are encouraged to go to work and are blessed when they do. In the Y M C A we have men who have promised to build up the Kingdom of God: the Association furnishes an opportunity of redeeming their promise and getting the blessing.

For ten years I had been a smoker, but upon assuming the office of president of the Y M C A I was led to abandon the habit. I had no particular objection to smoking, but I felt that I could talk to young men and boys more effectively if I didn't smoke. Ten years later, I find in my diary, "It is just ten years this month since I gave up smoking, and I have rejoiced ever since that I did. It has been a great blessing to be free; and I think my influence has been stronger because I do not use tobacco." I can recall distinctly the exact time when I smoked my last cigar. I was crossing West Street, in New York, one Saturday

on my way to the 1:30 train for home, when I said to myself, "This ends it," and threw away the half-smoked cigar. Strange as it may seem, I have never, for one moment, longed for a smoke; stranger still, perhaps, I constantly dream that I am smoking, or buying something to smoke, usually cigarettes. The dream is always an uncomfortable one: I find I am starting the Primary Department with a cigar in my mouth or getting up to speak somewhere smoking a cigarette. Oftentimes I dream of having a terrible time finding the brand of cigarette I want.

Years later I wrote an article for *Association Men*, entitled "Why I gave up smoking," which was widely reprinted. Clippings came to me from England and Australia.

While I was president the money for two buildings was raised. The first was before the days of the intensive campaign, and was an eight years' task. We had been in rented rooms for over twenty years, and I suggested that the time had come to ask for a building. We were doing a good work with poor equipment. Our religious work was strong. We were sending men into the churches and into Christian work. We held the regulation parlor conference in 1888 and Mr. Morse, who at that time performed all the functions of a

secretary of the International Committee, met with us. He was quite distressed by the question asked by one of our good friends, a former president of the association, as to why we should have a gymnasium. I believe he wrote to this man answering him at length. We had no organization and the thing dragged. I wrote in my diary, "The burden becomes greater every hour—but we must have that building." And once again, "I had a talk with our secretary about the building. I feel the burden very much. God helping us, we will have that building soon." Six years after we began I had the pleasure of signing a contract for what seemed to us a large sum, \$35,993. In six months our cash gave out and work stopped until we could collect the needed money. One of our efforts along that line was a mock trial which we gave in the Music Hall. We learned later than an unfortunate reference to one of our citizens had cost us a contemplated gift of \$15,000. Finally, to furnish the building we held a fair. At last, in 1895, after eight long years we threw open our doors.

Fifteen years later, during my second presidential season, people began to talk of the need for a better building for our greatly enlarged community. Again for several years we talked and talked, and did nothing. It made us shiver

when we thought of taking the plunge. One secretary got disgusted at our shilly-shallying and left us. Something desperate had to be done, so we called the pastors of the city together and proposed an evangelistic campaign for the whole city. This resulted in the great meetings under Dr. Biederwolf which I have described elsewhere. The city was stirred, and when we put on our campaign in 1916, under an expert, with a little underwriting, we secured our \$200,000. The war ended our hopes of building, and it was not until five years later that we moved into our present quarters.

I continued to serve on the board of directors until 1927, when I resigned. I was approaching seventy and I felt that a younger man should be serving in my place. For some time I had not been in full sympathy with the program of the association. We were doing a lot of religious work with boys, but almost none for men. We were not sending men into the churches or into Bible classes as we did in the days when we were not so prosperous. Then, too, our board seemed to care very little for the national and international movements in the Association field. As chairman of the Foreign Department of the International Committee, I had felt keenly my inability to arouse any interest in my own association. I

had plenty of Association work to do so I withdrew from the local.

In 1889 while on a vacation in Maine, I received a long letter from James McConaughy, general secretary of the 23rd Street Y M C A in New York, enclosing a call to become his assistant. I was just fairly started in my law practice, after nineteen years in school and college, and I did not see my way clear to accept. I answered to that effect, but the board was not convinced and renewed the call. I finally declined it, feeling that as a layman and a lawyer I could render a service to the Association which I could not as a paid officer. I trust that my life has shown that I made no mistake.

I was elected a member of the New Jersey State Executive Committee in 1889 and am still serving. As a member of that committee, I have been called upon many times to visit and advise with communities where associations were incubating, and where existing organizations needed treatment—sometimes of a surgical nature. Twice I have been to Judge Lyon's city—before his day, however—first to persuade them to organize and then to help them out of their troubles after they had organized. I have since rejoiced with them in their prosperity. In the same way I went to Montclair, Rahway, Elizabeth, Hoboken, and a score of other cities and towns in and out of our state. The visit

I recall most distinctly was to Camden in 1898. They had gotten into the hands of the sheriff through the foreclosure of a mortgage. They needed a little brotherly cheer and two of us went down to give it. On the way home my companion alighted at his home city, New Brunswick. I thoughtlessly assumed that the next stop would be Elizabeth where I would change to the New Jersey Central for home. So when we stopped at midnight, I jumped off. The place looked changed, and after the train pulled out I found I was in Rahway. As the next train to Elizabeth was three A. M. I crawled over to a one-horse hotel, and after a sleepless night, due to disgust and noise (I was only seven miles from home), I took the seven A. M. train for my office in New York. I have often wondered what that hotel man thought I was doing in my brief visit in his town.

In state work, as everywhere else, the budget was the great bugbear. At one time our deficit reached \$4,500. Four years later we were in a hopeless condition and discussed disbanding. Two years later I recorded of a state committee meeting, "Discussed as usual our miserable financial condition." But with the coming of Charles A. Coburn as state secretary, all that has changed. We have never had a deficit under his able administration. The privilege of association with

Charles R. Scott, Boys' Work Secretary of the State Committee for over a quarter of a century, I have greatly enjoyed.

I have served on many committees, especially those on Bible study, religious work, and personnel.

Like other organizations where men are employed at moderate salaries, we of the Y M C A had discussed for years the subject of a retirement fund. Action had been taken at International Conventions, and I was asked to take steps to incorporate the fund, for it seemed wise to have a corporation distinct from the International Committee, especially authorized to conduct such a work. Under a special act, which I had had passed by the New York Legislature, the Young Men's Christian Association Retirement Fund, Inc., came into being on May 10, 1921. Later in the year I went to the Orient and so escaped the labor involved in raising the \$4,000,000 of accrued liability, so ably led by A. H. Whitford, of Buffalo. The incorporators were F. Wayland Ayer, James H. Post, Sereno P. Fenns, Lucian T. Warner, Gerald W. Birks, John R. Mott, L. Wilbur Measer, Alfred E. Marling, and Raymond P. Kaighn. It was voted to begin operations July 1, 1922. Mr. Fenn had resigned as a trustee and I was elected to fill his place, temporarily, while the

right man was being sought. He was good enough to write this letter to the board:

You could not have done better than supply the vacancy with our good friend and eminent helper, William D. Murray. He has always proved himself equal to most anything and will certainly be able to supply what is necessary in the present case much better than I could, both from convenience as being close at hand and also his ability which is unquestioned in any thing he undertakes.

I added in my diary, "The Lord's service pays high wages." When Mr. Fenns' real successor was chosen, I was appointed attorney for the fund and have served without pay ever since. Because of the legal questions which might arise, I was asked to verify the pledges to the \$4,000,000. This was a weary and monotonous task involving the reading of hundreds of pledges by associations and individuals, with no bright spots unless it was to see the generous gifts which some men made to insure the success of the fund. The job occupied an entire year, working as time permitted.

The International Committee had adopted a rule after the Retirement Fund went into operation that its secretaries must retire at sixty. It soon became evident that we had stirred up a hornets' nest, and I became the center of attack. Some of the men could not see any sense in such

action and retired reluctantly. Later, after a number of men had retired, I was appointed on a committee with E. L. Shuey to restudy the question of the age of retirement. We prepared a written report, opposing compulsory retirement at sixty. This report was filed with the Committee, but because of the impending change in organization it was never presented. The National Council failed to take over the rule of the International Committee and it ceased to be effective. There is no compulsory retirement now.

Quite naturally a new scheme like the Retirement Fund was not fully understood by the participants and our by-laws had to be modified as we learned by experience. The careful attention given to the matter by our actuary, George B. Buck, has been of inestimable value. It soon became necessary to have a committee to pass upon claims of participants and to answer the innumerable questions asked. I was made chairman of this committee, which meets for a couple of hours at least once a month.

The danger of lapsed membership had to be provided for, as secretaries, like other people, had their financial dry seasons. A lapse was a great hardship to the members for it meant the loss of credit for years served as employed men. The Retirement Fund could not lend money, so some

friends made up a fund from which loans are made. E. D. Pouch and I jointly run this fund.

This Retirement Fund is a good illustration of the old Scotch proverb, "Many mickles make a muckle," for in 1929 secretaries had on deposit in the fund over two and a half million dollars. This represents savings; a large part of which would have been saved in no other way. On that date two hundred and forty men were on the retirement list and were receiving annually from a few hundred dollars each to several thousand each year.

My whole life has been changed by the Y M C A. I some times tremble as I think what would have been lacking in my life if I had never been a member of the Young Men's Christian Association and what I might have been but for its blessed influence. My best friends are Association men, lay and secretarial, and the love which they have given me has helped me live, I hope, an unselfish life.

I have tried, I fear in vain, to indicate the debt I owe the Young Men's Christian Association. To serve it has been a privilege. I have gotten from it far more than I ever gave it. I hope still to give some years to it.

XII

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

My contact with the Young Women's Christian Association began in 1906, when Miss Grace H. Dodge consulted me about consolidating the two existing national bodies among the women of the United States, The International Board and The American Committee. A desire for union had been growing, and while this spirit existed among the members of the two organizations, a Committee of Conference was appointed to settle a troublesome situation which had arisen in Washington, D. C. Each committee asked Miss Dodge, "an outsider and yet one much interested, to act as chairman of the conference." She consented to serve and invited the committee to be her guests at the Manhattan Hotel in New York City. When they came together, instead of taking up the Washington situation, they voted to "make the attempt of uniting all present Associations of the International Board and the American Committee on their present bases and all future Associations on the basis of the Young Men's Christian Associa-

tion." (The Washington situation was disposed of later.) I met with these ladies on February 28, 1906, after they had arrived at a substantial agreement, to help them put that agreement in proper form. It finally bore the date July 10, 1906. On the fifteenth of June, I wrote in my diary: "I drew a historic document today. It was the agreement which is to be signed by the representatives of the two National Y W C As making them one. For ten years the good women have been trying to bring about this union and now it is accomplished."

When the question of incorporation came up I was retained and drew the bill which became Chapter 422 of the Laws of 1907 of New York, by which June 5, 1907, became the birthday of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States of America. I met with the members of this new corporation at Miss Dodge's residence on Park Avenue and completed the incorporation. I was appointed one of the trustees and have acted as secretary of the board ever since. The yearly meeting of the trustees, under Mr. Marling's genial hospitality, has been a pleasant recurring incident in my Association life.

I have continued as counsel of the National Board and have greatly enjoyed the work. The consolidation gave rise to not a few troublesome

questions, such as the status of local Y W C A s in relation to the new organization, the ownership of property, the kind of a constitution to adopt. During and after the war the need for legal advice was apparent, especially in closing out properties acquired for war service. Miss Dodge insisted that my professional service be rendered on a business basis, so each year I have sent in a small bill covering the cost of the work to me, and each time I do so I get a letter like this, "Your advice and counsel, with your wide experience with other organizations, make the work you do for us beyond all money and all price. It is deeply appreciated by all members of the Board and they have directed me to express our thanks once more to you." In 1926, Mrs. Robert E. Speer, the president, wrote, "In behalf of the National Board I want to thank you for the service you have given us not only this year, but over many years, and for which if we were to attempt to make any adequate payment in dollars and cents we would have to create a large deficit in our treasury." Usually I find written in my diary after quoting such letters, "Pretty good pay."

I believe in the Y W C A and have tried to help it in our own city and elsewhere. I've seen it in many lands. In Czechoslovakia I heard it spoken of as Aunt Imca, Imca being the way they pro-

nounce Y M C A as a word, the Y W C A being a female relative. In Tokyo we visited the lovely little building and also in Kyoto; in both places the same sort of service was being rendered as in America. In Tokyo, Dr. Nitobi, who was resident in Geneva at the League of Nations, rented his beautiful home to the Y W C A at a nominal rental, and there we found Miss Scott a genial hostess.

After considerable discussion the Y W C A women decided to inaugurate a retirement fund similar to the one launched by the Y M C A. I procured the passage of a special act of the New York Legislature incorporating the fund. I was one of the incorporators and one of the trustees and secretary of the board and their attorney. This act took effect, April 12, 1924.

XIII

THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

My connection with this body began with my election to membership at the Kansas City Convention in 1891. I am still a member. The first meeting of the committee which I attended was in that year and I have missed very few since then.

I imagine that a paper which I had prepared for the World's Conference at Amsterdam, Holland, on the Spiritual Life and Work of the Young Men's Christian Associations of America, brought my name into the light.

I was elected to my present office of vice chairman in 1902, and became a member of the Executive Committee. In 1923 I was elected a member of the Board of Trustees.

It has been an honor and a privilege to serve under the men who have been chairmen of the International Committee. I have served under all of them. Cephas Brainerd, the first chairman, was at the helm when I became a member of his crew. His legal mind and Christian character, his clear-cut conception of the field of the Associa-

tion, were rich assets for this nascent movement. Mr. Morse once characterized him as the John Marshall of the movement. I enjoyed going to Mr. Brainerd's office, where I always found a genial man ready for a friendly chat about the Y M C A. It was during such a talk that he once told me he could never quite get away from his belief in an actual hell. He talked with me about his connection with the Portland Resolution.

It was a fine tribute to his twenty-five years of service when nearly one hundred of his friends gathered at the Holland House in New York on February 21, 1893, to do him honor. William E. Dodge and others told him how much his work for young men had meant, and how greatly it was appreciated.

B. C. Wetmore, who had served faithfully as treasurer, reluctantly assumed the chairmanship on Mr. Brainerd's resignation. He was a lawyer and a bachelor, gentle, kindly, modest. I remember once Mr. Morse expressed his surprise at Mr. Wetmore's small contribution to the International Committee work. After his death it was found that Mr. Wetmore had been all his life using his income to pay debts of honor to clear the name of a near relative. That experience taught me a good lesson about judging others.

Finally E. B. Monroe was persuaded to take the

chairmanship. He was stately, dignified, and devoted to Christian work, especially among young men. He served until his death less than two years after his election. I was on the committee with Mr. Morse and Mr. Schenck to prepare the resolution expressing our sympathy.

The most distinct recollection I have of Mr. Monroe has to do with a meeting we held in Buffalo in 1893. We had arranged for a presentation of the different phases of our work at the home of Mr. McWilliams in that city. Morse, Wishard, and Olant were there. I had agreed to speak on Foreign Work if I could take the nine o'clock train back to New York and so miss only one day from my office, by spending two nights on the train. Mr. Monroe, who was to spend the night in Buffalo, was to preside, and had agreed to introduce me first and speak after I had finished. I reached Buffalo early in the morning and put in a long day waiting for eight p. m. George Vincent was then in the Chautauqua office in Buffalo and I had a good visit and lunch with him. At eight o'clock we began to assemble at Mr. McWilliams' home, but it was eight-thirty before we could begin. Then Mr. Monroe called the meeting to order and spoke for twenty-five minutes before he introduced me. Mr. McWilliams whispered to me to speak for ten minutes and the train would be held for me.

I think he was one of the vice presidents of the D. L. & W. I did the best I could, poured out a torrent of words, rushed to a hack, and was whisked down to the station. Strung out on the street were the conductor and brakemen to hurry me along. At last I was on board. After a troublesome night I reached New York, having traveled 840 miles and spent thirty-six hours to make an address of ten minutes. I wonder if the game was worth the candle.

For nearly a year F. B. Pratt held the office of chairman, always insisting that he was chairman *pro tem*. His business ability, his well-known generosity, and his Christian character made him an ideal man for the place and we would have been glad to have him continue. He insisted on being released and Dr. L. C. Warner became his successor. Dr. Warner had had an active Association life and was in every sense of the word the chairman of the committee. He used to say that he had only two vices, Marling and Murray, for we two were vice chairmen with him. Dr. Warner had built up a great business and he brought his business skill to the committee. He was always very serious. The new building, 124 East 28th Street, was opened in May, 1908, during his administration, with elaborate services of dedication. It was announced there were 156 secretaries, at home and

abroad, on the staff of the committee, and that we had in the building fifty-five secretaries, seventy-one stenographers, and fifteen caretakers. At one point in the dedication service, after W. B. Millar had spoken on Army Work, Dr. Warner, who was presiding, said, "Now we will relieve ourselves by singing." He was surprised at the roar which greeted this announcement.

One of Dr. Cuyler's last services to the Association was at this dedication. He was then eighty-six years of age. He was annoyed at Mr. Stokes' long address in presenting the bust of Sir George Williams, which Dr. Cuyler accepted. He told how Sir George was buried in St. Paul's near Nelson and Wellington, "But," he said, "what will naval or military honors be in the last great day, compared with the honors of Sir George Williams?"

To me Alfred E. Marling more completely filled the office than any other chairman. I had the honor of nominating him for that office. He was and is clear-headed, businesslike, deeply spiritual, aggressive, and positive; it was for more than a decade "the reign of Alfred Marling," and it was a great administration. His friendship has been one of the inspiring experiences of my life. Just before my sixtieth birthday, I received this letter from him:

Many happy returns of tomorrow for you, my

dear friend, for I understand you will then reach your sixtieth milestone. Congratulations to you and all who know you. You have the privilege of looking back on years of faithful, unselfish and successful service—and it ought to make you very happy these days.

The greatest satisfaction must be yours as you review your years of work in the Sunday School and in our Foreign Work of the International Committee. Most of us would be proud if we could have done just about 25 per cent of the work you have so wonderfully accomplished.

I know you do not require us to say how much we honor and love you for what you are—as well as for what you have done—and yet it is a pleasure and a source of pride to tell you so.

May God continue to bless you in ever increasing measure, my good friend.

Letters like that make me ashamed of myself for having fooled my friends so completely.

James M. Speers had been a vice chairman with Marling and was his logical successor. He had a rare lifelong preparation for the leadership of a work for young men, in giving to the world, as he did, what he called his “thirty-six feet of boys”—his six sons. I believe all but one are in Christian work, two of them in the foreign field. The other is a member with his father of the General Board of the National Council of the Y M C A.

One of the rich rewards of service on the International Committee was my association with Mr. Morse, our beloved Uncle Richard. I first met him in 1888 when he helped us in our local building project. I shall refer to him many times in this narrative. I was glad to be counted among his friends. In one of his books which he sent me he wrote, "With brotherly greetings and regard from his friend and fellow worker." I walked down the aisle of the church with his body as it was borne to its last resting place.

John R. Mott, the greatest man I ever met—and I was in college with Taft and Roosevelt—became General Secretary of the committee in August, 1915. Four years prior to that date, E. C. Carter had called on me in my office to say that in his opinion Mott should be Morse's successor when the time came. I knew that Mr. Morse felt that way too. I wrote in my diary that I should like to see this done, "but it has seemed impossible to detach Mott from the foreign work."

In February, 1912, Mr. Morse had expressed a desire to be relieved of the responsibilities of the office of General Secretary. He was then seventy-one years of age. The executive committee met and framed a call to the general secretaryship which went to Mott the next day. A month later Mott wrote that he could not decide until after his world

tour in 1913. A few weeks later C. H. Dodge asked me to lunch with him. He wanted to "talk over Mott's call to be General Secretary of the International Committee, to which he is opposed. He thinks Mott should continue to give himself to the Foreign Work of this Committee and the Continuation Committee of the Edinboro Conference." With the question still undecided, Mott made his wonderful world tour. After his return, one day in September, 1913, he telephoned me from his home, asking if he could spend the night with me. I hadn't the slightest idea what was in his mind. We went home on the train together, and after some desultory conversation, he suddenly asked me how old I was. I replied that I was fifty-five. "How would you like to spend the rest of your life in Christian work?" he asked. I told him that that was practically what I had been doing for many years. Finally we reached my home, and after dinner Brockman joined us. I wrote in my diary that night: "Mott and Brockman have been here this evening urging me to be Mr. Morse's successor as General Secretary of the International Committee. It came as a shock to me for I always regarded Mr. Morse as the dean of the general secretaries of the country and his office as a very exalted one. Mott was invited a year or more ago to take this place and has now come to the conclusion that he cannot

do it in justice to his other work. He told me that I had been providentially trained for this place, through my work with and acquaintance with the secretaries. He and Brockman both said that everyone they thought of had some defect, but when they came to my name they rested, sure that the cause was safe. I told Mott that before I could even think of it, I must know what some of the others thought of me—Morse, Marling, Colgate, Sloane, Joy, and Macfarland. I esteem it a great honor merely to be thought of in this connection."

Something must have been in Mott's mind that caused him to turn to me in this way. In the preceding March I had had lunch with E. C. Jenkins who had received a telegram from Cleveland H. Dodge urging him to use his influence with Mott to persuade him to accept the appointment of Ambassador to China. I could not approve of this for I felt that we must retain Mott in our work.

I knew what would happen when Mott intimated to Marling and Morse that he had found a way out of his difficulty. Neither of them would let Mott say "No" to the invitation to become general secretary, but they told him they would not press for a decision at once.

Our fall conference met at this time and Mott and I rode to Atlantic City together. He tried to get me to agree to do what he wanted me to do, but

I could not. Nobody knew better than I that I was not the man for the place, and that Mott was the only one. Soon after the opening of the new year, Mott gave us his decision. He consented to remain with the Foreign Department and to be consulting secretary as to other departments. Mr. Morse withdrew his resignation. My diary reads: "This is a happy solution of a troublesome question. It lets me out and I am very glad, for no one should have thought me competent to fill the place. I certainly could not have done it."

Mott told us how he had arrived at his decision; he said he was led into the Christian life through the Association; that it had given him his platform and his great opportunities and had made him the interdenominational man that he was. He could not sever his connections with the Association.

In 1915 the internal reorganization of the committee was constantly being discussed. A commission of which W. W. Fry was chairman, and of which I was a member, was appointed to study the subject and report. We met a number of times, and in one all-day meeting we had letters from influential men, and members of the staff testified before us. The plan, roughly, was as follows: Departments for different types of work, e.g., city, student, colored, their function being

administrative; Councils of Association activities, e.g., educational, physical, industrial. Morse and Mott agreed to this plan.

On the fourth of June I wrote in my diary, "This day may make history. At 10 o'clock, I met with Marling, Morse, Sloane, and Mott. Mott wanted to tell us more about his plans for the general secretaryship of the Committee, and the men he wanted as his associates: Brockman, Shipp, Henry Wright, Diack, and others. It was illuminating to see the way he went at it." A few days later the plan was submitted to the senior secretaries.

In his letter to the Brotherhood, August 11, 1915, the chairman of the committee, Mr. Marling, in commenting on the work of the Fry Commission and its report, said, "I wish to call special attention to paragraph three in the Commission's report, in which it is recommended that the committee renew its call made some four years ago to Mr. John R. Mott, that in addition to continuing as General Secretary for Foreign Work, he accept appointment as General Secretary for Home Work, and that Mr. Morse be appointed consulting General Secretary for life."

This renewed call Mr. Mott accepted in a letter dated August 10, 1915, in which he said, "With a vivid sense of the responsibility involved and of

my own need of a new and richer experience of Christ that I may meet the new demands, I accept the call of the Committee." Brockman became his associate for Foreign Work; and Fred B. Shipp for Home Work. Mr. Morse, after forty-three years of service, became consulting general secretary for life.

It was not an easy decision for Mott to make. I realized this when he and Brockman reached my house at ten o'clock one night in the following September, distressed over certain happenings and wondering whether he should recall his decision. I strongly advised against it. Three days later Brockman called me on the telephone and asked me to remember him and Mott at twelve, two, three, and four o'clock that afternoon, when they "would be in difficult interviews." I knew what they were going through and rejoiced greatly when the sky cleared and Mott was ours.

In the early days one of the men I met quite often was James Stokes. He was a generous friend of the Association for many years. He had been a member of the International Committee as early as 1869; later he became an advisory member. His way of reaching a conclusion was peculiar. Mr. Brainerd once told me that his method of procedure was like that of a hawk: round and round and round, with a final sudden swoop. He was an ultra

fundamentalist and had little use for anyone who was not.

After a while he felt that, although he was only an advisory member of the committee, he ought to be invited to the monthly meetings. He took the matter up with me personally. He invited me to lunch at his home to talk about it. Once he took Mott, Andersen, and me on a long automobile ride and discussed the question. Nothing came of it. Advisory members were not invited to the meetings.

I had many conferences with Mr. Stokes when he was contemplating transferring his Russian work to our Foreign Department, and at last it was accomplished. When he organized the James Stokes Society as a matter of convenience, I was made one of the directors and served for a short time.

It is interesting to recall in these days that from time to time the question of reorganization came up. As far back as 1910, I wrote in my diary, "Something has got to be done to unify our work now that it has grown so large." Later, a meeting of the chairmen of the various committees was held "to consider how we could unify the work of the various departments." We finally agreed to meet for an evening three or four times a year, to go over our work more in detail than we could at one brief noonday gathering.

From time to time we met criticism—criticism which ultimately brought about the reorganization. In October, 1912, I attended a meeting with Marling, Morse, Shipp, Kingman, Cook, Ayer, and Shuey, to discuss these criticisms. They said we had too many ex-officio delegates at the International Conventions. (These were very largely secretaries of the committee.) Some declared that the International Committee did not sufficiently represent the various sections of the country, others that we were too departmentalized. An interesting criticism was by a manufacturer who said the industrial secretaries came among his men “and raised a superheated condition with a historic name.”

For many years the monthly meetings of the International Committee were held at the lunch hour at the Downtown Club in New York, with from fifteen to twenty-five members present. During the later years, the senior secretaries of the committee met with us. The time was all too short. About all we could do was to hear the reports of the subcommittees and departments and take such action as they suggested. Almost always we had members present from other cities than New York. We were always glad to have our new members meet with us. I remember the first meeting Major Moton, of Tuskegee, attended. Mr. Marling in in-

roducing him said, "I don't know whether the major knows our rule that no man can speak more than two minutes." The major rose to his full six feet and this is what he said, "Down in my country a colored man was brought before the judge, who said to him, 'Sam, you've been such a nuisance in this town, I'm going to give you just sixty minutes to get out.' Sam looked up and said, 'Judge, I gives you back fifty-nine.'" And the major sat down.

The members of the committee have always been active in visitation and in presenting the work in public address. I can recall many such visits, like one we had in Baltimore at which Russell Sturges, Kirk Porter, and I spoke. I have presented the work from Boston to San Francisco and in many foreign lands.

During these thirty-eight years I have served on many committees. Soon after my arrival, 1891, I was appointed to my first committee and was made chairman. It was a new committee and that was probably the reason for putting a greenhorn at the head of it. It was the Committee on Railroad Work. My only connection with railroads was as a commuter—I have traveled over 650,000 miles on the New Jersey Central in that capacity. Here I met E. D. Ingersall, our first railroad secretary. I remember later going, at his invitation,

to a loft on Hudson Street, where he had set up a machine for shredding food, potatoes, carrots, anything. He was trying to get people to put money into the company that owned the patent. That may have been the beginning of shredded wheat.

A committee which I especially enjoyed was the Student Committee. We called it the College Committee. I have a record of some seventy-five meetings of that committee which I attended, beginning in 1891 and ending with the reorganization. Many of these meetings were held at Mr. Dodge's home, he having become chairman in 1891. There I enjoyed the fellowship of Bishop McDowell, Dr. Ross Stevenson, Dr. Johnston Ross, and others like them. Not a few of the meetings were held in my office.

It was this committee which brought me into close contact for the first time with Luther D. Wishard, C. K. Ober, H. P. Andersen, Fletcher Brockman, and John R. Mott, our secretaries for student work. And it was on this committee that my lifelong friendship with Cleveland H. Dodge began. On my sixtieth birthday, in 1918, I received this letter from him:

I have worked with you so long that I know better than most of your friends what you have accomplished and been for all these many years. So many men love to do their work in the limelight,

and, no matter how sincere they may be, often give the impression that they are glorifying themselves, but it is a joy to think of one like you who has done so much for the world without any thought of self. You have never worked for any reward, but it may be a comfort for you to know that your many friends appreciate you and value your friendship.

I became chairman of the Student Committee for a short time when Mr. Dodge claimed that his connection with the International Committee automatically terminated upon his withdrawal from the Presbyterian Church, thereby ceasing to be eligible for active membership in the Y M C A. He invited me to lunch with him and insisted on taking this position.

It would serve no useful purpose to record the many intense meetings this subcommittee had anent the Basis of Active Membership. Away back in 1896 some twenty-five of us, secretaries and committeemen, came together to hear a petition from the associations at Yale, Amherst, Dartmouth, Williams, Harvard, and Brown asking that a commission be appointed to look into the situation. After a long discussion the whole matter was referred to our committee.

In 1893, I was appointed a member of what we called the Committee on General Work. It was a

sort of executive committee. The secretaries who served on this committee were Morse, C. K. Ober, Gates, and Andersen. We reviewed the activities of the International Committee and blocked out the work for the future.

For twenty years I served on the Boys' Work Committee, part of the time as chairman, and later under the able chairmanship of W. W. Fry. This committee brought me the friendship of E. M. Robinson and David Porter, a friendship which has meant so much to me. It has also given me many contacts with boys. For one term I served on the Boys' Work Committee of the World's Alliance.

For many years I served on the Religious Work Committee with that princely Christian layman, C. R. Joy, and profited by the friendship of Fred B. Smith, Clarence A. Barbour, Charles R. Drum, and James Whitmore. This was a very live committee and often sat all day.

While the discussion of the Evangelical Test was agitating the brotherhood, Joy and Smith arranged a wonderful conference at Bronxville, partly in view of the approaching International Convention at Washington, D. C. Sixty of us came together, including Colton, Hicks, Shipp, Messer, Simmons, Cooper, Fry, Copeland, and Budge. Dr. Charles R. Jefferson helped our think-

ing by his presentation of Fundamentals. The fundamental need—a renewed heart; the fundamental problem—sin, and the fundamental remedy—Jesus. A little later twenty-five laymen and twenty-five secretaries spent two days at the 23rd Street building discussing the Basis. We then decided that it would be wise to reaffirm the Evangelical Basis at the Washington Convention, to refer the matter of defining an evangelical church to a commission, and to give the student body liberty to ask for a special basis of membership suited to their situation.

When, in 1897, we formed a separate committee on Bible Study, I was appointed chairman. Here I formed the friendship of Fred S. Goodman, whose enthusiasm for Bible study stimulated me to deeper delving into the Holy Book.

One of the most difficult committees with whose chairmanship I have been honored was the Committee on Publications; difficult, because of the problems and the deficits. A great deal of the work of this committee was experimental, and the experiments were sometimes unsuccessful. In 1920 the staff under this committee numbered fifty men and women.

When the question of a branch for the industrial men at Bayonne, N. J., was being discussed, and the erection of a \$750,000 building was being

contemplated, an executive committee was appointed in 1918 consisting of a representative of the Bayonne City Association, the New Jersey State Committee, and the International Committee. I represent the latter and I am still serving. This has necessitated frequent visits to Bayonne and many meetings in my office in New York.

One of the committees I have enjoyed, because it has revealed the splendid spirit of the men, is the committee of which I am chairman, to deal with retired secretaries whose retirement allowance is too meager. There is a certain sadness about it, but the response of the men, and our ability to relieve them to a certain extent, has been a joy. They are real Christians.

In April, 1898, the committee with characteristic foresight considered "the organization of a body similar to the Christian Commission to go with the Navy in the event of War with Spain." A subcommittee was appointed of which Charles W. McAlpin and I were members, the chairman to be appointed later. If I am not mistaken, William E. Dodge became chairman and the first meeting was held in my office.

I served on the War Work Council and was a member of the subcommittee on legal matters.

There were, of course, many temporary committees on which I served. One was on codifying the

actions of the International Conventions. Mr. Morse and I did this and the little book became what was really our constitution and code of by-laws. Another such committee was the one which wound up the extension schools. This we did by entering into an agreement with Columbia University. Still another was the High School Commission in 1909.

There were many opportunities for service which did not register under any committee. Here is the record of December 5, 1917.

"When I reached my office, Jack Hoaton, one of the workers at Camp Dix No. 6, was there waiting for me. He had been accepted for France and wanted help on his passport. He called again later in the day. Then I got a letter of thanks from Abbe for some letters of introduction I gave him for a cousin going to France; Coxhead phoned about the deed for Morse Hall at Silver Bay; Colton, who goes to Russia on Saturday, came to have his will drawn. Dr. Schauffler phoned to arrange a meeting of The Bible House in Constantinople. A letter came from the Continuation Committee in China, and one from Mott about the meeting of the War Work Council on Monday next. I had a talk on the phone with Mathews of the Boy Scouts of America about Christmas books. The Anti-Saloon League called up about a Plain-

field contribution. I paid my subscription to the Student Work, and last of all Miss Norton called from the National Board of the Y W C A about the rent of their Fulton Street building. I almost forgot that Mr. and Mrs. Flint of Syracuse called to see if I could help them get accepted for work in France." Incidentally, I was earning my living by practicing law!

The question of an official badge had been discussed a long time and many designs had been submitted. In 1895 Frederick B. Schenck, treasurer of the committee, and I were appointed a committee to secure a patent on the design which had been agreed upon. This was substantially the design suggested by Luther Gulick. Mr. Schenck and I made the application to the Patent Office and the patent was issued to us. We immediately assigned it to the International Committee. I am wearing the first one of those badges to be issued.

In the Home, as in the Foreign, Department many special meetings have been called to study the condition of the budget. In 1893 we approved a Home Work budget of \$78,000, and after the next meeting of the committee I noted that "there was considerable reduction." The large budget had caused a good deal of talk. Some members of the committee couldn't see where so much money could come from. Ten years later the budget had

grown to \$146,000, but that was a reduction of \$20,000 from the year before. In November, 1907, I wrote in my diary, "The treasurer's report was very bad for this time of the year. We are away behind." But the budget, like a healthy child, continued to grow. In 1909 it was \$267,151, and in 1913 it had risen to \$362,825. We were always struggling to keep it down. In June, 1920, I wrote, "It seems to be impossible to get the money needed. We therefore voted to reduce the budget from \$875,000 to \$700,000." How familiar that sounds! The next year, after a budget meeting of the Executive Committee, I made this entry, referring to our action, "It means dropping a number of men." So history does repeat itself.

The checks and notes which I have signed as an officer of the International Committee far exceed in amount all the checks I ever signed for myself. Occasionally there was a note for \$200,000, once at least for \$500,000, or a check for \$100,000. At one time I approved all bills for payment! This I did usually between four and five o'clock on Fridays. I had agreed to be at the committee's office at that hour each week. There were times when, for one reason or another, I signed all checks.

We felt that our home was sanctified by having the secretaries of the committee in our "Prophet's Chamber." Our first guest when we began house-

keeping was C. K. Ober, and since then there has been a great and blessed procession, Morse, Wishard, Mott, Brockman, Carter, Andersen, and all the rest. We loved to have E. M. Robinson and Dave Porter and Charlie Gilkey with us, for then the talk turned on our boys, "the form of Y M C A work soon to receive most emphasis," I wrote in 1912. The foreign men felt that they could come at any time and they came, often with their wives, sometimes with children.

I have attended many annual dinners of the committee and I have always had the feeling that they were worth while. Sometimes, I presented the foreign work, and when I did the menu had little interest for me.

Beginning in 1893, I have attended with considerable regularity the Fall Conferences of the committee. In thirty-one years, I have been at twenty-two of these gatherings. At first we met in New York City, but we found that committeemen were too near their offices; so, beginning in 1897, we met away from the city. The earlier meetings seemed very primitive. I quote from my diary for September 4, 1897, at Belmar, N. J.: "There are in all thirty-seven of us here including all the secretaries, besides Dr. Warner, Marling, Hardie and myself of this Committee, Clark of Brazil, Lewis and Gailey bound for China and

Ding of China. Tonight Hodge presented the educational work, after each secretary had related briefly his vacation experiences."

The meeting the following year, also at Belmar, was notable for its heat. Sitting as we did with the ocean waves lapping the piles under us, it was almost unbearable. One of the most impressive hours was when Mott spoke to us on the Secretary's Spiritual Equipment.

We moved to Long Beach, L. I., the following year. On the opening day, I was the only member of the committee present. Marling, Levering, McPheters, and Shuey appeared the following morning. My diary gives a good idea of the subjects which then held our attention: *Association Men*, "An exceedingly troublesome question"; The Dangers Threatening the Work; Foreign Work; The Jubilee Convention.

In 1900 we tried Sea Girt, N. J., but didn't like it very much, so in 1901 we went to Ocean Grove, but found ourselves in too cramped quarters.

These Fall Conferences gave us time for consultation on the most vital problems, many of which were of a personal nature. More than one secretary wept as he consulted me.

More and more members of the committee attended the conferences as the years went by. In 1904 we had fifteen committee members, and the

inspiration of a number of our foreign staff; from the field, Fisher, Carter, Brockman, and Babcock; and under appointment Ewing, Keith, Michel, Dowd, Irving, Clinton, McLachlan, and McLean.

The next year we tried Bronxville and liked it, though it was very near the great city with its lure. Again fifteen of the committee were present. I noted that "Hodge gave one of his enthusiastic talks on Educational Work." This conference, more than almost any other I ever attended, was marked by the spirit of prayer. Men met in little groups in their rooms for united intercession for the conference and for the men far away. After one such meeting in my room, we took up the religious work of the committee, and then followed our Foreign Work session. Colton, Barber, Penfield, and Honda spoke. At a second session we had Mott, Hubbard, Southam, and Ibuka, who were followed by thirteen men who were to sail within three months: Turner, Coxhead, Adams, Ewing, Davis, Frank Brockman, Hersey, Service, Wallace, Cole, Whitmore, Leiser, and Taylor. Of the thirteen only two are now on the field, Turner and Service. It was a day with the Master. In the devotional service I spoke on "Did not I see thee with Him in the Garden?" I was gratified the next day to get this note from Mott, "I want to send a line to thank you with sincerity for your

most helpful talk yesterday. It was the source of real blessing to me. I shall not forget it."

In May, 1908, we combined our conference with the dedication of our new building, 124 East 28th Street. I noted that "one of the best short talks was by Porter, our new man on work for boys in high and preparatory schools."

Some of us had been urging Silver Bay as a proper place for this Fall Conference, so in 1910 we went there. I don't think the lay members of the committee liked it very well. It was difficult to reach and the accommodations were not what they were accustomed to. However, it was a good place and we had a fine meeting. One feature which I greatly enjoyed was the Foreign Department dinner with Macfarland, Schenck, Levering, and myself of the committee, Mott, Andersen, and Holdren, "the office staff," and the eight men under appointment with their wives. At the close of the conference we sailed to Baldwin where we got our sleeper, being entertained meanwhile by the inimitable Knebel.

In 1912 we settled on Atlantic City as the best place, all things considered, for our Fall Conferences. Of the Foreign Work session of this conference, I wrote in my diary, "Mott told of the progress of the year, and then we took up some of the most pressing problems: The Price of Conver-

sion, Barber, Brockman, and Eddy; Enlisting Leaders, Gleason, Taylor, and Pettus; Getting at the Educational Systems, Ewing, Wilbur, Hurrey, Clinton, and Wallace; Home Field, Colton, Eddy, and Rugh."

Year by year the conference grew not only in size, but in usefulness. When we met in 1913 so many were present that we had to meet in a church. That conference will be remembered for the paper presented by Pearsall, state secretary of New York, on "What are the respective functions of the State and International Committees, and how can these two agencies of supervision be conducted so as to render larger service to the Associations?" It created a good deal of discussion, not so much because we disagreed with him, but rather because we agreed, and were anxious for real cooperation.

The 1915 conference, in the days of the Great War, brought us the largest contingent of foreign secretaries we had ever had. I recall that Mrs. Gleason was with us, her husband having returned to his field. I never liked this arrangement of splitting families; two divine institutions ought not to conflict. Service was there, from far-away Chentu, after nearly ten years in the field; Burgess, Crutchfield, Hoagland, Veryard, Clinton, Fitch, Rugh, Adamson, and a dozen more. It brought also over thirty members of the commit-

tee. This was partly due to the changes which were taking place in the personnel of the staff: Shipp had resigned and Brockman had come closer. The men from Canada whose sons were in France touched our hearts as they struggled to control their feelings.

The year 1916 was another war year. Harte, who had been in contact with prison camps of Europe, and Mott, who had seen the European work, were with us. It was here we welcomed Robert Wilder as our Religious Work Secretary. The question of reorganization loomed large; we listened with profit to Joy and Shuey. Twenty-two of our foreign secretaries sat down to breakfast with the committee.

Before we met in 1917, the United States had entered the war. The date had been advanced to May. The opening hymns were significant. One verse of "America," then one of "God Save the King," followed by the prayer in the last verse of "America." The war spirit prevailed in every session. It was fitting that an old soldier, Colonel Halford, should make the opening prayer. War tunes were in constant use. Moore spoke of the railroad work as "the legs of the Army."

Of my journey from New York to the 1918 Conference at Atlantic City, I wrote: "On the train I met ten of my old friends, and had good visits

with them. There were Hodge, Dr. Fisher and Ball, with whom I talked about M. who is giving us so much trouble in our Association; McMillan, our building expert to whom the plans of the Plainfield building have been sent and who is going to report against remodeling our present plant; Marling, with whom I went over the exasperating litigation over the Butterfield will; Warner, to whom I passed on Brown's desire to go to France; Ober of *Association Men*; Speers, who has five boys in the Service; Halford, formerly in the U. S. Army; Sweet of Denver, just back from France; it was an interesting ride."

Marling opened this conference in his thoughtful, helpful way. He suggested as a conference text, "Lovest thou Me? Feed my sheep." Notwithstanding war conditions, we found the associations prospering. Mott reported on the fifth visit he had made to Europe during the war.

Dr. Warner led in closing prayer, and Mr. Morse dismissed us with the benediction. It was a great gathering, with the war note ringing through it all, and the assurance of victory in things spiritual as well as material.

We had expected great things of the spirit to be engendered by the war. But we were disillusioned. When we met in our 1920 conference, Colton, presenting the religious situation from the standpoint

of the field, reported in substance, "The spiritual productivity of the Associations in the United States is the lowest it has ever been. This is shown by the opinions of the leaders of the Churches; ministers do not take our religious work seriously; we do our work too much by ourselves. Four state secretaries told him that in their states religious work had practically ceased." This created a lively discussion. Was Colton right? Speers thought he was. I agreed with Colton. Among those who spoke were Bowron, Weidensall, Hume, Goodman, Crossett, Shuey, Wright, Levering, Mott, and myself.

When we met in 1923, the Constitutional Convention was in the offing, and Mott outlined to us what had been done in preparation for that momentous meeting. He brought to our attention six things we should do:

1. Give effect to the Mark Jones report.
2. Throw ourselves earnestly into any mandate which may come from the Constitutional Convention.
3. Give ourselves to the task before us as a committee.
4. Take up the matter of securing a larger endowment.
5. Give wise leadership to our growing Foreign Work.

6. Press our present advantage in the Association Movement in Europe.

The swan song of the great Fall Conference was heard at Atlantic City on Mr. Morse's eighty-third birthday. (No one who saw Uncle Richard cavorting in Steeplechase would guess his age.)

The opening devotional service of this last of the conferences was led by James M. Speers, who spoke from the words, "A Man shall be . . . as a rock in a weary land." It was solemn and impressive, as we were all feeling that this was the last of our family gatherings. Nevertheless, the old program was adhered to: Every meal a meeting; breakfast, Executive Committee; lunch, Foreign Committee; dinner, Executive Committee.

What may turn out to be the last meeting of the International Committee was held on November 13, 1924. On the preceding day the Executive Committee had met at the Union League Club, in New York; Post, Williams, Marling, Fancher, Warner, C. E. Dodge, Mott, and myself. There we went over the recommendations which were to go to the National Council. One was expressive of our solicitude for our faithful staff. "These men," I wrote in my diary, "have been very brave in sticking to their posts, though no one knows how many of them may be let out by the new organization."

At the final meeting a resolution was adopted authorizing the Executive Committee to exercise the powers of the full committee in the interim.

To some of us it was like a funeral; I am sure it was to me. For thirty-three years, month by month, I had been privileged to confer with this group of splendid men on subjects of vital importance; now it was over. I am anxious to do all I can to facilitate the operations of the new organization, but I can't help feeling that in our efforts for democracy we have laid aside a very useful servant—the International Committee. More and more I have felt that we have lost to the Brotherhood many friends who under the Constitution cannot become closely connected with the national movement.

XIV

CONFERENCES AND CONVENTIONS

I suppose I might be called a "convention rounder," for I have attended and taken part in well over a hundred and fifty, large and small. Four were great Student Volunteer Conventions; ten were international; twenty-five were New Jersey State, with a perfect swarm of district conventions, sometimes five in a year in my Association adolescent period. I attended the Constitutional Convention, and all but one of the meetings of the National Council, twenty-two annual conferences of the International Committee and its staff, ten with the Foreign Work staff, twenty-six with the students at Northfield and Blairstown and twenty-two at Silver Bay.

I am not attempting to report these meetings, so many of which Mr. Morse has told us about in his "My Life with Young Men," nor am I going to discuss except incidentally the legislation which from time to time came out of them, nor the great debates which characterized many of these conventions and conferences. I want simply to record some of the human incidents which impressed me

and led me to feel that I was not wasting time in attending them. This is a personal narrative.

I never can forget the first Y M C A convention I attended. It was at Burlington, N. J., in 1886. I had been a member of the Y M C A only two years. There were less than a hundred delegates, but it was one of the means used to awaken my interest in religious work for young men. The Sunday morning consecration meeting, characteristic of all the early conventions, was a surprise and a wonder to me. I had never been in an atmosphere like that. The teacher of our Bible Training Class had persuaded me to go. His paper on that subject, "caused great enthusiasm," I wrote, "and will be the means of causing many such classes to be formed." I was a sort of Exhibit No. 1. He and I together occupied one of the pulpits on Sunday morning—I was not yet ready to stand alone in such a place. In fact, this was my first appearance in a pulpit.

The first of the multitude of my district conventions was at Jersey City the following year. The attendance was very small, an indication of which was that I was called upon to preside. It was at these district conventions that I met and learned to love Sumner F. Dudley. He attended about as regularly as I did, and always brought a group of boys with him. We expected to find something to

eat in Dudley's room after the evening session, and we were not disappointed. I believe that these miniature conventions were a great blessing to the people of the small towns of the state. The remarks of one pastor, as we said good-bye on Monday morning, were typical: "It is high time for us to awake out of our sleep."

State conventions were annual in those days and were, I feel, more inspirational than now, though there were some educational features. I remember one, for instance, when John T. Swift, who afterwards went to Japan, presented a paper on the Ladies' Auxiliary, and David McConaughy conducted a model training class.

As I look back upon conventions they were all pretty much alike, although each one seems to have had something that has stuck in my memory. I recall that in New Brunswick, at our next convention, I met Tom Kenan for the first time. Tom was a locomotive engineer. Dr. Gates, president of Rutgers College, invited Tom and me to lunch, and the tears ran down the good doctor's face, and mine too, as Tom told of his efforts to win his fellow railroad men to Christ. Here too, I first met George A. Hall, that saint.

On my invitation the convention came to Plainfield, my home town, the next year and for the first time I heard Robert E. Speer. He spoke on for-

eign missions and spoke so fast that I thought he had written it out and was repeating it from memory. David McConaughy was with us again. He impersonated an inquirer with whom I had to deal while the audience looked on and listened. Ira D. Sankey led the singing and spoke at our Sunday afternoon meeting.

I sometimes found it difficult to stay through the convention. I remember when in 1894 we met at Montclair, I opened the sessions on Thursday, and then took the train for Albany, resuming my connection with the convention Saturday night. I think this was the first convention at which I presented the foreign work.

From the first I took an active part in the conventions. Very often I prepared a paper on a topic which had been assigned me. Some of these were, "Work in Small Towns," "The Associate Member," "Bible Study," "Our Duty to Young Men," and "How May We Help Young Men in Foreign Mission Lands."

In 1895 the delegates visited our city again. Here John H. Elliott was a feature. He gave us what we now look upon as old-fashioned Bible readings. They were not very scholarly but I am sure they did us youngsters a lot of good and led to a lot of Bible study. Dear old Dr. Cuyler touched our hearts. We were unfortunate in our

stenographer. He was too fond of the bottle. In his report of Dr. Cuyler's address he made him say, "We have no Christ for young men out of Christ." His real words were "Union in Christ for young men out of Christ." When I sent the stenographer's minutes to the doctor, he sent it back very quickly; written across the first page in large letters was the word "Bosh." After recording the doings of the convention on several pages of my diary I find this, "I have forgotten to mention that I was elected president."

When we met in Camden, I went down with C. J. Hicks, then our railroad secretary. We had to change at Wayne Junction, and being in the hands of a railroad man, I paid no attention to trains. After we had sat there a long time I said to Hicks, "Let's see when that train goes to Camden." Upon inquiring we found it had gone out on the other side of the station while we sat there talking. I told him he wasn't up to his job as a railroad man. When we finally reached the convention I found I had been elected president.

While in Camden, I hunted up a Primary Department, and sat through the lovely session. It was led by Miss Ayer, now Mrs. W. W. Fry. I was delighted because it was a real Primary Department. I was presiding the night we had the Railroad Work and called on Tom Kenan, an en-

gineer, and Jerry George, a conductor, to lead in prayer. They came out into the aisle and knelt side by side. In his prayer Tom said with great earnestness, "O Lord, give us the sand, give us the sand; we've got some hills to climb, give us the sand." Later in the evening, I asked him what put such a prayer into his head, and he asked, "Did you ever run a locomotive on the D. L. & W.?" I admitted that I had never had that responsibility. "Well," he said, "if you had you would know what a help sand is when you have to make the grade." I have prayed that same prayer myself with an understanding heart.

It was at one of these early conventions that a delegate who has since become prominent in Association work arose and said, "I want to ask a question. Will some one be good enough to tell me how a man can spend all his time as secretary of a Y M C A?"

The convention of 1890, at Morristown, was a memorable one because we had D. L. Moody with us. Some of us will never forget his searching address on the Holy Spirit.

But it would be tiresome to mention each one of these inspiring meetings which brought the Christian men of New Jersey together in such blessed fellowship; let me refer to just one more, the 1897 convention at New Brunswick. I remember it par-

ticularly because it was here that Wishard and I met Robert Gailey and conferred with him about going to China. He came to New York later and we lunched together and finished our talk and secured his services, which still continue. In those days we were assigned to homes for entertainment, the supposition being that the citizens would be instructed in the ways of the Y M C A. Monday morning, as we were waiting at the station for the New York train, I met one delegate and asked the usual question, "Well, how did you get along?" "Oh," he said, "I had a miserable time. I didn't get enough sleep. I was assigned to the same room with Kilborne, and he kept getting up in the night and tying a towel round his head." Then I met Kilborne and put the same question to him. He made a very similar reply: "I couldn't sleep, Wessels snored so I had to tie a towel round my head."

Our State Convention, compressed now within twenty-four hours, has become little more than a meeting for the election of the members of the National Council. To me they lack the inspiration which drew so many of us together in intimate fellowship in the "good old days." My interest in boys' work, for instance, is due in part to my contact with W. W. Smith of Poughkeepsie at our 1892 Convention.

In October, 1908, we had the first and only International Bible Conference, held at Columbus, Ohio, under the auspices of the Student Department. Over a thousand men from two hundred and fifty institutions were present. Wishard and Clayton Cooper were largely responsible for it, and Mott presided. The purpose was to see what we could do to promote Bible study among students. I had the privilege of outlining the aim and scope of the Student Bible Study of the Y M C A.

While at this conference I had the unique experience of speaking to the fifteen hundred men and women in the State Prison at their Sunday morning service. I tried to show them how the Bible would help them distinguish the eternal from the transient. I confess it was a shock when the choir, made up of convicts, sang "My Mother's Bible."

To go from the turmoil and contention of the crowded law courts of New York City to a quiet place, where a thousand and more like-minded men have met to talk and pray together about the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God, is like taking a refreshing bath. Ten times I have had this experience as I have gone to an International Convention.

Elsewhere I shall refer to the Philadelphia Convention of 1889, my first International.

My next was at Springfield, Mass., in 1895.

Here there was a deep spiritual undercurrent which fertilized every one of us. Men had come together a day or two before the convention for a period of consecration; "silent hours," we called them. David McConaughy, just back from India, spoke several times on "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Men like Tom Kenan, Jerry George, and Jim Berwick gave their personal testimony. Quite in keeping with this spirit was the election of Henry M. Moore of Boston as president. I recall how impressed I was when, on opening the convention one evening, he said, "We will now listen to the word of God," and then he repeated the Twenty-third Psalm and part of the third Chapter of First John. Another night he said, "Just before I left home my wife said to me, 'Henry, why can't we have some of our flowers before we die?'" and then he went on to say some nice things about certain Y M C A men.

A unique group at this convention was the military company from the Cleveland association. Even then they were doing extraordinary things!

Before we met at Grand Rapids in 1899 the Spanish War had been fought and our work had been done among the soldiers and sailors. This brought the Army and Navy upon the scene. Admiral Phillips presided one evening, and we had

addresses by Admiral Higginson and Commander Wadhams. There was abundant enthusiasm.

The Sunday afternoon meeting I shall never forget. Sayford and Fred B. Smith spoke to thirty-five hundred men. At the close of his talk, Smith called on Jim Berwick, a railroad conductor, to lead in prayer. Jim knelt down on the platform and poured out his heart to Him who was without doubt his Saviour. In the course of his prayer he said, "O Lord, there's lots of men here today who have little fellers at home. If you was to ask them who was the greatest man in the world, every last one of them would say, 'Papa.' Grant, Lord, that none of those little fellers shall be disappointed today." I swallowed a lump in my throat, and for a while it looked as if a great many men had suddenly caught cold.

It is curious what a man remembers about a particular event. I am thinking of the Jubilee Convention in Boston. Two incidents are fresh in my memory, for some reason. One was on college night. Three or four college presidents spoke: Patton, of Princeton, Northrup, of Northwestern, and Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee. It had been a long day and we were tired. I was sitting on the platform with Dr. Canfield, of Columbia University, when Washington rose to speak at ten o'clock. Canfield nudged me and whispered, "See

this little fellow wake them up.” And he did. He said something like this: “When I first went to Tuskegee and was looking for a place to open my school, I found an old building which had been used as a chicken house. One morning I went over to a colored man I saw there and I said, ‘Sam, I want you to come over and help me clean up the chicken house!’ He looked at me a minute and then said, ‘Boss, would you clean out a chicken house in the day time?’” Needless to say *they* woke up.

The other incident occurred in the hotel Sunday afternoon. A number of us were gathered together in one of the rooms for a conference. When I arrived most of the others were already there and a number of them were smoking. As I came in Tom McPheters, that saint, who was smoking, said, “Will you have a cigar?” “No, thank you,” I said, “I don’t have to smoke.” He looked at me as if he didn’t understand, and asked, “What did—did you say?” I replied, “I said, I don’t have to smoke.” He seemed provoked and asked again, “Do you mean to say I have to smoke?” I replied, “I don’t mean to say whether you have to smoke or do not have to smoke, I only mean I do not have to.” It was some time before he cooled off.

There was a remarkable attendance at this convention. William E. Dodge presided. Among the

speakers were General Wheeler, Commander Hobson, James Stokes, Ira D. Sankey, and Howard Williams who gave a dinner as a representative of his father, Sir George. I presided on the Foreign Work Night when Mott and Campbell White spoke. Nearly seventeen thousand dollars was subscribed for the foreign work.

I was at Buffalo in 1904, and survived the debate on the report of the Committee of Twenty-one. This is no place to report that, nor the expected controversy about the conduct of summer conferences. This has all been told by others. I must refer to Mr. Macfarland's tactful management of the whole meeting. It was most fitting that that loving cup should have been presented to him. We were in a rough sea and he was a wise and skillful pilot, well deserving the recognition his fellow delegates gave him.

Some of us recall that when one of the speakers opposed to the International Committee fainted, it was two members of that committee who ministered to him, Drs. Warner and Munn.

Washington is in my opinion an ideal place for a convention. There seems to be an atmosphere about the capital that stimulates to big things. It was so in our convention there in 1907, when we had a great debate on membership in Student Association. Dr. Bosworth, chairman of the com-

mittee on the International Committee's report, suggested three resolutions: 1. Reaffirming the evangelical test; 2. Permitting Christian students in the associations to vote, whether they are members of an evangelical church or not; 3. Providing a committee to reword the definition of "evangelical." The debate centered on the second resolution. Those opposed to it had gotten hold of William Jennings Bryan and had filled him full of their arguments. Relying upon the effect of his eloquence, and he spoke well, they called for a vote as soon as he finished. Judge Selden P. Spencer, the president of the convention, insisted on hearing everyone who wanted to be heard. Mott successfully wound up Bryan, and then Bishop McDowell, I, Michener, Johnson, and Brockman spoke in this order in favor of the second resolution. The vote was overwhelmingly in its favor.

Ambassador Bryce gave us an address shot through and through with a sweet, gentle Christian spirit and then Governor Glenn of North Carolina, as I wrote in my diary, "made a miserable, indiscreet, humiliating talk which must have offended many men of other nations who were present."

Above the platform were the banners used at the Robert Morrison Centennial Celebration in Shanghai, and at the W. S. C. F. Conference in

Tokyo: *Laus Deo, in Christo unum* and *In Christo Unum*.

When we met in Cincinnati in 1913, the street cars were tied up by a strike. This was a great inconvenience, for the distances were long and the weather was bad. As one of the speakers said, "We would be known by our walk as well as our conversation." Strike prevented the mayor from welcoming us to the city, but it was graciously done by a Hebrew whom he sent to represent him.

The Basis question was still to the fore, and it became clear that at that time the great majority of Association men were in favor of the old evangelical test. Dr. Mackenzie, of Hartford, presented the majority report signed by fourteen of the Committee of Fifteen which had been appointed six years before to rephrase the definition of an evangelical church. This report suggested leaving the Portland Resolution just as it is, and defining evangelical churches, "We hold those churches to be evangelical in the United States which are affiliated in the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, or have been entitled to affiliate, and those in Canada which correspond to them in name or history or both."

The minority report was presented by Dr. Wm. H. Marquess, the only member of the committee supporting it. It was opposed to the alterna-

tive basis. There was a lively debate and, strangely enough, most of the speakers favored the minority report. I was in favor of the majority report. Finally a motion to amend the report by striking out the alternative basis was carried by 521 to 392, and the whole matter was left in the air. But it was quite evident what the attitude, at least of those at the convention, was.

Twelve years later there was a great change of opinion.

When we met in Detroit in 1919, the World War was over, but the convention had a very military aspect. Eight hundred war workers had dinner together; many of the addresses brought us lessons from the war. The Navy was represented by Secretary Daniels and the Army by General Summerall. After the great evening meeting, Sloane and I drove the general home. When we thanked him for his gracious words spoken that evening, he said, "You do not need to thank me; I ought to thank you. You don't know how good it is to lead this life for a little while."

A report from the War Work Council was presented by Mr. Sloane and it was seen that there was to be a very large surplus in the treasury.

Not only were the war workers in evidence, but the foreign work was strongly represented. One night there sat on the platform forty men, from

Argentina, Brazil, China, Cuba, Egypt, India, Japan, Mexico, Uruguay, and the Near East.

The Foreign Budget was in its usual state at this time of the year. So one morning we had a breakfast for the purpose of laying the situation before the "old guard," the men who had stood by the foreign work in a sacrificial way. Mott told of the world open to Christianity, and Eddy followed with a vivid portrayal of the field as he had seen it. It was not our intention to ask for money, and no appeal was made, but man after man arose and expressed a desire to add to the gift he had already made, until \$45,000 had been subscribed.

I noted in my diary, "Our Commission on War Values, reported through Mr. Alling. The recommendations were adopted. In one of these the words 'Women Secretaries' were stricken out on motion. The convention evidently felt that this was a dangerous beginning of mixed work." But that was over ten years ago.

The conventions and conferences following 1920 reflected the unrest in Association circles. The Fry Commission had begun its work.

In anticipation of the discussion of the Basis of Membership at the Atlantic City Convention in October, 1922, a group of us met at Niagara Falls in July. The hotel was so crowded that the only

place I could find to sleep was on a cot in a room with Shuey and his son-in-law, Bookwalter.

The permanent Committee on Associations reported and recommended that churches be considered evangelical when so regarded by the local church federation, or by a majority of the active pastors of the churches of the community which are eligible for membership in the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

There had been a good deal of feeling manifested in certain quarters during the conference; this came to a head Saturday night. The folk from Missouri had been circulating for some time a little journal called *The Annotator* in which they maligned both International and State committees. Sunday, describing the scene on Saturday night, I wrote in my diary, "Mr. Nason of Chicago took up the statements in *The Annotator*, because some of them reflected on the Regional Committee of which he was chairman, or a member. He was very clear cut in his statements and pointed out how important it was that the man who made these statements should produce his evidence. The article he referred to was unsigned, and when he asked if the author was in the room, Bishop of Kansas City responded. He came forward, ghastly white, began to speak and fell in a faint. He was carried out and Banks, State Secretary, took up the cudgels,

and, almost beside himself with anger, made an impassioned speech in behalf of free speech, etc. Others spoke and were still speaking when I went to bed. The incident, though painful, will, I am sure, do good." It did clear the air to a certain extent.

When we assembled at Atlantic City in November, 1922, it seemed as if the evening of the International Committee's day was near at hand. In a historic document of 174 printed pages, we set forth the status of the committee at home and abroad, together with a detailed financial statement. It showed net assets of \$10,559,603.62.

That convention, especially the seventeenth day of November, will go down in Association history as the time when a radical change was made in the basis of active membership. A wonderful spirit characterized the sessions of the convention, although the debate on the membership question was intense. Finally it was decided that active members are those who come within the Portland Resolution, or conform to the Federal Council of Churches definition. A resolution was adopted permitting associations, under certain conditions, to elect ten per cent of their managing boards from members not coming within this classification.

The gratifying announcement was made that the \$4,000,000 required for the accrued liability of

the Retirement Fund had been secured. Judge Lyon presented the report of his commission, which resulted in the Constitutional Convention called for 1923.

The active days of the International Committee were nearly ended. We held one of our final meetings and each man was asked to say what he thought we ought to do now: I was delighted when practically everyone said that whatever else happened the foreign work must be stressed.

No finer group of men ever came together than those who met in Cleveland in October, 1923, delegates elected to a Constitutional Convention. I was a delegate-at-large. We joined heartily in singing "Faith of Our Fathers," and Dr. O. E. Brown led us in a devotional service based on John 17. Judge Lyon stated that there were three problems before us: Formation of a National Legislative body, the General Agencies, Financing. Ten plans were presented, some advocating two agencies, some one. I felt that none of those presenting plans felt quite certain of the one he presented. I recall that Rosebush said he was giving us the ninth revision of his.

I was glad that membership on the subcommittee on Financing gave me the opportunity of advocating a separate budget for the Foreign Department. This was very generally agreed to.

This subcommittee had long meetings and made slow progress. One night I gave up and went to bed, but was called back to the committee rooms, after midnight, as the vote promised to be close. Looking back over my minutes of the meetings, it is interesting to recall the warning uttered by Manley and others about the quotas.

No one who was there will forget the brilliant presentation made by Mark Jones. For three hours he held the platform and answered most intelligently a swarm of intricate questions.

The Committee on Basis of Membership had a stormy time. They were dealing with the Slade Resolution which had been referred to this convention by the Atlantic City convention. This provided for a personal basis of membership.

I have never been in a conference where men in prayer sought so constantly for guidance as they did here. The problems were so perplexing and so seemingly insolvable that we were driven to our knees. Word would come in to a committee in session that a group of men had gathered in such and such a place and would continue in prayer while the committee sat. At one point the whole convention suspended business for a season of prayer.

It looked as if our coming together were going to be futile, but in the morning of the seventh day

of the convention, Rosebush, who contended for the dual agency plan, and in the afternoon, Ramsey, who advocated a single agency, each brought in his revised plan. It was apparent that they were not far apart. They were asked to retire and see if they could not agree. During the recess, Dr. Moton led us in singing Negro Spirituals while they discussed the situation, and we adjourned early, glad to get some sleep.

When morning broke it was evident that something had happened. When we met, a joint report was brought in on which agreement had been reached. With one accord we rose and sang the doxology and when, finally, the constitution had been adopted, Mott rose and asked the privilege of proposing a substitute preamble, the one we now have. In voicing his joy he said, "This is a great day in our lives; a creative hour, the work of the living Christ. Jesus Christ has been here. We have been drawn together by a common desire to make Christ known throughout the world. The man is not here who would not lay down his life for the deity of our Lord." Then he quoted Ephesians 4:12, 13. "For the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ: till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Before we met in another International Convention, Washington, 1925, the National Council had come into being and the General Board had been elected the successor of the International Committee. The Committee of Thirty-three made its final report and was discharged. Charlie Taft, one of my Northfield Bible Class boys, not yet thirty years of age, was elected president and presided with dignity and efficiency. Many of our foreign secretaries were present and I had numerous conferences with them. One of them was anxious to adopt a baby to take back to Japan.

Mott presented the final report of the International Committee and a few of us sat until after midnight discussing how the old organization could relinquish its work and transfer its assets to the new one. (We have since been advised by eminent counsel that this cannot be done.) Dear old Uncle Richard Morse led us in final prayer, his voice showing how keenly he felt the passing of the master he had served so faithfully and so long.

On December 3, 1924, the first meeting of the National Council was held in Buffalo, where the first International Convention had been held just seventy years before. I was not a member of the council, having failed of election in our district in New Jersey. I was among those who were invited to attend "for purposes of consultation." Dr.

O. E. Brown based his opening devotional service on these words, "Others have labored and ye have entered into their labors," our great heritage, our great task, our great God.

The newly launched ship sailed into smooth waters; the region of shoals had not yet been reached.

Personally I spent a large part of my time talking with members about the Foreign Work and meeting with the subcommittee having in charge that part of our task. I was anxious, as always, that we should be permitted to have a separate budget. This was agreed to, a budget of \$2,413,-813 was approved. I wrote in my diary, "Each state assumed the responsibility of seeing that it is secured. I do not think they will do it."

There had been a feeling of uncertainty as to whether Mott would continue with the new organization, so when Judge Lyon expressed the hope that he would continue to guide us for a long time to come, the men rose to their feet and expressed their approval in noisy fashion, and then later, when the newly elected General Board elected Mott General Secretary, and he accepted the office, there was bedlam let loose. It was a great tribute to a worthy man.

I was unable to remain in Washington, after the International Convention adjourned, and so did not

take any part in the second meeting of the National Council in 1925. I had been elected a member-at-large and a member of the Foreign Division. Some of our useful old members were returned to us in the Foreign Division.

I started the third meeting of the National Council at Chicago in 1926 by an enjoyable dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Lansdale, whose son is one of our foreign secretaries; Mrs. John W. Cook, with whom we traveled in Czechoslovakia; Mrs. Wiley and Mrs. Whitford, whose husbands were struggling with the program, and Lerrigo from China. These friendly gatherings of people having a common interest in a great cause have been a help to me all through my life.

Mott led the opening devotional meeting, speaking on "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." I wrote in my diary, "He was evidently pleading for peace and harmony." There was a good deal of anxiety manifested over the size of the budget, and the partial failure of the quota system. The foreign budget was pretty generally approved.

Here again I gave most of my time to the foreign work, meeting with that subcommittee and talking with its members. One man said to me afterwards, "It's worth the journey to Chicago to have been in that group."

This was Mr. Morse's last conference. He was very feeble, but had insisted on going to Chicago. I had the privilege of reminding the members that on the preceding Sunday he had celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday, and of extending our hearty congratulations to this saint of God. The men showed their love for him by their cheers.

A budget of \$4,084,715 was adopted, of which \$2,248,170 was for foreign work. This was done with such evident good feeling that we rose as one man and once more sang the doxology.

The 1927 Council meeting in Chicago will be remembered for many things, and one of them will be that Dr. Mott was absent. He was recuperating in Arizona and reassuring word came from him while we were in session. Nearly all our time was spent on the budget. We began to realize that for several years there had been a real deficit, and it was evident that a cut was coming. I felt that we went at the problem from the wrong end. We tried to determine how much money we had or could get and then do the work that that money would pay for. It seemed to me that the Christian way was to determine what work we ought to undertake as servants of the living Christ, and then find the money. Once, on a hillside in Galilee, twelve men received some food and He who had blessed it said to them, as He looked out over the thousands in

front of him, "Give ye them to eat, feed them all." These servants of his might have said, in fact, they did say, that what they had would only feed the few people in the front rows. But with Jesus it was not a problem of how much food they had, but of what they had to do. The disciples realized at last that his command was equivalent to equipment, and proceeded, and the task was more than finished. If our work is done because God bids us do it, we cannot fail; if it is not His work, then let's quit.

Committees were appointed, suggestions were made, resolutions were introduced, and the cut was ordered. There had been a good deal of feeling manifested, but when finally a practically unanimous vote approved the budget there was great rejoicing. In broken voices Lansdale and Ramsey led us in prayer.

The 1928 meeting of the National Council will always be remembered for the fine spirit which dominated the meeting. For two days we had been meeting with George Irving, Dr. Mott, Fletcher Brockman, David Teachout, Fred W. Ramsey, Stanley Jones, and Dr. R. S. Smith. Dr. Jones had stirred the depths with his searching talks, Dr. Smith led the Communion Service, and had drawn us closer to our Lord and to each other; Mott had urged us to preserve the Christian, evan-

gelistic, and missionary spirit in the Young Men's Christian Association.

When the Council meeting opened it was plain that men's hearts were warm. Brockman's great address contrasting China now and thirty years ago, and the great tribute to Dr. Mott on that Monday night, stand out in my memory. Mott was leaving us for the International Missionary Council and 750 of us joined in that farewell dinner. Mott said the tribute was not due him, but to those who had influenced his life. He then spoke lovingly of his mother and father and mentioned over a score of men who had helped him during his life. Among them were Moody, Morse, McBurney, Wilson, and Phillips Brooks. As he closed, he announced that Fred W. Ramsey would be his successor and quoted, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." A few days later he sailed on the *Majestic* on another sacrificial tour of the world.

I have only attended one World's Conference. As the time for that conference approached in mid-summer of 1909, Lovell Murray and I were in London, having attended the meeting of the World's Student Christian Federation at Oxford and having made a hurried trip to the British Student Conference in Baslow. Our trip to the continent might be labeled "The Chasing of the Vest." Lovell

Murray had sent his white vest to a laundry in London, and called for it on the way to the boat. As it wasn't ready he left word to have it forwarded to Rotterdam. But we left Rotterdam before it arrived, so word was left for it to come to Barmen. Here again time failed him, and we had to leave word at Barmen to have it forwarded to Antwerp. Just as we were ready to sail from that port it came covered with customs stamps of various countries, as I remember it, exceeding in value the cost of the vest.

We reached Barmen-Elberfeld a day late and found the twin cities deluged with rain and deep in mud. Unfortunately we had crossed the border at one point and our trunks had gone over at a different place. While this was annoying, the courtesy of everybody made it almost a pleasure. This we found true everywhere; on the railroads, on the streets we found politeness. And we found great admiration for Americans, especially among the delegates: they marveled at our work in the Y M C A.

It would serve no good purpose to attempt to give the details of the program of this conference. The discussions centered around the general theme: "Jesus Christ in the Personal, Family, and Public Life of Young Men." The meetings were too large, and the many languages prevented rapid

progress. Things were long drawn-out. At a memorial service, for instance, men from nine countries gave "memorial speeches." Receptions abounded, but the American delegates did not flock to them. The singing was the best I have ever heard. Many things were strange to us, one was seeing pastors drinking beer with their flocks. Signs of thrift were everywhere. The toothpick handed me on the diner bore an advertisement.

One of the most cordially greeted men was C. T. Wang, of China, then a junior at Yale, now secretary of Foreign Affairs in the Nanking Government, with whom we had crossed the ocean. At the farewell meeting, when the countries were called alphabetically, he responded for China and received the greatest welcome of all the speakers. When he said that he had learned to say, "auf wieder-sehn," the great crowd of more than two thousand broke into long-continued applause.

It was a veritable League of Nations functioning over the greatest problems that confront men.

One morning the different nations met by themselves though we had in our group as guests the men from South America, China and Japan. Marling gave his impressions of the conference, I told about our work in the foreign fields, and Morse gave one of his delightful reminiscences. Helbig brought us greetings from the German delegates.

That afternoon we had an important meeting of about thirty delegates representing China, Denmark, Great Britain, India, Italy, Japan, Norway, Russia, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States. Prince Bernadotte presided. A representative of each country told what was being done for soldiers and sailors, and they all sat up and took notice when they heard about our work. Fermaud spoke for the World's Committee. Outside of America this work was not connected with the Y M C A. When a motion was made by Marling that a committee be appointed to study the whole subject one after another opposed it, chiefly on the ground that it was interfering with the World's Committee and with local work. I wrote in my diary, "There was evident jealousy in what was said. Some of these people, good as they are, seem to be terribly afraid of having something to do." As I remember, the motion prevailed. To vote in support of that motion was what took me to Europe that summer.

That night I attended a great boys' meeting. I must record its German name, Grosse Jungenden Versammlung. Fifteen hundred boys were there, and how they did sing! I sat next to a little fellow who asked me if I spoke German. I had to say "No" in the best German I could muster. Then

he asked me if I spoke French and again I had to reply in the negative.

The conference was closed with many votes of thanks and much singing, some of it very fine.

We learned that Count Zeppelin was to sail his lighter-than-air ship, the first of its kind, up the Rhine and around the towers of the Cologne Cathedral, so most of us Americans, curious as ever, went there and wasted a day waiting for what never happened.

In 1924, I was one of the American delegates to the meeting of the World's Committee at Geneva. Among the Americans present were Mott, Marling, Davis, Carter, Colton, Chesley, Jennings, Cook, Jacob, Dr. John Brown, and E. M. Robinson. If I should attempt to name those from other lands it would appear that here was the real League of Nations. Cynn, from Korea, and Koo, from China, made a deep impression as they not only pleaded for their native lands, but led us up into heavenly places.

Accustomed as I was to the method of American conventions, many things about this meeting seemed strange to me. Everything was done with great deliberation and strictly according to Hoyle. It seemed to me also, as if the committee was not in very close touch with the actual work of the associations. I was constantly contrasting it with

the methods of our own Foreign Committee. But the deep sincerity of the men and the clear purpose to make Jesus Christ supreme was a source of satisfaction to me.

One morning as I was getting on the trolley to go to the railroad station with a suitcase in my hand, a brother lawyer also got on and asked me where I was going. I said I was on my way to Nashville, Tenn., to attend a conference on foreign missions. Then he remarked, "You're terribly interested in foreign missions, aren't you? New Jersey's big enough for me." "Well," I replied, "I think I've got the better of you. I have a God so big that He is interested in the whole world, while yours seems to confine his affection to this little state." He looked at me, but did not reply.

I have always felt a special interest in the Student Volunteer Movement because in 1920 I brought the corporation into existence by getting a bill passed in the New York Legislature, and because I have since served as its attorney and part of the time as a trustee. Just now I am chairman of the board.

I have attended and had a part in four of the S. V. M. conventions: Cleveland, 1898; Toronto, 1902; Nashville, 1906; Rochester, 1910. Two aspects of these conventions moved me deeply and

intensified my interest in foreign missions. The first was the offering of young life to help the men and women, the boys and girls in far-away lands—there were more than four thousand delegates at Nashville. I had never seen anything like that night at Cleveland when sixty young men and women, who were to sail within a year to twelve countries, told why and where they were going. Three of them said, "Anywhere." At Nashville there were one hundred who were to sail, and the moving cause with the majority of them was, "The great need out there and the abundant supply here." Listening to the ninety-two who rose at Rochester, I noted in my Missionary Bible some of the reasons they gave: "The only place where I can live and be true." "To be a Christian homemaker." "Every obstacle has been removed." "I am able to go, some cannot." "Can't get out of going." "Expected to send a substitute, but go myself instead."

The second thing that impressed me was the kind of men who were backing this great project of carrying the good news to the ends of the earth. They were strong men in every sense of the word, leaders in their chosen fields of service.

At these conventions I had the coveted opportunity of talking with our own foreign secretaries, and being brought up to date by them, and I met

many of our new men and men wanting to know about the work. I need hardly say that the addresses were an inspiration. It was here that I made friends with Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, whose sermon on Revelation 7:9, 10, "The beatific vision of an evangelized world," I shall never forget. Among the others I recall Robert E. Speer, pleading for the evangelization of the world in this generation; Father Endeavor Clark; John W. Foster; Macfarland, of Washington, D. C.; McDonald, of Toronto; Donald Fraser, later of Africa; Morrison, of the Congo; Bishops Lloyd, Baldwin, and McDowell; Dr. Charles Erdman; and Mrs. Howard Taylor (let me quote from my diary) "who made what was perhaps the most touching appeal of the Convention for a fuller consecration. I have been trying to think what has been the keynote of the convention and I believe it is Obedience—Obedience on the part of those who go, and on the part of those who stay."

Then again one caught life from those who were living the missionary life. I remember one afternoon when nine missionaries told why they went abroad. They agreed pretty well in their reasons: "Couldn't tell why I shouldn't go." "Consecrated before birth and never expected to do anything else." "Could find no reason why I should stay at home." "Worshiped Livingstone and followed my

hero." "Needed a life investment." "Convinced upon hearing the facts." "Heard a sermon on 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest,' and couldn't pray any more until I went."

I suppose the greatest conference in which I ever had a part was the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions held in New York City in 1900. Early in 1899, a preliminary committee was formed to arrange for this great world gathering and I was elected secretary. I was subsequently made secretary of the Finance Committee and of the Committee on Admissions. The Finance Committee was not difficult; we employed a secretary and had a surplus at the close of the conference. This we turned over to the Bureau of Missions. The Committee on Admissions, which came to be known as the "Committee on Tickets," was another story. People came from everywhere, and the great Carnegie Hall was always full to overflowing. I wrote in my diary one night, "I attended a meeting of the Committee on Ticketing at Carnegie Hall. It is a decidedly delicate subject. I wish I had nothing to do with it." The spirit of letting others be first seemed to be lacking. Everybody had many good reasons for demanding an unlimited number of seats, and many through neglect of instructions were disappointed. It certainly was a study in human nature.

No one who was present will ever forget the first great day, with ex-President Harrison in the chair, and President McKinley and President-to-be Roosevelt speaking. I wrote of that night, "The great hall was absolutely full, many standing. McKinley spoke well, Roosevelt poorly, Harrison best of all." I was too busy with details during those twelve days to hear very much of the speaking, but I did hear Henry Richards, of the Congo, H. Grattan Guinness, Eugene Stock, and the saintly Dr. John G. Paton.

Maltby Babcock was one of the speakers at the closing meeting. He spoke on the familiar missionary text, Acts 1:8. I recall how he said, "'And Samaria,' where is that? The place you most hate to go to."

A wonderful exhibit had been gathered from many mission fields. In 1902 I organized and incorporated the Bureau of Missions and the exhibit was turned over to it. Later the Bureau donated the material to the Natural History Museum in New York City.

Let me close this narrative of conferences with this story. One Sunday afternoon we were holding a conference, at 347 Madison Avenue, of our National Secretaries in the Foreign Work. All were present except K. T. Paul, National Secretary for India. We learned that he had been

detained at Ellis Island, because they didn't know how to classify this man from India. It was suggested that we unite in prayer for him. We knelt and prayed and while we prayed in walked Paul. We were back in the days of the Apostles.

XV

STUDENT CONFERENCES

One Sunday morning in October, 1887, our Y M C A Training Class began another season, with eighteen men present. We had an impressive lesson on the Holy Spirit. In the church service that morning we had a deeply spiritual sermon on The Revelation, and in the afternoon I met my class of lovely little girls in the Primary Department. It had been a solemn, yet glad day, and when night came the reading of "A College of Colleges," the report of the 1887 Northfield Student Conferences, was most congenial. Several of the addresses stirred my heart. It was at this conference that Henry Drummond gave for the first time his classic exposition of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and spoke on dealing with doubt. Then there were sermons by Moody, Pierson, Broadus, and Hastings. As I thought on the subject, I resolved to attend one of those conferences, and if possible take some of the members of our class with me, in order that we might get into the atmosphere of such a gathering and be exposed to its spirit. We talked about it during

the winter and when July 1, 1888, came it found half a dozen of us in camp at East Northfield, just back of Stone Hall, where the conference sessions were held. This was such a satisfactory experiment that we repeated our visit the next year. Of course, we were rank outsiders, but we were generously given all the privileges enjoyed by the college boys. That was the beginning of my contact with "Northfield," and year by year it was repeated until I had a record of having attended twenty-three such gatherings. One year I went directly from Northfield to the Yale Conference at Lakeville, Conn., and another time to Clemson College, in South Carolina, to help in their Bible study program.

First impressions are always deepest and I can still feel how moved I was during those July days forty years ago. Mr. Moody presided and dominated the conference. He spoke occasionally. Sankey, whose voice was very much frayed, sang a few times. Once he sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." Henry Clay Trumbull, whom Speer called "the greatest Christian of his time," won us all by his winsomeness. My real interest in Bible study dates from this conference. As I listened to Dr. William R. Harper develop the thought in the miscalled Minor Prophets, and heard Dr. Broadus's exposition of New Testament

passages, the Bible became a new book, indeed. I resolved then to see if I could find in it for myself what these men were bringing to us from the Book. I was glad to hear Dr. Harper say, "Any man might have the greatest difficulties with the Bible, and yet have implicit faith." It is interesting to recall that at a subsequent Northfield conference, Dr. Harper contended for the historical truth of the story of Jonah. Mr. Moody was at the height of his spiritual power. He had a great sermon on Daniel. I heard it a number of times. At one point he would pull out his watch, look at it, and go on, "Daniel saw it was bedtime, so he called one of the lions for a pillow and lay down to sleep." The boys often called for this sermon. After his talk on the Holy Spirit, I spent the whole afternoon reading Leviticus, to which he had referred, and then I borrowed one of those priceless Bibles of his and copied his notes into my Bible. Other great sermons of Mr. Moody's which we heard with rapt attention were "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" and "Elijah."

Another man at this first conference who was new in every way to me was Hudson Taylor, a mystic, founder of the China Inland Mission. While I could not follow him in all his beliefs, it was inspiring to see and hear a man of such simple faith, who was manifestly practicing what he preached.

His exposition of the Scripture was illuminating. Mr. Moody said he would like to hear him go through a whole chapter to see how long it would take.

Although I had met him before, here my forty years of friendship with Richard C. Morse really began. He was then forty-seven years of age, the General Secretary of the International Committee. He seldom appeared in public, but when he did men listened.

Foreign missions, of course, received due emphasis at the hands of Hudson Taylor, Robert Wilder, and others.

This conference was solemnized by the drowning of Griggs, of Cornell. It was a long time before his body was recovered and Mr. Moody never left the river through all those weary hours. It was an impressive funeral service, and I noted in my diary that a Cornell man spoke, a Mr. Mott. That was the first of many, many times that I have been privileged to hear that convincing voice. The first time I saw him in action was when he presided at a Round Top meeting in 1891.

The next year, while the schedule was still nearly all speaking, an innovation appeared in a model Bible Training Class of which I was a member. James McConaughy was the leader. We met

in a tent and gave a public demonstration of such a class in session.

Among the speakers that year were men who colored my religious thinking for several years: Dr. A. T. Pierson, Dr. A. J. Gordon, Bishop Foss, Bishop Baldwin, Harper, Speer, Wilder, and Moody. It was rich spiritual food these men gave us, and I sometimes wonder how the average student delegate reacted. A striking character that year was Dr. Driver from the Pacific Coast, as rugged as his native mountains. He had a big voice and made the echoes ring. One day while he was speaking some scamp called out "Louder," and the good man tried to oblige him. The boys kept calling and his voice kept growing until it was a veritable bellow. He had a famous illustration of a lumberjack writing a message on a shingle and sending an Indian who couldn't read to a far-away camp for a "frow," whatever that is. In three different addresses to the same group that week, he used this illustration.

From Association ranks we had William Blakie, on physical work, Ober, McBurney, and See, and one day Cephas Brainerd, Chairman of the International Committee. I recall how Mr. Brainerd held up a sheaf of letters and told us that was his daily mail as chairman of the committee. In those

days with a budget of \$25,000 the chairman was a very active member of the committee.

Things were crowded at these early conferences. Mr. Moody had a horror of idle time. I recall one Sunday when we began at 6:00 A. M. with a talk by Mr. Moody on "Willing Service." At 9:00 he gave us another, this time on "Prayer." Then at 10:15 we had Dr. Hoag; at 3:00, Charles Spurgeon on "Nails"; at 8:00, John T. Swift and a Japanese spoke.

Not the least helpful meeting of the day was when Mr. Moody would sit on Round Top, where his grave now is, and answer questions. I recall one boy asking him how he could overcome nervousness. Mr. Moody said to him, "Go down to this bookstore and get a lot of books, and go up and down this valley this summer trying to sell them." Another one asked, "Were you ever embarrassed on the platform?" "Oh, yes," he answered. "Once I was preaching and I wanted to illustrate going to the right place for help. I took out my watch and said, 'Here's my watch. If it was broken, what would I do with it?'" A man called out, 'Give it to me.' " "What did you do?" another asked. "I never heard him," Mr. Moody smilingly said. He told us how annoyed he once was while preaching in England. The new Moody and Sankey hymn book had just come out, and a

young man, sitting very near the front, would read a hymn, turn over a page, read another, and turn another page. "I had to get that hymn book shut, so when I used an illustration about a young man, I pointed down to the hymn reader and said, 'It was a young man just about the age of this young man reading the hymns.' The book went shut with a bang, and was not opened again." Moody used to say to us youngsters, "Learn to think on your heels."

At one of the very early conferences—I cannot recall which one—the announcement was made that we had secured another secretary for college work, John R. Mott, of Cornell. At once Mr. Moody said, "Let's see him," and this slim, tall alumnus of Cornell arose. This may have been Dr. Mott's first public appearance as an International Y M C A Secretary. On another occasion when we were told that a secretary had been secured for work among the southern colleges, Mr. Moody asked him to come to the platform. It was Fletcher Brockman. Mr. Moody put his hand on Brockman's head and led us in prayer, consecrating this great man to his work. The event has proved that here was real apostolic succession.

Betsey Moody Cottage was the abode of the mighty, and I recall how rejoiced I was when I, having become a member of the International

Committee and of the Foreign Committee, was asked to live there. It was like Arthur's Round Table,

A glorious company, the flower of men.

I found myself hobnobbing with Dr. McKenzie, Mr. Morse and his wife; Logan Roots, now Bishop of Hankow; Dr. W. W. Moore, Mott, Brockman, Turner, Speer, Ralph Connor, Bishop Lawrence, Fosdick, and Johnston Ross. Always after that, Room No. 9 in Betsey Moody Cottage was my dwelling place during the conference. Except twice. One year when we had with us representatives of twenty-six nations who were quartered in Revell Cottage, I was sent to be with them and to represent our Foreign Department. The other time was when I had my wife and small son with me. It was a warm season, and we were assigned to a room under a tin roof and over the kitchen. After baking there for two nights, Mrs. Murray and our boy gave it up and went home. A day or two later, I had a letter from my wife, which began, "My dear Shadrach," and went on, "Blessed be the God of Shadrach, who hath sent his angel and delivered his servants who trusted in Him." Being a good deal of a salamander, I stayed on.

It was a wonderful fellowship, those days in Betsey Moody Cottage. After the evening meeting we would gather in the dining room for crack-

ers and milk and stories. It was an hour of relaxation preparatory to a night of refreshing sleep. Here I realized that these saints of God were human like the rest of us.

The first year of my stay in that cottage was a notable one to me, particularly because of two addresses. One was by Mr. Moody on Nehemiah. I can see him now as he urged men to live on the higher levels, away from the "plains of Ono," and to devote themselves to the service of God. And I can hear him crying out, in the words of Nehemiah, "I am doing a great work and I cannot come down." The other address had a greater influence on my life, I verily believe, than any other spoken words. It was by Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, Mass. (It is strange that I should have written in my diary, "He speaks well, but too long.") The heart of what he said that day in 1891, I wrote on a blank page in my Devotional New Testament: " 'Simon, do you love me?' Simon said, 'Lord, I do.' Then Jesus said, 'Simon, I have died for the world, and the world does not know it. Do you see those sheep? They are my sheep. I have been feeding them and now I am going out of the world; Simon, will you take care of those sheep?' 'Yes, Lord.' 'I shall depend upon you, Simon; those sheep will starve to death if you do not feed them. I shall not make any other provision.' 'But, Lord,

what is John going to do?' 'No matter about John; Simon, will you feed those sheep, there on the hillside?' And Simon said, 'Lord, I will.' Then he went to heaven with no more anxiety; and if when he reached heaven some archangel should have said, 'Son of God, thou didst die for the world, does the world know it?' 'Scarcely anyone.' 'What arrangements have you made?' 'Simon said he would go and tell them.' 'And you trusted Simon?' 'Yes.' 'But, Lord, you might as well never have left heaven if Simon fails you.' 'I know it. I have staked all on Simon, Son of Jonas; I depend upon him.'"

It is difficult to differentiate one conference from another, but for me the conference of 1900 stands out by itself. In the first place, Mr. Moody, who seemed so essential to these meetings, had passed on into a still higher life and was sorely missed. A wonderful memorial service was held in the auditorium, where for two hours we listened, often with wet cheeks, to Henry Moore, Mott, Sayford, Sailer, Rose, Gleason, and others tell what this wonderful man had meant to each of them. The Mount Hermon boys were there, and later held a service of their own at his grave on Round Top. There a simple stone bears the words, "He that doeth the will of God, abideth forever." In the second place, this was the beginning of my Bible

work with Preparatory School boys—forty eager youngsters who stirred my soul as I thought of what they might become.

The Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, which had brought together so many missionaries, had been in session in New York City in May. Among famous missionaries who had attended that conference and who came to us were John G. Paton, Jacob Chamberlin, and William Ashmore. They spoke many times, and at our closing meeting all were on the platform. Dr. Ashmore reminded us that they there represented one hundred and thirty-three years of joyful missionary service. He spoke on Joshua 13:1, "Thou art old and stricken in years and there is yet very much land to be possessed." Dr. Paton pleaded for the exaltation of Jesus in our lives, and Dr. Chamberlin aroused us by his youthful enthusiasm. Mott spoke on the Holy Spirit, Speer made the closing prayer, and Dr. Paton pronounced the benediction. Was there ever such a meeting?

At this time the conference was further developed. A daily missionary institute and a morning Bible Class made their appearance. The students were faithful in their attendance. One morning I happened to walk past Marquand Hall at the class hour when I saw a lone youngster sitting on the steps. I greeted him and said, "How is it

you're not in one of the classes?" "Why," he answered, "the boys told me that if I'd come up here with them I'd have a good time with tennis and baseball, and here I am all alone, every last man in a Bible class."

The Fourth of July celebrations, which evolved into "Stunt Night," with their frivolity and seriousness delightfully intermingled, were great events. The men gathered by colleges outside the auditorium (after it was built) and marched in by classes singing and cheering. The largest crowd and the last to enter were the Mount Hermon boys with Mr. Moody proudly marching at their head. They took the longest way round and settled in the organ loft back of the platform. I was always fearful lest I should be the oldest graduate in the Yale group. Usually there were two ahead of me, Morse '62, and Beach '78; I was '80. Once there was only one before me, Richard Colgate '77. The costumes would do credit to a professional designer. One night the Yale men marched in, everyone wearing a mask made to show the face of a distinguished son of Yale, President Taft. The enthusiasm of the cheering was contagious. At one conference there was a lone man from the University of Texas. When his college was called he gave the cheer and sang the song just as if

there had been a crowd. He was roundly cheered for his loyalty.

We had many good speeches at these celebrations. It was not an easy crowd to hold at such a time. Among those who succeeded in getting their attention were Laflin Mills, of Chicago; Senator Spencer, of Missouri; Seth Low, of New York; Mackenzie King, of Toronto; Robert Ogden, of New York; and Woodrow Wilson, then president of Princeton.

The stunts were unique. One year the Harvard men formed themselves into an H when they sang their song. Of course that's an old stunt now, but it was new then. On another occasion the theologues became a pipe organ on which a tune was played. (Suggestive, no doubt, of the wind instruments some, at least, of them would become.) Yale more than once had McNamara's band with Enoch Bell leading. Sometimes there was a good deal of roughhousing, but it was all good-natured. At one of the Student Conferences held at Silver Bay the Japanese and Chinese students put on a joint stunt which well illustrates the good feeling such meetings engender. The Chinese had arranged the stage to look something like a Chinese home. At a table sat the old father. The room was in disorder, and the old man called on his sons to put things in shape. They made an

awful mess of it. When it was as bad as it could be, a group of Japanese appeared, announced that they had heard the house was in disorder, and that they had not succeeded by themselves in straightening it, and that they had come to fix it for them. Thereupon the Japanese entered the room, gathered together everything movable and made off with it.

The celebration always ended with an Indian war dance around the high bonfire. I recall racing around one between Charlie Trumbull, now of the *Sunday School Times*, and Janvier, later president of Forman College in India.

When the boys from Preparatory Schools began to come to Northfield I was asked to lead them in the study of the Life of Christ. That year I had a class of forty-five, all in one group. We were more or less sidetracked, the conference being geared for older boys. I remember vividly Henry Wright leading a class of college men in the gym, while we were in the bowling alley under him; a long stretched-out class it was. Each year after that I had these boys, sometimes as many as ninety-five of them. For sixteen years it was my unspeakable joy to be with them. The boys seemed to enjoy it. As the class was closing, one boy told me that he was sorry it was not to continue for two weeks longer. Another boy who has since

become quite a prominent man, said he came to the conference expressly to be in this class.

One year I had an interesting trio: Charlie Taft, son of President Taft; Dick Cleveland, son of another President, and Jim Garfield, grandson of a President. As the numbers increased we found it necessary to divide them into groups. I taught one of the groups and also the group leaders, who were college men.

Perhaps more important than the class sessions were the delightful interviews I had with many of these boys. Knowing that I was a lawyer, boys came wondering whether they should continue to prepare for law, or go into the ministry, at home or abroad. I usually gave them the words of Moses, "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence," and tried to show them that in the law as in the so-called sacred vocations they could be winning men for Christ their Master. They often came to get help for their Bible work when they returned to school or college. The avidity, I can think of no more appropriate word, the avidity of these boys was the teacher's rich reward.

In 1912 we introduced what we called a Preparatory School Assembly. We felt that much of the speaking in the auditorium was not suited to boys in Prep School, so talks were arranged to meet their problems. George Gleason was then our

Prep School Secretary, and he managed these assemblies. He was followed by Charley Gilkey, now Dr. Gilkey, of Chicago University. I rode back to New York from one of these conference with Gilkey and remember that he fell asleep reading one of his own sermons! A campfire talk was one effort to meet these boys in a natural way. This segregation of the men and boys gave the boys a sense of owning something and naturally brought larger numbers to Northfield. The headmasters began to come with the boys, and they met each day to discuss the religious problems of their schools. One year we had masters from Hill, Andover, Exeter, Groton, Mercersburg, Westtown, Moses Brown, Kingsley, and a number of other schools. Finally, in 1917, the Preparatory School boys hived off by themselves and began the series of conferences they have since held at Blairstown, N. J. I went with them. In 1920, when the Student Conference met at Silver Bay, the experiment was tried of housing the Prep School Conference at Uncas, a mile up the lake, so that they could attend any of the conference sessions which seemed helpful to them. I was with the boys at Uncas and enjoyed their fellowship.

A striking feature of this conference was the presence of Sadhu Sundar Singh. As he stood with his back to the lake, clad in his saffron robe,

and spoke on the words, "For their sakes I sanctify myself," it seemed as if we were listening to the Master on the shores of Galilee.

My life has been enriched beyond measure by the fellowship I was privileged to share with the men at Northfield during those twenty-three summers. Just to set down their names would fill pages, and I am not going to try. Besides those whom I have already named, I owe a debt of gratitude to Robert Speer, although I wrote in my diary, "I think he bears down too hard on the boys"; to Mrs. Howard Taylor of whom I wrote, after hearing her, "It was one of the best things I ever heard." Then there was that exemplar of the brotherhood of friendly men, Dr. Bosworth; and Dr. Gamewell, just back from the siege of Peking, suffering excruciating pain from a felon as he spoke; President King, of Oberlin, who made us think; Campbell Morgan, Arthur Pierson, and Ralph Connor. I recall how Mott dealt with the latter as to the kind of a talk he should give on Round Top, his experiences as a Sky Pilot; John McDowell, an evangelist, an old Mount Hermon boy; R. J. Campbell, and John Kelman, whose answers to questions astonished us, and the other men from Britain, Carnes, Glover, Black, and Johnston Ross; Dr. Jefferson, of New York, who gave a wonderful talk on the Book of Acts. When

he returned five years later I told him I remembered his talk. He called to his wife, who was standing a few feet away, "Come here, dear; here's a man who remembers what I said five years ago." There was Charles Cuthbert Hall, of sacred memory, and Dr. Coffin, his successor at Union Seminary. In July, 1905, I wrote in my diary, "On Round Top we had two talks by young ministers, and one of them, Mr. Fosdick, gave one of the best presentations of the claims of the ministry I ever heard. Being himself a young man, recently out of college, he met men who were questioning their call on their own level." Later I sat in the auditorium with Fosdick listening to Speer. As we walked out he said, "Do you think I'll ever speak like that?" And then he began to analyze Speer's method, his breathing, his emphasis, and all that goes into real eloquence. At a still later conference, when Fosdick spoke on "The Second Mile," I felt that he had answered his own question. In 1910 I wrote, "Fosdick is speaking with power."

At Northfield I had many conferences with our foreign secretaries. It was delightful to stretch out on the grass in the shade and commune together about the work that was so close to our hearts. One of our secretaries in Japan, writing to me in answer to my Northfield letter, said,

"When Mott was out here he asked me what was the best thing I got at home last year. I had to tell him that one of the best things, after a month with my mother, was an hour with you under the trees at Northfield."

The long procession of missionaries who marched across the Northfield platform speaking with apostolic fervor was, to my missionary zeal, like pouring oil on fire. Besides those I have mentioned already, I recall Hotchkiss, the Ewings, Higginbottom, Forman, and a host of our own men. So much for Northfield.

For some reasons, one of the most interesting of my many conferences was the one of the British Student Movement which I attended with that devoted man Lovell Murray, who had been one of our secretaries in India, and Dr. Weatherford at Baslow, England, five hours out of London. Here the men were living and meeting in tents; the women students were in a hotel half a mile down the road. I had bought a reduced fare week-end ticket, and had gone up to Baslow on Friday, expecting to spend Saturday and Sunday there. When we arrived we had some difficulty in locating ourselves, as everyone was in a meeting in a great tent. Finally, Lovell Murray and I were assigned to a tent with a group of Oxford men. It was a circular tent, with no furnishings except a tar-

paulin spread on the ground. Blankets came from headquarters and the men used their duffle bags for pillows. It seemed to me that it would be difficult to work under such conditions, especially as the students had to police the camp at night. I was received with overflowing hospitality. It must have been the appeal of my age, for while the boys slept on the ground, they rushed off and salvaged an army cot from somewhere for me. I remember the blankets they gave me. It seemed as if in the morning about half of the blanket had attached itself to my overcoat, which I had to use, for the night was cold and wet. Cold as it was in the early morning, those hardy youngsters rushed out into a temporary enclosure where they splashed water on one another.

We had left London at noon, after a light lunch, expecting to get a good evening meal at the camp. Upon inquiring we found to our dismay that there would be no dinner, merely biscuits and cheese and cocoa at nine. We were advised by one of the wise ones not to try to enter the dining tent by the door, but to crawl under the canvas when the bugle blew. We were hungry enough to attempt anything, and when the welcome notes were sounded we were soon inside. There we found long tables on which were alternating bowls of biscuits and cheese; a man came round and gave us

each a tin cup full of cocoa. It was not very satisfying after our long fast, so when one of our trio suggested that in the morning we go to a hotel and get a real meal there was no dissent. We found a lovely little inn, where the women students were living, and met some of them. I thought they looked at us as if they thought we were not quite up to the requirements of a British Students' Conference.

We concluded that we had seen enough of the conference, and that with our limited time it would be better to spend Sunday in London. So on Saturday morning we said good-bye to our British cousins and started back. The first guard who looked at my ticket told me it was no good, but he did nothing. When I asked what was the trouble, he said, it could not be used for the return journey until Monday. All along the line the same thing occurred, but no one seemed to object to my riding. I thought I was getting to London anyway, even if my ticket was no good. One of my friends suggested what the ordinary college boy would have done: get off at a station near London, buy a ticket, and come in on another train. But I've always had a tender spot for the poor railroad, so I stuck to the forbidden train. When we ran into the station in London, I found my Nemesis: there came a guard looking for a man who

had a ticket from Baslow. I satisfied his longing and at his request handed over a sovereign and some shillings!

But it was an enjoyable experience. In London, the next day, we were fortunate in hearing Sylvester Horne in a great sermon. It was the time when men were going on vacation. He took as his text Job. 28:4 (R.V.), "He breaketh open a shaft away from where men sojourn." He urged his hearers to sink some shafts while they were at leisure, find some gold. "We have too many merchants and too few miners in our religion," he said.

One of the most memorable student conferences I ever attended was that of the World's Student Christian Federation at Oxford in 1908. Thirty-one nations were represented by 177 delegates. My traveling companion was Lovell Murray. There were four Murrays there, one from Canada and one from South Africa besides ourselves. Others whom I recall were Fosdick and Wilder; Luzzi, from Italy; Farquhar, from India; C. T. Wang, from China; LeSeur, Lenwood, Seaton, Tatlow, from England; Rutgers, from Holland; Niwa, from Japan; Baron Nicolay, from Russia; Eckhoff and De Silva. Many of them I had met at Northfield. As a lover of children, I was glad to see the portrait of "Lewis Carroll" among the worthies in Christ Church dining hall.

Our first day ashore we spent in London, and went first to visit the graves of Livingstone, in Westminster, and Gordon, in St. Paul's.

In Oxford we were quartered in Keble College. I enjoyed the novelty of living in the room of one of the Oxford boys, and being cared for, as to bath and shoes, by his scout.

The language of the conference was English, Dr. Karl Fries interpreting for speakers in all languages. Once, after he had interpreted for a Frenchman and then for a German, putting what they said into English, Dr. Mott spoke in English and Dr. Fries started in English to tell what Mott had said. We all saw it and smiled.

Prayer was given a large place in this meeting. Bible study was stressed. Many of the addresses were purely inspirational, though much business had to be transacted; some of the subjects were "Fellowship with Christ," "Fellowship in Prayer," and "Communion with God." One of the most penetrating was by Gilkey, "I, if I be lifted up." Professor Allier, of France, had prepared a paper which was read in English by his son. In 1919, when I called on the professor at his home in Paris, I saw the draped photograph of his boy on the mantelshelf. He was part of the great sacrifice of the war.

For some reason, I was deeply moved by the

appropriate hymns used at Oxford. The first night we sang:

In the secret of his presence
How my soul delights to hide.

And at the close of this first hour,

Lord Jesus, are we one with thee?
O height and depth of love!
Thou one with us upon thy throne,
We one with Thee above.

After a great report of progress and accomplishment we sang,

Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things has done,
In whom his world rejoices.

In the quiet of a Sunday evening, sitting there surrounded by those walls redolent of the past, we sang,

O Sabbath rest by Galilee,
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

The wonderful buildings so full of memories kept us in a congenial atmosphere as we discussed the spiritual welfare of the students of the world. The

gracious receptions by the deans of the colleges cemented our friendship with our English brothers.

When Lenwood spoke on Revelation 3:20 some of us had already seen Holman Hunt's picture "The Light of the World," in Keble College Chapel, Christ standing at the door which must be opened from the inside. I have been told that a little girl showed a copy of this picture to her father, a man not interested in religion, and said, "Papa, why don't they let him in? He has been standing there a long time: see how the weeds have grown over the door." "Oh, I don't know," the father replied, rather disturbed. Soon after the little girl came back and said, "I know why; they are down in the cellar and they don't hear him." In the midst of Lenwood's talk we knelt down and sang,

Breathe on me, Breath of God;
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Mott closed the conference with helpful thoughts of how we could make the influence of this conference permanent: we must put into practice the dominant note of the conference; we must lose ourselves in Christ. This, he said, was not easy. He suggested that we settle once for all that Jesus

Christ shall have his rightful place as Lord, Master, Owner, Dominator. The great secret of being lost in Christ is contemplation of the Cross. We sang as our last hymn,

O Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me, my Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle if Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway, if Thou wilt be my
guide.

XVI

THE FOREIGN WORK OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

My interest in foreign missions was awakened by an address by Robert P. Wilder early in 1888. By that time I had been thoroughly aroused from my spiritual lethargy through contact with our local Y M C A of which I had become president. I had seen that religion was life, and that people everywhere needed life, as He realized who said, "I am come that they might have life." Then, too, I had been at my first Northfield Student Conference that summer, and missions had been stressed by Hudson Taylor, Wilder, Speer, and others, following the uprising of Student Volunteers at the 1887 conference. I had been reading the lives of missionaries, notably Mackay, of Uganda; Bishop Hannington, and Joseph Hardy Neesema. David Brainerd's *Memoirs* made a deep impression just at this time.

On the Pacific Ocean in the summer of 1892, I wrote in my diary, "Today, I finished Pierson's masterly appeal for foreign missions, 'The Crisis of Missions.' I can only say that there is no rea-

son I can give in answer to his exposition why I should not be in the foreign field, unless it is selfishness. God grant that I may see my way clear in this all-important matter and do my duty when I know it." I resolved then to give this work a large place in my life, and to live in America the life of a missionary.

In making my contribution to the spread of the gospel in mission lands, I have worked in the Laymen's Missionary Movement, conducted many mission study classes, served the Student Volunteer Movement, been active in the Bible House in Constantinople, attended very often the annual conference of the Foreign Mission Boards, and taken part in conducting the Ecumenical Conference of 1900, but all the time my first love has been the Foreign Work of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America.

There had been sporadic Y M C A work in mission lands before we undertook it. Dr. Frank Sanders had organized an association in Ceylon, and Dr. H. P. Beach had another in China. Not until 1889, however, were there any organized efforts along this line. John T. Swift, a Yale man who had served with McBurney and been general secretary of the association at Orange, N. J., had been in Japan as a teacher. On his return home he attended the International Convention in Philadel-

phia in 1889, composed of delegates from the United States and Canada. With the chairman of the International Committee, E. B. Monroe, he presented the claims of young men in foreign mission lands. Swift read a paper on "The Responsibilities of American Associations to Young Men in Foreign Mission lands." A resolution was offered by McBurney:

RESOLVED, that the International Committee be empowered to establish such Associations, and place such secretaries in the foreign mission field as in its judgment may be proper, and to receive such contributions for this work as associations and individuals may contribute.

The last clause in this resolution was added after debate, and it was then somewhat reluctantly adopted. I was a delegate and voted for this resolution which was the first step in our great foreign work. There were some, however, who sincerely felt that money given for the work of the Committee should be spent in this country. This last clause was added, and meant a separate budget for the Foreign Department.

I have often asserted in public that the great growth of the American Young Men's Christian Associations dates from the adoption of this resolution: that God showered His blessings upon us

when we in obedience to His command started to take His gospel to all the young men of the world.

There is that scattereth, and increaseth yet more; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth only to want.—Prov. 11:24.

Here and there we found doubt of the right of the International Committee, under its charter, to do work outside the United States. James Stokes felt that way, when about to turn over to us his work in Russia, so the act of incorporation was amended by inserting the words “in any country.”

The first year of the foreign work there were 1,141 associations in America. Our home work cost in 1888, \$48,261, and in 1890, \$57,086. The foreign work cost us, that first short year, \$3,725; the next year, the first full year, it rose to \$7,599.

A couple of months after my election to the International Committee in 1891, I was assigned to the Foreign Work Committee of which Robert McBurney was chairman. This brought me the friendship of this great man. On September 15 of that year I attended my first meeting of the Foreign Committee. We then had three men in the field. Four years later, upon McBurney's resignation, I became chairman and held the office until February 2, 1925, an entire generation. At the end of my term we had on the foreign staff, at

home and abroad, 197 secretaries of whom I knew personally 178.

In June, 1924, a member of the home staff of the Foreign Department wrote me, "Will you permit me to say to you what can be very poorly put into words at best, namely, that your leadership of the Foreign Work is of increasing value as the years go by. I have never known anyone working in a volunteer capacity to show a greater devotion to a service task or greater intelligence in meeting the problems. And best of all is the fact that throughout the whole alignment of the Foreign Work forces, there is a genuine affection shown towards the Foreign Division Chairman."

In the beginning the Foreign Committee, though representing both Canada and the United States, was small in numbers, for awhile only McBurney and myself. We grew with the staff. For a long time there were ten members, the most active ones being F. B. Schenck, C. H. Dodge, and Frank Sanders; then we were enlarged to fifteen; and when Dr. Mott accepted the general secretaryship both the committee itself and the home base staffs were considerably enlarged, 72 members being assigned to our committee. Colton, Eddy, and Jenkins became associate general secretaries for the Foreign Department, and Clinton, Nichols, and Rugh took the home base. When the new con-

stitution was adopted in 1923, twenty-seven men were elected to the Foreign Division, ten secretaries were assigned to the home base; and we had 174 men out in fifteen countries.

At the Northfield Student Conference in 1888, I heard Jacob Chamberlin plead for a man to bring the Y M C A to the young men in India. He wrote his name in my Missionary Bible. Nearly forty years later I was talking to his son, himself a missionary, about this Bible and I told him I was proud to have his father's autograph. He asked if he might see it and when I showed it to him, he said, "Yes, that's father's signature," and then he added rather sadly, I thought, "I never saw much of my father." This is the price these noble men pay for the privilege of being missionaries.

David McConaughy, who was secretary of the Central Branch of the Y M C A in Philadelphia, accepted the call to India; and Swift went back to Japan as a Y M C A secretary. The two men started on the same day in October, 1889, one going east to India, the other west to Japan, the beginning of our Foreign Work. Swift served most efficiently for nine years, and resigned to enter the ministry. He continued to live in Japan, until his death in 1928, a friendly adviser of the Association, a professor in the Imperial University. McConaughy served in India until August,

1902, when his wife's health compelled him to return to America.

Since my first meeting with the Foreign Committee in 1891, I have missed few of these monthly gatherings. A great many of them were held in my office. In those early days, when the committee was small, a favorite meeting place was Mr. Morse's home in 18th Street, New York City. There we three, Morse, McBurney, and myself, would dine with Mr. and Mrs. Morse and move to the library upstairs for our discussion. When McBurney had smoked the three cigars he brought with him, the meeting adjourned. Occasionally we met with McBurney in his lonely abode in the famous tower room in the 23rd Street Building. It was redolent of the scenes that had been enacted there. McBurney was a lonely man. When I told him that I was to be married he said, "I wish I had done that years ago."

I have always felt that my law office was hallowed by the meetings of this committee and any shoddy work there would be sacrilege. I recall one meeting in particular in 1893. Two days before Campbell White sailed to join McConaughy in India, Morse, Leonard, McBurney, and I had taken lunch with him. We then adjourned to my office, and kneeling there among the law books, we "com-

mended him into God's care and so sent him forth on his mission."

We had no executive secretary at the home base. Wishard, who was a college secretary, gave us more and more of his time when at home, but the duties fell upon Morse and McBurney.

At this time Wishard, to whom the foreign work owes so much, was on a world tour. He came home enthusiastic over the opportunities he had found, largely among students in mission lands. We were inclined then to look up our task as a work for students, the men who were to be the leaders in their native lands. Mott in his first world tour dealt largely with students. Campbell White went to India for student work. He it was who secured the abandoned Lady Dufferin Hospital in Calcutta, which became 86 College Street, as a student center. In 1898, with his great optimism, he wrote to us: "1. Calcutta has the largest number of college students of any city in the world. 2. The College YMCA of Calcutta has the most valuable association property in the world. 3. The college association in Calcutta has by far the largest attendance of non-Christian students at its gospel meetings, of any association in the world. 4. The students at college in Calcutta represent a greater population than the students of any other city in the world."

Wishard was a remarkable man. I saw a great deal of him in those early days, and he was often in my home, especially after I became chairman. In April, 1892, my diary reads, "I had the pleasure today of holding a conference with Mr. L. D. Wishard, the International Secretary, who has been round the world in the interest of foreign missions. He is full of interesting information and now starts out to raise money for the men at the front. God bless him in his efforts." Handicapped in the same way as Paul, he was an expert in financial solicitation.

He started off again in 1895, on a six months' visit to England and South Africa, just as Mott began his long tour of the world in the interest of college men. Morse, D. W. McWilliams, Beaver, Hicks, Millar, W. W. White, Dr. Strebbins, Brockman, myself, and a score of others joined them in a farewell dinner, at which Goodman presented Mott with a watch from his Northfield friends. It was on this journey that Wishard was stranded in Athens, Greece, due to illness of himself and his wife. Feeling, as always, the responsibility for the budget of the Foreign Department, he sent out his famous appeal, dated, "From under the Shadow of Mars Hill." Wishard's absence made the budget look very shaky to us here at home. Mr. Morse and I spent two whole days,

one in my home and one in my office, trying to frame a letter to Wishard, that would induce him to return to America. Wishard was very self-willed.

Different opinions on our work in mission lands were held by the strong men engaged in it. They were giving their lives to it. Whatever it was, an entry in my diary in 1895 reads, "Met with Mott, Wishard, and C. H. Dodge to decide a question of policy between the College Committee and the Foreign Committee." Both Mott and Wishard were student secretaries and we hardly knew to which committee our foreign work belonged. As late as 1903, the Student and Foreign committees had joint meetings, usually at Mr. Dodge's home. In 1896 an article in *Foreign Mail* said, "While the work done by Mr. Mott in Australia and by Mr. Wishard in South Africa is entirely separate from the Foreign Committee's enterprise, it deserved special attention because of its large future relation to the missionary cause." At that time Mott and Wishard had not yet become foreign committee secretaries. This difference came to a head in a long letter from Wishard to McConaughy. At about this time, Campbell White appeared with a call for a college secretary for India. McConaughy was at home. This brought matters to a focus and we decided at last that our work was primarily a

city work, but that we must work with the students also. And then we had a sort of love-feast at the Astor House, Morse, White, McConaughy and his family and I, just before White returned to India taking Louis Hieb with him.

Wishard was a tireless money raiser; he had to be. One argument that he used was that with twenty-five men in the field our work of introducing the Y M C A could be accomplished, and we believed him. Later Mott argued on the basis of 125 men. The financial success of the early days was due to Wishard's addresses and personal visits. I remember once he spent Sunday with me, giving one of his winsome talks in our church. Monday he called on some of the people who had heard him. He got into one house, and after spending an hour telling his story, he found he was in the wrong place. The lady to whom he was talking said, "I think you want to see my sister." Nothing discouraged—it was almost impossible to discourage Wishard—he ambled along to the other house, and secured a contribution which has come in year by year ever since from a family which ultimately sent a son to China as a secretary.

Wishard served the Foreign Department until 1898. I find this entry in my diary under November 11, 1897, "Wishard, our foreign secretary,

is to leave us on January 1st, and I am to carry on a great part of the work he has been doing."

Wishard's best friend was Cleveland H. Dodge. In later years Mr. Dodge often consulted me about Wishard, sending me letters Wishard wrote to him, and I know how good Mr. Dodge was to him.

I have mentioned Louis Hieb, who went to Ceylon to an association which had been established in 1882. So much did he endear himself to the young men of Ceylon that when their building was constructed in Colombo, they called the auditorium "Hieb Hall." After his return to America he lived for a while in Burlington, Vt. I happened to be in that city on a lawsuit and called on Hieb. He was delighted to see me and said, "Come upstairs, I've got something to show you." There I met Mrs. Hieb and David Livingstone Hieb, seven days old. Hieb was followed in Ceylon by one of God's noblemen, Crutchfield, a University of Texas football star. Once when he returned from furlough the members of the association met the steamer, and taking the horse from the carriage themselves pulled "Crutch" to the building. Later he was invalided to Switzerland for tuberculosis. On the Red Sea he wrote a letter addressed to Mott and myself in which he said: "My mind is fully made up that if after all has been done to arrest this disease, I am still declining, I shall not leave Switz-

erland for America, but I shall seek the Suez and go back to lay my bones in Ceylon soil among the young men I love."

After Swift had been in Japan a year or so, R. S. Miller, of Cornell, joined him. He served for four years, and then his remarkable command of the Japanese language recommended him to the American Minister, and he became secretary of the Legation in Tokyo, but still earnestly devoted to our work. He is now representing our government in Korea.

The work of a secretary of the Y M C A in a mission land, where our American churches had been working for many years, was so new that not only the committee at home, but the men on the field, sometimes differed as to the form it should take. This happened in the case of Swift and Miller. I had by this time reached that stage in the development of my missionary education where I wanted to see missionaries at work on the field. So in the summer of 1892 I took my vacation by visiting Japan, primarily that I might confer with our two men in that country. I was fortunate in having as traveling companions some Japanese on their way home from college and some American missionaries going back to their fields. Swift was not in the best of health, and was in the mountains with his family, but Miller met us and was of un-

told assistance. At our request Swift had sent a young Japanese student to be our friendly guide. After a day or two we went to Tokyo and Swift came down and met us. I had two of my sisters with me. In the hotel in Tsukiji we had the first of our many talks together. It is not necessary to go into their problems here, for they were soon solved and the Japanese associations continued on the course which they have ever since followed so successfully. I had the benefit of conferences with such missionaries as Dr. DeForest and Dr. Berry, and many others, friends of the Y M C A. I met Niwa, our first Japanese secretary, who is still serving, now with the Japanese in Korea.

That trip did this for me: I saw the need, I knew America could supply the help, and I came home to report to the committee that we had made no mistake at Philadelphia; it also gave me a very useful story as I went about seeking support for the work.

I was given many opportunities after that of presenting our cause. At the next International Committee dinner in New York, I made my first appearance at that particular function. It was a rare opportunity, and I always enjoyed it.

I took every opportunity to hear missionaries speak, such men as Dr. Clough, of Burma, Bishop Thoburn, Dr. Ewing, Dr. Henry Blodgett, John

Forman, and many others. I always made it a practice to read the annual reports of our men on the field, sometimes using a holiday for the purpose. My diary one day said that I was busy reading reports from 174 secretaries.

After my appointment as chairman, the task of conferring with prospective secretaries fell to me. Wishard usually hunted up some likely man and sent him to my office. I had begun to go to student conferences at Northfield, and many and many a man did I meet, stretched out on the grass beside Betsey Moody Cottage. More than one secretary began his journey to the field from that sacred spot. I remember distinctly one day, as evening drew near, we left the supper table to say good-bye to J. H. Warner and his bride, starting for South America. Here I met Sherwood Eddy for the first time, in 1896, "who is thinking of going out as one of our secretaries," I wrote. He came to my office just before he sailed in October of that year. I have been honored with his friendship ever since. I remember one day in the twenties he wrote me that he had just learned that there had been a state income tax law in New York for five years and he and his wife had known nothing about it, though subject to tax. After negotiations with Albany, a compromise was effected.

Even while at the World's Conference in Ger-

many in 1909, we were looking for men. I wrote on August 1, "I spent the entire morning in Mott's room with him and Andersen. First we had De Silva, of Portugal, whom we invited to become secretary of the University Association at Coimbra, yet to be founded. We had an intense hour with him and it looks as if he would accept. Then we had Farquhar and Weatherford. The latter we asked to go as Bible Study Secretary to India. It was a serious matter with him and he is to consider it. If I were younger and competent there is no place on earth I'd rather have than that."

Almost from the beginning the budget has been an irritant and a cause of anxiety. An entry in my diary in November, 1896, reads, "L. D. Wishard is at home with me. We spent a couple of hours going over different matters in connection with our foreign work. Our budget is in bad shape." It was less than \$30,000 that year. The next year we were so hard pressed that we released Wishard to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions for a year, partly to reduce our budget, but primarily to give them the benefit of Wishard's extended experience with what they were undertaking. In announcing Wishard's release we said, "The Chairman of the Foreign Committee will assume the work of administration, in which he will be assisted when necessary by the secre-

taries of the committee, who have already sustained a very close relation to the foreign work."

At the close of 1922, I wrote, "It is going to be a miracle if we close this year without a deficit," and a little later, "It looks impossible to close the year." I then signed eighty letters to men who might help. As late as 1926, I wrote, "Money is coming in very slowly. We are worse than we have ever been." The great deficit of 1927 was the climax of our distress. At times we tried to get the men on the field to economize. I once signed five hundred letters seeking financial help from men who had been at the International Convention.

The budget grew rapidly. Starting at \$3,700, in 1902 it had reached \$80,000; in 1906, \$159,000; in 1910, with 63 men on the staff, it rose to \$211,289; in 1915 it was \$441,552, when we numbered just 100 men in the field. In 1918 it went over the million dollar mark and we had 157 secretaries. The cost of administering the fund that year, was 6.9 per cent. It passed the million and a half mark in 1921.

It has been a great committee unselfishly devoted to its work. A secretary in China wrote, "I know of no missionaries on the field who have behind them such a loyal and consecrated committee as ours. This is not 'hot air,' but it is my firm

conviction after an investigation to some extent of the relationship existing between the missionaries and their home boards." Another wrote, "My experience under you out in China has made me feel that we have a group of fathers in the Foreign Department Committee looking after their sons on the foreign field." A secretary who had suffered greatly wrote to us, "My twenty-six years as a secretary with the Committee administering the national and international service have been an unbroken experience of large mindedness and consideration received at their hands, leaving nothing to be desired. The recent act whereby the members of the Foreign Committee individually entered into our family sorrow and the attending economic problem has given the final sanction and seal of brotherhood to the relationship, and laid on me a yet purer devotion to the Lord of us all who creates and nourishes life like that in men." We have always tried to be more than a committee. In some years before the family grew so large the wives of the foreign secretaries circulated a Round Robin letter, and included my wife. One holiday we took our lunch, went off into the woods and spent the whole day reading those love letters. I know a family of secretary's children who call me grandfather, and I was pleased with a letter from the wife of one of our secretaries who said, "You

will never know what a help you were to my faltering spirits the summer before we came out, and how often we speak of you and your unconscious help to us. You're so much more jolly and *human* than lots of good people, if you don't mind my saying so."

When Mott took hold of the Foreign Department, he had associated with him for many years H. P. Andersen and E. T. Colton. In 1913, E. C. Jenkins was added to the Home Base staff. When Colton went to the Religious Work Committee in 1919, Jenkins became the head of the home staff, and when Jenkins became president of the Chicago Y M C A College, Colton assumed those duties.

In February, 1925, W. W. Fry was elected chairman of the committee and brought to that office his great experience and his unselfish devotion. It is a joy to serve under him.

It is impossible here to follow the development and growth of the foreign work in any detail. Some day some one must write the whole wonderful story. Whosoever does this will find the history of fourteen eventful years (1904 to 1918) in the little magazine *Foreign Mail*.

But beginnings are always interesting. I have spoken of India and Japan. Soon appeals came from our men for help. We responded and associates were sent. Other countries appealed. We

sent Myron Clark to Brazil in 1894. He met with great opposition, for Brazil had a form of Christianity and did not relish being classed as pagan. Rio had a population of 750,000. Clark was indefatigable, refusing to be discouraged. He married a lovely Brazilian girl. One day when he was home on furlough, he brought four of his children to my office to see me. None of them could speak English; they spoke Portuguese. Clark died in Rio after twenty-six years of effective service, having in a very real sense identified himself with the people of Brazil. His oldest son became one of our foreign secretaries and served in Portugal; another son serves the association in Rio as general secretary. Clark so endeared himself to the people of Rio that in a very few years they had a building, part of the money coming from America. This was the first YMCA building in South America. It was a very modest affair to us, but of it a Rio paper said, "In the very heart of the city there is being constructed the vast and magnificent building of the Young Men's Christian Association."

In 1896, when I was a very young and inexperienced chairman, I wrote for *Foreign Mail* a sort of summary of our work up to that time. It seemed very wonderful then; the account is almost amusing today. My article was headed, "The Greatest Year in Our Foreign Work."

Every year in the short history of this movement has been memorable, but 1896 surpasses every preceding year in almost every respect.

In the first place a larger force has been engaged in the foreign work than in any preceding year. The committee has at the close of this year nine foreign representatives—one in China, one in Ceylon, four in India, two in Japan, one in Brazil.

The year has been marked by the large amount of money which has been contributed towards the permanent equipment of the Associations in Asia. Fully forty-five thousand dollars have been pledged for the purchase of the Students Association building in Calcutta. Thirty thousand dollars have been pledged by John Wanamaker for the erection of a building in Madras; several additional thousands have been given by American friends towards the furnishing of the Madras building. Ten thousand dollars were given by Mrs. J. Livingstone Taylor, of Cleveland, for the erection of a building in Tientsin. A building enterprise has been inaugurated in the city of Rio de Janeiro. The total amount subscribed for buildings will reach nearly \$100,000. [Contrast this with the \$1,000,000 now available for the building in Jerusalem.]

The most distinguishing characteristic of the year, however, consists in the extraordinary results which have been accomplished by Mr. Mott, College Secretary of the International Committee in India, China, Australia and Japan. Over 2,000 students, representing more than two hundred colleges, have been present at the twelve conferences conducted

by him in India, China and Japan. . . . Strong national organizations have been formed in India and China, and both countries have applied for membership in the World's Student Christian Federation.

In 1895 came the appeal from China signed by sixteen prominent Chinese and endorsed by the missions. D. Willard Lyon, now in China and born in China, was chosen to open that great land, where later we once had eighty-five men. After an investigation Tientsin was chosen as headquarters and a feeble organization was perfected. Lyon himself was received with open arms, the Mutual Improvement Club of the city being among those welcoming him. Thus he began the great service he has rendered to China's young men. I have seen the rented building in which this work began, now a residence, but still bearing across the front, "Not willing that any should perish." Soon they were praying for a building of their own. Lyon wrote, "These prayers were remarkably answered in April, 1896, by Mrs. Taylor's visit to Tientsin and her magnificent gift of \$10,000 for the purpose of erecting a building." Our first building in China.

As in Japan, so in China, our men soon called for help. Everything was new, in most countries they had to acquire a language, and oftentimes the climate, to say the least, was different from

America. Lyon, for instance, very soon wrote, "I am in sore need of help. To continue attempting to do the work already laid upon me any length of time is absolutely out of the question." These appeals were often heart-rending, as we thought of these faithful men pouring out their lives, and we at home finding it so difficult to send relief. And it is still difficult. In 1929 there were thirty unanswered calls from nations wanting our help.

One day Bob Gailey appeared on the horizon ready to go anywhere. In our little quarterly we said, "Mr. Gailey has become widely known throughout the college world for the splendid work he has done as center rush on the Princeton teams." Human nature doesn't change. I once met Mr. McNair, a missionary in Japan. When I was introduced to him I said, "I remember how you used to frighten the Yale men when you played on the Princeton football team." "Oh," he sighed, "is that what they remember me for in America?" Gailey went to China in 1898 and is serving still. In 1900 he and his wife and baby escaped death at the hands of the Boxers by hiding in a cellar, though they lost everything else.

I had several talks with Fletcher Brockman, when he was a student secretary, about our foreign work, and he decided to go to China. After the closing meeting of the Student Volunteer Con-

vention in Cleveland in 1898, a few of us met in my room in the hotel, and kneeling by the bedside with Brockman and Robert Lewis, we commended them to the Master whose last command they were about to obey. Soon after that they sailed for China, Lewis to Shanghai, and Brockman, finally, to Nanking, a university center. Brockman tells how he and his wife reached Nanking at night after the gates of the city were closed, and spent their first night encamped there waiting for the dawn.

In one of his early letters from the field, Brockman wrote: "And what appeal, you ask, do I make for China? As I sit here surrounded by heathenism, and remember the hours when in America I listened to the call of these dark lands, now that every picture of need is multiplied in vividness manifold, now that every argument for our giving them the gospel is immeasurably strengthened, how mean seem those excuses which I was magnifying into reasons for not coming; how sinful seems the lack of faith, courage, or energy, that would have kept me at home. Consult not with flesh and blood. Be strong in a God-given purpose. Seek ye great things for yourselves? Seek them not. 'Seek first the Kingdom of God.'" And a little later he wrote again: "Nearly a year has passed since we reached China. The climate has been try-

ing, the study of the language is no easy task; but it has been the best year of my life, and our hearts are constantly overflowing in praise to God for the unspeakable privilege of witnessing for Him in the place of opportunity."

At the 1928 meeting of the National Council, Brockman told us in a great address how, when he first reached China, he was tempted to feel that he was a fool for going, and then he reviewed the marvelous changes wrought in thirty years and the assurance Chinese leaders had given him, that the Y M C A could be China's savior.

At the time of the Boxer uprising, his home was one of those marked for destruction, and posters told the day he was to be killed. Fortunately he was able to make his way to safety in Japan.

At about this time Robert Wilder joined our foreign staff, going back to his native land, India, to work with students.

We found great ignorance and provincialism among Association members, so, beginning in 1900, we tried to increase interest by organizing what we called "Volunteer Leagues." We published an outline for use in the *Sunday Morning Watch*, and topics for prayer. I had the privilege of helping to organize a number of these leagues in various cities. We had a secretary who helped associations organize mission study classes.

A couple of years later, we began the publication of *Foreign Mail*, a bimonthly, made up mostly of letters from the field. We used this little magazine in cultivating the home field. Notwithstanding all our efforts, men have been slow in learning about our foreign work. In talking with one of the justices of the New York Supreme Court not long ago, he told me he didn't know that there was any Y M C A work outside the United States.

We often dealt with prospective secretaries at conventions and conferences, as I have mentioned in the case of Brockman and Lewis. In 1899, while attending the Grand Rapids convention, I find an entry in my diary: "After the meeting, Mott and I dealt with a young man named Barber, whom we want to send to Calcutta." This was Ben Barber, for many years one of Dr. Mott's efficient helpers here at home. He was decorated for saving the life of Sir Andrew Fraser in Calcutta.

For seven years we had only one man on the great South American continent, Myron Clark. In 1901, B. A. Shuman went to the Argentine. He recently celebrated, with marks of public approval, his silver jubilee as a secretary in Buenos Aires.

This was a time of considerable activity in our Department. There were now twenty-two men in the field. Southam, an English clergyman, had gone to Hongkong; Smith, Larsen, Sarvis, Wil-

liamson, and Grace were added to the staff in India; Miller and Swift had returned from Japan, and Fisher, V. W. Helm, and Gleason had gone to that land. Korea had been opened by Gillett. The budget had risen to \$80,000.

During 1902, Phelps and Hibbard went to Japan. (The story of Hibbard's and Gleason's self-sacrificing work with the Japanese Army, in 1905, would fill many volumes.) Harvey and Professor Robertson had begun in China, the latter going to work among the literati, "the most difficult and extensive student field in the world." Farquhar, an Oxford man, had joined the India Staff, "to devote himself exclusively to Bible teaching, personal work, and the giving of lectures and evangelistic addresses among Indian students." Dr. Farquhar, now deceased, became an internationally recognized authority on India's religions. His literary productions have given him a place of leadership the world over. In this same year, Ned Carter, Lovell Murray, and Paton were also added to the India staff, and George Babcock opened the work in a new country, Mexico. Babcock's work is typical of our work in foreign mission lands. On the first anniversary of the Mexico City Y M C A, President Diaz, who "had never attended a commencement or other function of any of the many missionary or Catholic schools or colleges," was

their honored guest. He suggested that he would come on Sunday, but when told that the Y M C A could not have such a celebration on Sunday, he replied that that was right, he would come on any day. Of the members who joined that association, the first year over 50 per cent said they belonged to no church.

The period of 1903 to 1905 was also active. Charley Paterson went to Calcutta as Boys' Work Secretary, and is still serving, with a great record. N. W. Helm joined his brother in Japan. W. W. Lockwood, who rendered such splendid service in Shanghai, sailed for China. Arthur Rugh, whose deep spiritual life has won so many Chinese, reached China. Ewald went to South America to join Shuman. Service started to man our most remote post, Chengtu, China, a month's journey from the coast. It was while on this journey that his baby girl died and had to be left behind in the lonely grave, while her parents pushed on to their work.

In 1905-06 the veteran Robert Weidensall, earliest of the International Committee traveling secretaries, made his triumphal journey across the foreign field. His age and long sacrificial service made a deep impression wherever he went. He was nearly blind. Once when I asked him if this wasn't a great handicap, he replied, "I guess the Lord

took away my eyes so that I wouldn't be distracted by sightseeing."

At the close of 1906 the roster shows forty-three men in Argentine, Cuba, Ceylon, Brazil, China, Japan, Hongkong, Mexico, and India. There were 68 in 1907, and 74 in 1908. This was the year that Archie Harte went to Colombo, temporarily, "but ultimately to Jerusalem." It was many years before he reached the Holy City, but reach it he did. I had the privilege of signing the agreement with the Central Union Trust Company through which the "unknown donor," gave over half a million dollars for Harte's building in Jerusalem. This gift has since been increased to a million dollars.

During these years a number of buildings had been acquired. During the year 1916 we approved buildings for Canton, Tokyo, Shanghai, Hankow, Hongkong, Coimbra, and Allahabad. But best of all, the nationals of these countries were coming into the secretaryship. In 1907 we had seventeen Chinese in the secretaryship.

But it would be hopeless to tell of the more than two hundred splendid men who entered our foreign service. I regret that I cannot name every one of them. We have had less than half a dozen failures.

From what I have said it will be seen that progress in the foreign work was not regular, it seemed

to go in waves. There were times of special activity and periods of quietness.

The work of a foreign missionary is necessarily a life work, but it has many disappointments; so, for health or family reasons, many have to abandon their chosen work. Of 172 men who were serving our committee in 1914, fifty per cent are no longer with us.

In *Foreign Mail* for January, 1918, I tried to tell from my correspondence how the World War had affected our work: from Madras, Calcutta, Uruguay, Foochow, Bombay, Brazil, came the same story, put by one man in this way: "These are wonderful times, and all of us are feeling new emotions. Daily we are learning lessons, and being brought closer to God. These three years have taught us much; another most important lesson is that it is not all of life to live, and that to save one's life is to lose it. Let us hope before very long, peace will reign again throughout, and that the brotherhood of men will be a reality and not a myth." One foreign secretary wrote, "It is a great day in Association history here."

I added, "For the first time in its history the Foreign Department has gone through the year with all bills paid at the close of each month; and this with the largest budget the department ever had. Remembering this fact, which indicates the

approval of the people at home, and bearing in mind the influence which the War has had upon our men abroad, we ought to feel deeply grateful to Almighty God that during the year He has so greatly blessed us as we have tried to obey our Master's last command—to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

From the beginning it has been one of the privileges of our home to entertain these men. Wishard, Wilder, Morse, Mott, Brockman, Eddy, Robertson, Harvey, Clinton, Colton, and Jenkins have been with us often, and more than fifty others, including Lewis, Phelps, Rugh, Lerrigo, Wilbur, Durkee, and Dri Davis have blessed our home by their presence. We've greatly enjoyed visits from their children, Dorothy Andersen, Frances Harvey, Ward Phelps, and others. I recall especially when little Gerald Fisher, ten years old, towards whose support our Primary Department was contributing, visited us. He came out with me on Saturday and spent Sunday and, little as he was, he spoke to our class. Stretched out on the floor before the open fire Saturday night, he made a list of the boys in his class in school. When he showed it to me there were crosses before some of the names, and these, he told me, were the bad boys. When night came this little fellow was lonesome, so he slept with me.

Our sympathies with people of other races have been deepened as Yergan, Hunton, Ghose, Chang, Cynn, Saito, and Niwa have graced our table.

In the first year of my membership of the Foreign Committee, 1891, I began the custom of writing with a pen an annual letter to each secretary on the field, and have done it ever since to an ever-growing family. I tried to write while at the Northfield Student Conference, to give the men a whiff of that air. A few years I wrote also at Christmas time. In the summers I have spent abroad, I have always taken a bunch of addressed envelopes with me and sent off letters as I moved along. I remember once sending some from Zermatt, Switzerland, as I sat looking on that monarch of mountains, the Matterhorn. It called to mind Wishard's letters dated "From under the Shadow of Mars Hill." Altogether, I suppose I have written, each with a pen, something over three thousand of these letters.

I was pleased when I read in *The British Weekly* some years later this statement of the very thing I was trying to do. "And there is one other holiday task which I should like to suggest for the evenings or wet days. I mean the writing of letters. Real letters, that is; not business correspondence, or regulation missives such as we send at other times, and emphatically not picture post

cards! Not a formal letter, not a hurried letter, not (Heaven forbid!) a sermonising letter, but a letter of simple, understanding, friendship, inquiring about them, chatting about the old days, giving them little bits of news about folk they remember—if we could see how they value an unexpected letter, we would not grudge the very small amount of trouble needed to write it. Only we must really write it, and not stop short with meaning to write it.”

It began very simply. Once, I wrote in my diary, “I am writing to our foreign secretaries, twenty-two in all, a pretty good job.” The next year I find this entry, also made at Northfield, “I hope by writing three a day to send a few words to each of them.” By and by it was eight a day, and in 1915, twenty-five a day. I often wrote between five and ten of these letters before breakfast, rising early for that purpose. Some years the total reached 140. It has indeed been “a pretty good job.”

There is a verse that reads, “Give and it shall be given unto you, they will pour into your lap measure pressed down, shaken together, running over.” I have found this true of these letters of mine. These men have poured into my lap measure pressed down, shaken together, running over with appreciation and gratitude.

The fact that I wrote each letter with my own hand—no stenographer came between us—impressed the men. It was not so much what was in the letters, some of them I fear were very crude, but the personal touch that led the men to value them. From India came this, "It was a great pleasure to receive your letter of June 27th from Big Moose (where I was spending my vacation) and receive your kindly word of sympathy and encouragement to which we look forward every year. I wish you could understand how helpful this is, for it gives us a personal touch with at least one of the Committeemen when so many things are happening these days [1926] which give the impression that we are becoming more and more simple wheels in a large machine." Another wrote from South America, "At home I never realized how much this personal element in our work means and might mean. We appreciate it more and more." From Tokyo came this word, "I assure you that I deeply appreciate the personal interest you take in each of us. It means more than you perhaps appreciate to feel that one is associated in work with those whose interest is not simply impersonal and far removed, but with keenly interested and sympathetic men." Many, many times this note appears in the answers sent by the men in the field. Let me quote from just one more. (As I was writ-

ing these words my telephone rang and a secretary from China said, "I have just arrived and I wanted to hear your voice." That was all.) "I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your thoughtfulness of us fellows who are far away. You are a father to us all, include us in your family. To feel that you pray for us is the greatest satisfaction." (Always at our family altar, day by day, we have asked God to guard and protect these men far away.) I had heard how missionaries dreaded being forgotten; in fact, it was this knowledge that first led me to write. And I learned very soon that the longing to be remembered made my letters welcome. A secretary in South America wrote, "If I could only make you understand the feeling that your letters produce, you would feel well repaid for the time and effort. One wants to be remembered"; a truth enunciated by the greatest Missionary who said, "This do in remembrance of me." From Manila a secretary wrote, "Sometimes we men on the foreign field think we have just about been forgotten, particularly when a long waited for mail fails to bring an expected letter. When a busy man like you takes the time to write personally to each one of the big Association family in the foreign service, then we know indeed that our work and welfare is on the hearts of the men at home." That is exactly why I write.

I have learned that men look forward to the coming of my annual epistle, and occasionally, when a letter has evidently been lost in the mail, I get a pleasant complaint. One man wrote, "Things would not be the same without it." The letters came to be regarded as the little extra which is always so good. James Perry, who was afterwards killed in Turkey, writing from his hut with the soldiers in France said, "You cannot imagine what a joy your letter of June 18th is for Mrs. Perry and myself. It is true we have many communications with New York and the Foreign Office, but when a letter comes from you, it has a character quite different, a sort of 'treat' and an upward lift. It contains not only things of vital interest to the work, but that warm human touch that invites us to relax from our feverish work."

An amusing letter came in 1927 in which the wife of one of our secretaries in Japan said, "The Browns and the Converses want to have a part in the Murrays' 25th wedding anniversary, so we are sending a little gift in silver." A little later a beautiful silver miniature Japanese bureau arrived. I wrote, "Your good letter was received on our son's thirty-second birthday, and we thank you for your kind wishes and lovely gift." It appears that in my summer letter, written from Silver Bay, I had said, "We are celebrating our 25th anniver-

sary," the "we" being Silver Bay and not the Murrays. I tried to get even by sending some American candy.

One overenthusiastic man in Calcutta wrote, "Your little personal note from the conference at Barmen-Elberfeld, was like a drop of water cooling the tongue of Dives. The unexpected pleasure received always has the most delicate flavor. Our country is not quite as bad as perdition, but nearly as hot at this time of year, and needs Christianity just about as much, so that any word from God's country (U. S. A.) is a great boon."

Over and over again the men have told me how my letters brought new courage. I had hoped and prayed that they would. This came from China in 1917, "If you could only know what new courage and strength your letters bring to us you would certainly feel many times repaid for your time and energy." A tired secretary working away in the heat of India wrote, "Your letter of April 30th came to hand a few days ago, and it, like all your letters, was a source of great inspiration to me personally. It may interest you to know that it came at a time when I was considerably discouraged and it did more to help me see the work in a more optimistic light than you can begin to imagine. I am grateful for

it." One secretary said they were going to frame the letter so as to have it always before them.

From Korea came these heart-warming words from one who has since gone to his reward: "Your letters always come to me as a great surprise. The matter of fact is that I do not believe that I myself receive more than two letters a year written by the hand of the man who sends them and therefore I welcome your letter yearly as it comes to me. It always brings me cheer and connects this human heart of mine up to that human heart back home, and I can assure you I do my work better because of that relationship."

From a lonely station in Peru a secretary wrote, "It was a treat to receive your letter of Aug. 16, so full of youthful spirit and cheer. Your letters mean more to the men on the field than you can realize. It is not easy to spiritualize the entire program of the Association here and your letters encourage us to keep on keeping on."

Christmas cards came that year from Switzerland, Italy, Peru, Argentine, England, France, Poland, China, Japan, Korea, and other lands.

It was characteristic of one man to send me in answer to my letter, his own cross-word puzzle which he called the "Murray Special." I got most of it and sent the answer back to him.

But the greatest satisfaction I have had is in the knowledge which has come to me again and

again that my letters were at times almost, if not quite, providential. From Peking a secretary wrote, "Your letter came just a few days after the death of my wife, at a time when I was in a position to deeply appreciate any word from those at home." (It had been a month on the way.)

From hot Calcutta one man wrote, "Your letter came just on top of a week when I was laid up with fever and Indian head and so was doubly welcome." Perhaps this one from Yunanfu touched me as deeply as any I ever received, "Your last letter came the day I took a turn for the better from the sickness which had prepared me to lay a worn-out body beside that of our baby boy outside the North Gate. You can imagine the cheer it brought to me to have a letter just then from you who fathers us all in this work."

These brothers of ours out in the field are much more than employes of a New York corporation. Of course a definite business understanding must exist between them and the home office, and business methods must be followed. But men engaged in the great God-given task of leading men to Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour bear a different relation to one another than do mere hired servants. And because the annual conferences of the secretaries and the committeemen have cultivated this spirit, I have always advocated them. They

are expensive, but in my opinion the results have justified the expense. They have drawn us together into a real family as we have met at Caldwell, Northfield, Wallace Lodge, Lake Placid, Princeton, Pocono Manor, and with our splendid chairman at his summer home, Meredale Farms, at Meredith, N. Y. It has been a part of my spiritual life to have met with these men and women so often. I have been especially glad for the presence of the wives and children, for more of the burden falls upon them than most of us realize.

Let me mention just one of these conferences to give an idea of what they are and what they accomplish. I refer to the one held at Princeton in 1921. A hundred and twenty-five of us lived as a great family for three days in the beautiful Graduate School, taking our meals at the long tables in that classic dining hall, while one of our members often played the organ. Mott was with us, just back from Europe, Pettus discussed language study, Lyon talked on our relation to other missionaries, Clinton and Manley instructed us on that perennial topic, "Finances," insisting that it was a spiritual appeal. Jenkins told us about maintaining the intellectual life, and Dr. Vaughn, our beloved physician, gave us some of his wise advice on health questions, such as what men should do when home on furlough. The human-

ness of the men came to the fore when China beat the world at baseball. The Sunday morning service brought us to the crowning hour: Lyon spoke in commemoration of the five men, Dennis, Collins, Perry, Clark, and Colson, and the five wives, Mrs. Stanchfield, Mrs. Helde, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Taylor, and Mrs. Trueman, who had died during the past two years. We stood with bowed heads while their names were read. Rugh spoke on the sense of vocation as a permanent influence in our lives, and Harvey led us in prayer. I had the privilege of addressing and commissioning the new secretaries, seventeen men, and consecrating them in prayer. Dr. Charles Erdman conducted an impressive Communion service.

The first of our secretaries to die at his post was Verling W. Helm, who went out to Japan in 1899. His life was a constant inspiration in his adopted country, and his death in 1907 was a great loss. Since then fifteen men have gone to their reward. Besides those already mentioned, Craig, Dadisman, Grace, Hoagland, Johnson, Jordan, McQueen, Moller, Walter, Farquhar, and Frank Brockman. It is our privilege to do what we can to make life a little easier for their widows and children.

I have enjoyed presenting the work in public. My record, I think, was made when I was nearing my seventieth birthday. In seven days I spoke

fifteen times in five cities in Ohio and Indiana. I rather enjoyed these little jaunts. In Japan I once spoke seven times in one day. Once it was a few days in Pennsylvania, then New York State. When Swamados was here from India he and I traveled together for a week. He was a delightful traveling companion. We spoke in Boston, Brockton, and Springfield, Mass., Hartford, Conn., and Providence, R. I. I usually spoke first, then Swamados would rise and say, "I am Exhibit A." At one of our class dinners in New York I was asked to tell about the work. It so happened that earlier in the evening I had spoken to the railroad men at the Pennsylvania Station, so I repeated that talk. One of the boys said to me, "You've earned your salary," and sent in a thousand dollars.

One evening I spoke at a women's meeting in one of our New York churches and was amused at an incident which occurred. A woman in leading the introductory devotional service said, "A little while ago a friend took me to hear a Baptist who was preaching in a Presbyterian Church. When we came out she said, 'Did you hear anything wrong in what he said?' And I answered 'No, not in what he said; but I do find fault with what he did not say.'"

The talks, of course, were for the purpose of

raising money. I wrote many letters and received many answers. One of them was in these words: "Let me say that your knowledge of the Foreign Work of the department, obtained by your own personal investigation, has been a source of sincere encouragement and help to many other laymen and it is such men as yourself, who are unselfishly giving their time to the Y M C A service which is helping to make it so powerful an agency for good in the world."

Before the 1922 convention at Atlantic City, I had made my trip to the Orient, and if there was any part of my being which had not yet been impregnated with the foreign virus, that trip completed the job. My report to the convention was largely the story of my journey. It was inspiring to take that crowd, comfortably seated in rocking chairs, over the way I had gone.

VISITS TO THE FOREIGN FIELD

For years I had longed to go to Japan, Korea, and China to see and actually take part in the foreign work on the field. I had received scores of invitations of the most urgent kind, but the convenient season never seemed to come.

However, I could wait no longer, so in the winter of 1921 to 1922, I just shut up my office and

with my wife visited the Far East. We were away 173 days, during which we traveled 12,347 miles in five countries besides our own. In Japan, Korea, China, Hongkong and the Philippines, I visited forty-six of our associations, in twenty-eight cities, met just one hundred of our secretaries and more than three hundred native secretaries, gave one hundred and twenty-two talks and ate at thirty banquets. Mott's estimate of the trip came to me in the following letter, "I wish to reiterate what I have said in earlier letters to you in the way of profound appreciation of the timely and most helpful visit of yourself and Mrs. Murray. I have no hesitation in saying that it has been the most thoroughgoing and satisfactory official visit ever made by a representative of the Foreign Department to the Far East. I have been particularly gratified by the way you have put your heart as well as your head into this important visitation."

Soon after my return, I reported to the International Committee in March, and the same day to the New Jersey State Committee, a little later to the staff at 347 Madison Avenue. "It looked as if everybody was there," my diary reads. I spoke at the annual dinner, and in May James H. Post invited Jenkins and me to speak to about thirty-five of his friends at a dinner at the Union League Club. Jenkins had recently returned from India.

My formal report is on file in the office of the Foreign Division. I do not propose to repeat it here. But in a sense this is part of the history of the foreign work, and therefore I want to try to convey to others some idea of what that journey meant to me as a Y M C A man interested in the extension of Christ's Kingdom.

We went by the Canadian Pacific, spending a day at lovely Lake Louise, and admiring the flowers in Vancouver while waiting for the delayed mail from the East. The voyage was a pleasant one with some motion at times. When our son was in the Navy we had bought a ship's clock, so that we might hear the bells as he would be hearing them. One day when the ocean was a little free with us, my wife turned to me and said, "There's one thing I'm going to do when I get home. I'm going to sell that ship's clock."

We were fortunate in having as fellow sailors Egbert Hayes, Tom McConnell, and Arthur Robinson and their families on their way back to their fields. From these I got a lot of information about our work in China, and I enjoyed their children.

We found travel in the Orient easy and generally comfortable. All cars were smokers, but not unpleasantly so. In Japan the trains we were put on were luxurious. The long seats running down the sides of the cars were most convenient for

stretching out. The Japanese was quite at home on the trains. After taking off his shoes, inflating his rubber pillow, spreading a feruski over his head he would snuggle down to sleep. It was on one of these railroad cars on my earlier visit that a Japanese woman to whom I could not speak taught me to make the paper bird with which I have amused so many hundreds of children.

Once when we broke our journey on a through ticket, we had to pay a small fine when we boarded another train. We rode from Fusan to Seoul in an American sleeper and had a good meal in the diner, including fresh lobster! As a rule the meals on the trains in the Far East were better, I think, than the skimpy meals served on American diners. It was odd, though, to see the conductor come through a train in China smoking a big cigar. We appreciated the situation on a French-owned railway in China, where the train had a French and a Chinese conductor. Our ticket was cut in half: the Frenchman took one half and we deposited the other half in the Chinese box at the exit.

I never felt so much at home far away from home as I did in these countries. Only once when we were in a city with a Y M C A were we allowed to go to a hotel—and then it was that we might see what a hotel in Shanghai was like; everywhere we lived in the homes of our secretaries. I was

glad to see that most of them had decent places in which to live. Most of them, I say, for here and there are found homes not as comfortable as these good people ought to have. In Changsha two of our men, with their families, lived in part of a Chinese house having a great stagnant pool of water in the courtyard. In another place the rooms were detached houses, which compelled parents and children to be separated at night. Occasionally there was overcrowding. Much of this has been corrected by the construction of residences.

I was gratified to hear from our men and women nothing but praise for the committee's treatment of them. They recognized our limitations in far-away America, and realized that we had a very large family with no favorites among the children.

They were living under more or less strain, though peace reigned in national affairs. I remember how worried one mother was when her son came in with a pain in his stomach, and confessed that he had put a stone in his mouth. One secretary with small children kept a herd of goats to supply the needed milk, and, of course, had to take his milk supply to the vacation resort.

The home life was delightful and our welcome could not have been more hearty. Everywhere we found the family altar. It was with regret that

occasionally I found the wife and mother teaching in a school or giving music lessons. The children were real American children. We were in one home when they were opening Christmas boxes from the homeland. One little fellow opened one addressed to him and exclaimed with disgust, "Aw, something useful." It was a necktie. There is a custom in Shanghai, which leads the grocer to send live turkeys to his customers at Christmas time. One family received their turkey several days before Christmas and had it in their walled-in front yard. The children were so entertained by the turkey that he had to be killed to prevent further loss of weight.

As I moved about among our families, I tried to learn what, if anything, was causing worry and uneasiness. Of course, there was the separation from fathers and mothers in the homeland; but most of them regarded their adopted country as home. Bad physical conditions, lack of proper sanitation, and unpleasant customs, they endured as all in the day's work. The difficulty of educating their children—there were fifty-two of them in Shanghai when we were there—was an ever-present problem. Some feared that what they were doing was not appreciated at home, and practically all of them felt the pinch of lack of means

to overtake their opportunities ever present and slipping away.

I was astonished at the way these men had secured the cooperation of the leaders in the Far East. In Tokyo the Minister of the Home Department entertained us at luncheon and spoke well of our work in Japan. Viscount Shebasawa greeted me warmly, as did the Chinese Minister in Japan. Ito, the leading oil man, and Nagas, one of the three men who ran all the railroads in the country, we found were warm supporters of the Y M C A. They opened one of the Imperial Gardens in Tokyo especially for us. Our secretaries, even, had never been in it. I called on the mayors of many cities, always heartily welcomed. In Kobe it was a pleasure to meet Mr. Muramatsu, a leading merchant, deeply interested in the Association because, when he was a young stranger in New York, McBurney had introduced himself to him and befriended him. We reached Seoul late at night in a pouring rain, after an all-day ride. Judge Watanabe, Chief Justice of the Imperial Court, and Baron Yun Chi Ho, the leading Korean Christian, had waited for hours at the station to greet us, surrounded by a group made up of Koreans and Japanese Y M C A members. At Mukden we had a tea at the Y M C A and one of the speakers was the son of Chang Tso Lin, the

Northern general, arrayed in his gorgeous uniform of a general in his father's army. He has since succeeded his father, who was killed. While we were in Tientsin, ex-President Li gave us a beautiful luncheon in his splendid home in the Concession. He often consulted our secretary Hersey. Peking was full of influential friends including Dr. Schurman, the American Minister, and Chang Po Ling, the leading educator of China. We spent half a day in his great school—and saw pictures of Charlie Chaplin on the walls of the boys' rooms.

Gailey took us to call on Governor Yen, at Taiyuen, the ruler of sixty million people. He gave us a luxurious dinner at his yamen. Gailey is one of the men he depends on. In Changsha, Roberts took me to call on the governor of that great province. When we came away, Roberts had this governor's check for one thousand dollars for the work.

In Soochow, where we attended the dedication of their new building, all the dignitaries of the city and province were present in state. Some of them came in sedan chairs with twelve bearers, the more bearers the greater the man being carried. (Incidentally I might mention that I was the twenty-third speaker, and the great audience was still in their seats when I finished.)

In Canton, Lerrigo took me to call on the mayor

of the city, Sun Fo, a son of Sun Yat Sen. Canton is the largest city in China, with a population of 1,500,000. Sun Fo was then vice president of the Y M C A. At Lerrigo's suggestion he drove me over the city in his limousine.

And so it was everywhere we went. The Y M C A has the approval of the Chinese. It would be a long list if I should ever mention the devoted missionaries whom I met, all of them friends of our men and of our work; so too it is impossible even to name the splendid nationals who are serving as our secretaries, hundreds of them, Yui, Saito, Cynn, Basra, and all the rest. Brockman claims that we have the choicest men among the native Christians in our service and that they stay in the service of the Y M C A because America is behind it. It would be well to ponder on that fact. And one should always remember that in using the word "America" in telling of our foreign work, I want to include our brethren in Canada whose interest through all the years has been so great.

It was a pleasure once more to meet Swift in Tokyo and Miller in Seoul, both good friends, though no longer active in the work.

Not only have our men secured the friendship of the leading men, they have won the affection of the rank and file of the men with whom they are working. This was evident everywhere. Stier

told us of the reception they gave him when he was leaving Tokyo. One boy asked if he might ride home with him. As they went along the boy said to him, "I thought I saw a sadness in your face." Then, after a silence, the boy added, "I am losing my dearest, lovinest teacher." Stier gave him one of the flowers which had been given to him, without a word, and the boy burst out crying aloud right in the trolley car.

The annual conference of the Foreign Secretaries in Japan was held in Tokyo while we were there. Two of the men were just returning from furlough in America, and the warm greeting they received told plainly of the affection which exists among these men and women. The conference was exactly like one at home, with the same problems, but far more delicate and perplexing. When I was asked to speak to the group on "The Fundamentals of our Work," I said it was Religious, for all men and boys, closely related to the churches, a teaching work, and requiring consecrated men. The reports showed that Bible study and educational work were the outstanding features in the program of nearly all the associations.

In Korea we could not help feeling that we were under surveillance, though we were received everywhere with courtesy. The great industrial institution under George Gregg was the striking feature

of our work there. Among the church missions evangelistic work was stressed. Great Bible classes of men and women were preparing for new campaigns. I was asked to speak to the theological students, and when I inquired as to what I should speak about, they told me to do as I would do in America. So I told them why a boy was like a watch. Mr. Erdman said these young men would repeat that talk all over Korea.

How can one in a few words say anything intelligent about China? The many Chinas, with many languages, the largest and oldest nation on earth! Here is a people characterized by Thomas W. Lamont as, "These great people of China—sober, peaceful, honest, industrious and intelligent." Here is a country so big that it took Jimmy Yen as long to go from Shanghai to visit his mother in China, as it took me to return from Shanghai to New York. Here is a country with such poor transportation facilities that when a motorcycle was given to one of our secretaries in Chengtu it was put in the museum as a curiosity, there were no roads on which it could run.

We saw the work in thirteen cities from Mukden to Canton. Everywhere the religious work was stressed. Shanghai had eighty-seven Bible classes, nearly all taught by Chinese. Here as elsewhere

emphasis was placed on boys' work, and the needy boys were innumerable.

In Chang-chow we found forty-three Bible classes. We were told that in Foo-chow, there were Daily Vacation Bible Classes taught by 306 teachers under Y M C A supervision.

In Hongkong we were among the English and found a fine piece of work being done in both the city and the student buildings.

When we reached Manila with Fletcher Brockman and his wife, we saw a model Association plant, geared for the three classes in that tropical island, students, Filipino business men, and foreigners, each running at capacity. A fourth department was soon added, for the thousands of Chinese.

As we were saying good-bye to Roger Arnold, a lone secretary away up in North China in a city of 80,000, he said, "Look here." In a closet I saw great packing boxes, and when I asked him what they contained he said, "Chewing gum, Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum!" This city of Taiyüanfu was in the famine district, and Mr. Wrigley, seeing a new field for his product, sent ten thousand dollars' worth of it to be distributed in kind to the hungry people. He, no doubt, imagined that having acquired the habit of chewing gum, when they were so hungry that they would eat anything, they would continue to demand

his goods when some sort of prosperity returned. He thought the prospect justified an expenditure of ten thousand dollars. The famine was over when we were there, but I saw a famine nevertheless, not a famine for bread, but for the word of God. I thought I saw this hunger exemplified in a little shrine on the outside of the Sleeping Buddha Temple in Peking. It was only a foot high and a few inches wide. In front was a bowl of ashes in which incense sticks had been burned. There was a tablet with Chinese characters, and when I asked Gailey what it said he replied, "It's difficult to translate; but it means 'To the Unknown Gods.'"

Would to God that we Christians might minister to the spiritual hunger of the people of China with the same eagerness Mr. Wrigley brought to bear upon their physical hunger.

My visit to the Near East in 1919, I mention in connection with my war work; it was, however, largely for the purpose of obtaining information which would be useful when the work in that field became part of our permanent foreign work.

In the summer of 1924, I made a trip to Europe primarily to attend a meeting of the World's Committee in Geneva, and to see our work in France, Portugal, and Czechoslovakia.

Almost before our ship was fast to the dock, Dri Davis and Whitehead jumped aboard. We

were glad enough to see them, but it seemed like an imposition to take their time. Before long, however, I realized that they were not entirely disinterested in greeting a couple of tourists. It wasn't long before they were telling me what they wanted me to do. An attractive Y M C A program was outlined for me.

The few days I had in London were spent in seeing Whitehead's work for American sailors, carried on in a little ten by four building in Russell Square, and on the ships. With Dr. Poole, we spent one whole day going from ship to ship in the great London docks. Everywhere Whitehead was warmly greeted. In his mite of a building it was clearly seen that a real need was being met. Exhaustion of war funds and the failure of the steamship companies to express a willingness to finance the undertaking brought this fine work to an end.

After a visit to Devonshire, we returned to London, and there was the faithful Whitehead at the station. He had had our passport viséd for several countries, without charge except for Spain. We were sorry to say good-bye to such a true friend as we sped on our way to Southampton and sailed for Le Havre. In the morning as we docked, there he was again, the faithful Y M C A secretary—this time a Scotchman bearing the name of Monti-

gnani. There in that great port city, he was running a much needed Y M C A hotel. Among other guests he had two American women, wives of American naval officers, whose ships were on the way from Rotterdam to Le Havre. I visited the site of the contemplated new building and interviewed a number of the prominent business men.

When we reached Paris we were still under the wing of the Y M C A. Chaffee, our secretary there, had come down to Le Havre and escorted us to his city, Paris. We visited the Stokes Building, crowded to the doors, and rode round the city visiting some twenty little Y's scattered over the city. One was called "The Joyful Corner."

While in Paris, I realized how badly the twenty-five thousand Americans in that great city needed what the Young Men's Christian Association would bring to them. We inspected a fine piece of property. I later supplemented Chaffee's report about it, but lack of funds again blocked the way. I pray earnestly that such a building may some day be a reality in Paris.

In Bordeaux I found another devoted, lone secretary holding the fort, but a very active fort it was. In a fairly good building the Y M C A and the Boy Scouts were carrying on together. The scouts were the Boys' Work Department of the Y M C A. In the home of Mr. Dressman we saw on

the mantel the picture of our late secretary, James Perry, whom he greatly admired. Because the French Y M C A s were largely forums for the discussion of theological questions these men were anxious to have Americans show them our program and methods.

At Mott's request, I agreed to visit Portugal and Spain, the first member of the Foreign Committee to see the work in that hot section of the world. In Portugal we had three associations supervised by Dilley in Lisbon. Dri Davis had worked out my program and gave me twenty-four hours more than were necessary to go from Bordeaux to Lisbon. So that instead of arriving at 9:00 P. M. on Thursday, when I was expected, I reached that strange city at 9:00 P. M. on Wednesday, a lonesome traveler. After getting settled I went at once to the poor little Y M C A rooms and announced my arrival. Chesley, who was away from the city at a conference, reached Lisbon at midnight to be greeted, he told me, at the station by fifty members of the association who came to tell him I was in town! At a luncheon I met the leading men of the city, including the American Minister to Portugal and the British Consul General, all deeply interested in the work.

One evening, at the rooms, they gave me a "demonstration" of their work. Various groups

showed what they were doing. It was just midnight when my turn came to speak.

I visited Oporto, where the association occupied, rent free, a building owned by a devout Plymouth Brother, who will permit nothing in the building that is not religious. He even objected to Chesley's lectures on Boy Life as too secular.

The most interesting spot in Portugal to me was Coimbra, a university city, where we own a building. Myron Clark's eldest son, Orton, was general secretary there at one time. Now the secretary is a devoted Portuguese. As we sat in the lobby of that building that evening, and saw men who had come up to the university for their degrees in law and medicine from Madeira, India, the Azores, Portugal, East Africa, and Brazil, I realized that here was a real strategic center; for these choice men would carry the Y M C A influence back to many lands. Portugal needs the Young Men's Christian Association; and will need some of our money. I was told that thirty dollars was a munificent donation.

From Lisbon I had a long, lone, speechless ride to Madrid. And there in the splendid hotel sat the faithful one again, Rudolph Horner, a secretary of the World's Committee, master of eight languages. I cannot sufficiently describe the sympathetic devotion of that saintly man, now forever

with his Master. We found a poor little association in a church, mostly a library, hampered by the Spanish laws. There we met with their skeleton National Committee just about to expire from inanition.

In Barcelona, a city of a million thriving with business, we found a little organization of seventy members in charge of a fine young fellow. Horner took me to call on his personal friends, the United States Consul, the Swiss Consul, and the Agent of the International Banking Corporation of New York. Every one of them was interested in the Y M C A.

After a troublesome ride, due to ignorance of the languages, a broken-down engine, and a number of changes, I came at midnight to Marseilles, a great port city. The general secretary of the association, wearing the wooden leg he received from the Germans in 1914, greeted me in his broken English and showed me his work. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Kelly we had a lovely luncheon and met a fine group of interested, earnest Christian men and women, anxious for American guidance in their work.

In Switzerland we ran across Mr. and Mrs. John W. Cook, late general secretary of the Brooklyn Y M C A, who were on a tour of the world. I persuaded them to go to Geneva with us. They

accompanied us as we visited associations in Czechoslovakia, that new republic, the land of John Hus, just the size of our state of Florida. The indefatigable Durkee met us in Vienna, and became guide, counselor, and friend. Later we conferred with Gethman who had been with us at Geneva. At headquarters in Prague I met with the staff, American and national. Sitting at lunch in a park one day, I was saluted by two boys at a neighboring table! They turned out to be boys who had been in one of my Bible classes in Blairstown, N. J., at a Prep School Conference. It was characteristic of this new republic formed from old countries that the race problem should be a serious one and that the Y M C A could get the different races to live and work together. We saw the great student building where twenty nations dwelt together in brotherly fellowship.

The association was in high favor with the government. We realized this when Cook had to apply in Berne for a visé to enter Czechoslovakia. As soon as the officials discovered that he was on Y M C A business they moved with rapidity and waived the customary charge.

Sailing down the swift-flowing brown Danube, with Durkee, we had a two-hour talk about this most interesting contribution of the American associations to the life and program of this new

country. We disembarked at Bratislava, where there was the largest Y M C A building in Europe, well patronized, running a popular cafeteria which came near paying the expenses of the association.

Cook and I visited three or four of the little cities where the associations were building, a large part of the money contributed by the government. One evening we sat in our hotel in Hardac-Kralove with Dr. Ippen, a Hebrew, treasurer of the association who came to consult with Durkee about a campaign for a furnishing fund, a campaign which a little later was successful. The good doctor was most earnest and always spoke of the Imca. He had been befriended by the Y M C A when a student at Johns Hopkins and he knew what it could mean to the young men of his city.

We found a most interesting association at Reichberg, a German city. (All the street signs were in two languages.) Their board of directors was made up of Czechs, Hebrews, and Germans, working together. Hein, the general secretary, was a Roman Catholic, but a real Y M C A man if there ever was one. He was wounded and captured in 1914, and was in a Russian prison camp until the Y M C A secured his release in 1920. He had served as inside Y man in that camp and had made a great record. His association was doing everything on a large scale, though his

building was an old factory which had been remodeled. One of his chief activities was teaching an evangelistic Bible class.

My work with the Foreign Department has been and still is the most satisfying experience I have had in my Christian life. The task is so great, the fellowship so wonderful, the manifest presence of my Lord has been so evident, that it has been a foretaste of heaven.

XVII

ROBERT COLLEGE

For nearly ten years I had the privilege of serving Robert College, that great American institution in Constantinople.

The board of trustees was made up of New York business and professional men, the college being a New York corporation. At the time to which I refer, Dr. Gates was, as he still is, the president, living in Constantinople. Dr. Washburn has returned and was living in this country. Dr. Edward B. Coe was secretary of the board, and he with Dr. Washburn had had the task of selecting tutors for the college. These young men went out under a contract to serve for three years. Cleveland H. Dodge had recently taken the presidency of the board, on condition that he could have some one to help him, and he asked me to take over the work of Dr. Coe and Dr. Washburn, both of whom wished to be relieved. I was appointed assistant recording secretary, and immediately began the search for suitable men.

Dr. Washburn had a desk in Mr. Dodge's office at 99 John Street. It was a delight to run in there

and visit with this wonderful man, a man whom all the diplomats in the Near East were glad to consult. I shall always remember with pleasure a delightful lunch we had together in the grill room of the Yale Club. He did so enjoy being with the college boys. As he smoked his cigarette and sipped his demi-tasse, he told me many things about the college and the country that had been home to him for so many years. One of his stories was about Mark Twain's visit to Constantinople as reported in "Innocents Abroad." Occasionally the dear old man called at my office to see me.

Each year I sought out from three to six young college men, investigated their credentials, drew their contracts with the college, and started them on their journey. I had to refuse more than I accepted and it was not always easy. Dr. Gates was good enough to say that they were getting a better grade of men under my administration.

The meetings of the board were held in the home of Mrs. John H. Kennedy, one of the trustees. There it was my privilege to meet Mr. Dodge, Dr. Schauffler, Dr. Coffin, Henry W. DeForest, William Sloane, Dr. W. W. Pect, Dr. Washburn, Dr. Gates, and Dr. Huntington. Mrs. Kennedy presided at the tea table while the meeting was in progress, and usually shared with Mr. Dodge the deficit which the annual report revealed.

When the war came my troubles increased, for we had great difficulty in getting our men across the sea. The steamer on which Dr. Huntington was returning was burned at sea and he had to come back to America.

After I had worked with this board for four years, Mr. Dodge wrote me: "I want to take this opportunity of telling you how deeply I appreciate the splendid work you are doing for Robert College. With the growing infirmities of Dr. Coe and Dr. Washburn, I do not know how we could get along without your assistance."

A little later when the board was thinking of employing a man, as they since have done, to be the representative of the college in this country, Mr. Dodge asked me if I would be willing to abandon the law and go with the college. It was a tempting offer, but I could not see my way clear to consider it. After my visit to the college in 1919, Mr. Dodge spoke to me again, but I was still unable to think that it was my duty to undertake this work.

In springlike weather in March, 1919, I enjoyed a delightful visit at the college, so beautifully situated on the shores of the Bosphorus. Although the college had not been molested during the war, it had suffered with the rest of Turkey. But it had always carried on, and some two hundred boys

were there at that time. I was asked to speak at the Sunday morning service in the chapel and had the effrontery to talk on the Wizard of Oz. I found these boys just as responsive as our American boys.

Here I had a number of conferences with Dr. James L. Barton, of the A.B.C.F.M., Dr. Peet, and others. Dr. John H. Finley was with us, wearing the Red Cross uniform. We were entertained in the homes of the college officers, being almost the first visitors since before the war. I spent one night with my traveling companions in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Huntington, the latter a daughter of Cleveland H. Dodge. When we came down in the morning she said, "I've prepared an American breakfast for you." It certainly was good after all we had endured—fruit, oatmeal, ham and eggs, toast, and coffee!

Dr. and Mrs. Gates were genial hosts, somewhat shaken by the conditions. (He had had no new clothes during the war.) It was lovely to have evening prayers with them, sitting, as their custom was, in the dark. After a few heartfelt prayers we repeated together the Thirty-fourth Psalm.

Another institution I have been privileged to serve is the Bible House in Constantinople, a New York corporation, organized in 1867 for the sale and distribution of the Bible throughout the Turk-

ish Empire, and adjacent countries. Among the incorporators were William E. Dodge and Robert Carter. In 1913, I was elected a member of the board of trustees, and was elected secretary and treasurer. The corporation has been quiescent for a number of years and my principal duty has been to discover some way of transferring the valuable real estate in Constantinople and dissolving the corporation.

XVIII

SILVER BAY

After a sleepless all-night ride from Athens, as I stepped off the train at Salonica—Paul's Thessalonica—at 6:30 in the morning, I was greeted with "Hello, Mr. Murray, I was in your class at Silver Bay." I heard the same greeting away up in North China, and again as our ship drew up to the wharf in Honolulu. Silver Bay is a world-wide institution.

I am not trying to write the history of Silver Bay; no one man could do that, so diversified are its interests. I want to speak of my own connection with it, which means with the Y M C A School in August, and with the administration of the property.

In 1903, twenty-two Y M C A secretaries came to Silver Bay as students in the Summer Training Institute, conducted by the Lake George Committee, and meeting in the old barn. This committee, with Fred H. Andrews as its chairman, was composed of representative Y M C A men in the Eastern States. Prior to that time, L. D. Wishard and C. C. Michener had been holding missionary con-

ferences at that spot. Silas H. Paine, a Standard Oil man, had his summer cottage on the shore of Lake George, and like the thrifty man he was, he had built a hotel, which he proposed to run as a side issue, while taking his vacation. I have been told that Mr. and Mrs. Paine were glad to have Wishard and Michener take over the property and devote it to religious purposes. Mr. and Mrs. Paine were devout Methodists. They were very dependent on each other. I met him going into the auditorium one Sunday morning and called his attention to his necktie, "Oh," he said, "she forgot to tie it."

After a while, the Institute experiment having proved successful, it was proposed to organize a corporation and buy the property. Mr. Paine was willing to sell it for less than half what it had cost him. Having become a sort of religious lawyer, I was called upon. This was in 1904 and marked the beginning of my connection with Silver Bay. I suggested incorporation by special act of the New York Legislature and drew the bill and saw it through the legislature. It became Chapter 102 of the Laws of 1904, taking effect on the eighteenth of March, 1904, which date became the birthday of The Silver Bay Association for Christian Conferences and Training. Among the incorporators were Chas. T. Kilbourne, L. L. Dog-

gett, Harry Wade Hicks, S. Earle Taylor, John Willis Baer, Edward W. Hearne, John W. Cook, F. W. Pearsall, C. C. Michener, James L. Barton, C. M. Copeland, and myself.

We organized the corporation in my office on April 1, 1904, and I was honored with the presidency. This office I held without interruption for thirteen years. During that time I worked with very different men who were the employed managers of the property. Dr. Yarnell, far too gentle for the formative years; Ed. Willis, who lacked imagination and carried the load with too great seriousness. (I shall never forget how he came to my office almost beside himself because the auditorium had burned.) Gates, whose gastronomic ability was very limited, and Michener, the promoter. (Among the unpaid bills found after Michener's resignation was one for "an engrossed resolution for William D. Murray, \$35.")

Then began the real task of acquiring this fine property, getting the money to pay for it. We organized meetings for that purpose. One was held at Miss Gould's (Mrs. Shepard) home. An enthusiastic meeting was held at the Employed Officers' Conference at Niagara Falls in 1905. Among those who advocated our cause were Whitford, See, and Willis. We were successful in our efforts and the two square miles of Adirondack forest became the property of the corporation.

In the early days we thought of Silver Bay not only as a conference resort, but as a place to which Christian men and women would come for their vacations. Two folders were usually issued, one telling about the conferences, the other setting forth the facilities for recreation. It was thought that the income from the latter would help pay the cost of the former.

As the years went by we began to realize that the Institute was doing serious work and that a more permanent form should be given to the managing body. So, in 1912, I had a law passed by the New York Legislature creating the Eastern Association School, which took the place of the Lake George Committee. This corporation was organized in my office and for twenty years I have been its vice president.

My first visit to Silver Bay was in August, 1905, and I have gone there in twenty-four summers since. As a boy I spent two summer vacations on the shores of Lake George and was more or less familiar with that beautiful country. I had agreed to deliver six lectures on "Principles and Methods of Association Work," at this 1905 session of the Institute. It was a real joy to prepare them, for it took me through twenty years of experience in local Association work. These

lectures, considerably expanded, were afterwards published by the Association Press under the name of "Principles and Organization of the Young Men's Christian Association." Soon after its publication, Knowles Cooper of the Washington, D. C., association wrote me, "We are taking your textbook before we take up the history of the association. After having taught four lessons, I write to say to you that you have prepared a most useful book. In the discussion of principles and methods, you have touched the most important features of both."

When the Institute opened we found 87 men enrolled, "a much larger number than we expected." I noted in my diary that my room was in "Forest Lodge, a picturesque building, back from the big hotel with its noise and clatter."

The first of the hundreds of lectures I have given at Silver Bay was delivered early on a beautiful August morning just after chapel. I spoke on the principles of Association work, contending, as I always have, for the supremacy of the religious element in whatever we did. As I look back over the years, that first lecture seems to have been a fitting introduction to all my work there. The six lectures treating such topics as the Board of Directors, Committees, even the General Secretary, occupied a morning hour one day of the week. As

these lectures were repeated year by year, I confess to feeling rather queer at times, as I realized that I, a layman, was trying to tell men how to do what they had chosen as their life work. That year I also spoke on Foreign Work, taught a daily Bible class, spoke at four of the morning prayer services, and at three general meetings. I hurried away to meet with the International Committee and its secretaries at Bronxville, New York, in our annual conference, thoroughly inoculated with the Silver Bay virus, in love with the place that was to mean so much to me for the next quarter of a century. From that time until 1925, every summer that I was in the country, I was glad to spend from one to four weeks as a volunteer teacher with the men of the Institute and the Eastern Association School. Mr. Morse, who was a regular attendant, always called it a continuation school, likening it to such schools in Germany. In all, I taught at eighteen summer sessions. This was the way I took my vacation. During most of these years I also taught at the Northfield or Blairstown Student Conference and oftentimes at an extra conference somewhere else. One summer I taught at Silver Bay, Northfield, and Lakeville.

Besides my lectures on Principles, which I gave in seven different years, I taught Old Testament Prophets, Old Testament History, Life and Works

of Jesus, Jesus, the Master Teacher, and The Teaching of Bible Classes.

I never have been able to see how healthy Christian men, with a limited number of years ahead of them, could spend precious time in some lazy summer resort. With Tennyson, I do not envy the man who

Stagnates in the weeds of sloth,
Nor any want begotten rest.

I never liked the line in one of our hymns which says a day is coming when the church "shall be the church at rest." The church ought never to be at rest until the very last man on earth has accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

Very often at the end of the summer I wrote a summary of the activities of the vacation season. This I did at the close of August, 1905: "Looking back over my diary for the summer now nearly ended, I find an interesting record of religious work: 7 sessions of my Bible class at Northfield, 4 church preaching services at Warren Chapel, one church prayer meeting, two home Sunday school sessions, four Sunday school sessions at Wolfeboro, N. H., and four evening services there, seven lectures, one Bible class, four morning addresses, and three public meetings at Silver Bay.

Thirty-seven meetings which I conducted that summer."

Up to the end of 1925, I had spent 285 days at Silver Bay. These annual visits varied in length. In 1906, for instance, I spent a month there and had a great variety of occupations. First came my class in Prophets, then lectures on Principles to first-year men and later to a group on personal work. This was my regular daily program that year. Besides, I spoke in chapel, and to the railroad men on "The Teacher's Personal Preparation," also to the Army and Navy men on "Christ's Temptations," and to the children in Sunday school, and led the prayer meetings. One evening I took as my subject "The Song of Songs," and read it as the five-act drama it is. There happened to be in the meeting two women who were professional elocutionists. I heard from them later that they had put my rendering of the Song on their programs and that it had been well received.

At the end of one summer I found that during July and August I had taught thirty-eight Bible classes, made twenty-nine addresses, and conducted five Sunday school sessions. I wrote in my diary, "I will never undertake so much again, as I am not as fresh as I ought to be at the beginning of a working season."

I look back with great satisfaction upon my

years at Silver Bay, because I was able to render this service without one penny of compensation, and also because the reward was so rich, the companionship of noble men, the friendship of little children and the assurance I had of the presence of Him who said, "I will never leave you."

My own life has been greatly enriched, and I am sure this is true of hundreds of others, by the words and the lives of the men who came to Silver Bay. Passing over the many devoted Association secretaries who served there, I recall, as men whose influence I felt and still feel, Bosworth, Fosdick, Hutchins, Jenks, McDowell, White, Merrill, Coffin, Fred Smith, Graham Taylor, and Dr. Ozora Davis, of Chicago. When Dr. Davis arrived I almost lost my identity. One morning a boy came to me and said, "Dr. Davis, can I make an appointment with you?" I told him my name was Murray, and he begged my pardon and ran off. Later in the day he came to me and said, "Dr. Davis, can I make an appointment with you?" At one of our banquets where both Dr. Davis and I spoke, I told the friends that this thing had become so serious that when I went to bed at night, I had to show my wife the tattoo marks on my arm to prove who I was. (The marks are really there. When I was a freshman in college I tattooed "Yale '80" on my left arm.)

Then, in the war years, there were the men who came to us fresh from their tasks in prison camps and battlefields in Europe: Shipp, Ebersole, Bartholomew, Jessup, and Mott. "And what shall I say more? For time would fail me" if I tried to tell of the men who gathered day by day under the sacred apple tree, some of them looking forward to their first days on the mission field, some of them nationals of the countries to which they were returning, others, the good soldiers of Jesus Christ, who had come back to the homeland for rest and inspiration, a great and glorious company.

One of the reasons why I liked to go to Silver Bay was that it gave me a chance to meet our foreign secretaries, and their wives and children; to sit down quietly and talk things through. Sometimes we had as many as twenty of our secretaries there. I suppose I have met over a hundred of them in this way. The new men were particularly earnest in seeking my advice, and their problems ranged from theology to choosing a wife. This fellowship, they confessed, made the Foreign Committee more real to them, and it gave me, a committeeman, an opportunity of seeing what manner of men they were. Again, it brought the employed officers of many associations in congenial contact with the men their associations

were being asked to support, and the foreign secretary ceased to be a mere name on a long list.

The night on which Foreign Work occupied the platform was always one of the richest of the whole season. To see and hear from those men back from the front, and to wish Godspeed to those just going out, made Christian service seem very real.

In Silver Bay's early day, when there were visitors not enrolled in the school, entertainments had an important place in our schedule. Occasionally a professional appeared, but generally we used our own talent. One of the best artists was A. M. Chesley, whose portrayal of Negro life we'll not soon forget. I remember one night he appeared as a guest who had been disturbed by the noises of Silver Bay. These noises he illustrated, beginning with the calling of the count he heard from the tennis court at daybreak, then came alarm clocks, and the maids sweeping the cocoa matting in the hall, followed by the school bells, and so on through the day, until the horn sounded at ten o'clock at night for the boats to leave the lake. Picnics of all kinds were frequent, with an occasional barbecue at Jabe's Pond. Birthday and wedding anniversaries furnished excuses for dinners and speeches. These were called banquets. And they were good in many ways. They showed

the doubting people what the chef could do under pressure, and they solidified the spirit of the place. I noted in my diary about one banquet, "Two or three men seem to have stolen in without tickets." I recall at the same time what a shock it was to me to overhear one of the students say, as he and a group sat in the dark where I couldn't see them, "There isn't a towel in our home that didn't come from a hotel." Occasionally I read Scotch stories to a group of knitting women.

Once we had an interesting mock trial when John Sleman, of Washington, was sued for breach of promise. Professor Vance, then dean of the Yale Law School, appeared for Silas Berry, dressed in female garb, who was the plaintiff. She said her occupation was "assistant to a chirpodist." I have forgotten what the verdict was. At another time we had a vaudeville show. Among the performers was a man who undertook to give a fake exhibition of mesmerism. He had arranged with four confederates to help him. Before beginning he explained what he was going to do, and told how dangerous it was, as patients sometimes failed to rally after being hypnotized. Some of the ladies were greatly exercised over this and wondered why we would permit such a dangerous performance. After his remarks he called for volunteers. Instead of four men, five responded,

the fifth being ignorant of the nature of the performance. The five sat down, and the performer went through the usual rigamarole. Then a curious thing happened, the fifth man was mesmerized, he couldn't open his eyes. Our friend giving the show was manifestly disturbed, but he succeeded finally in releasing the patient, telling him his heart was too weak to run this risk. Then the four carefully instructed confederates went through their prearranged antics.

The annual trip to Black Mountain, which still occurs, was always an enjoyable occasion for those strong enough to undertake it. I made the climb only once. Dr. George Fisher could tell you how near dead I was. Mr. Morse, at the age of seventy-five, went to the top. He started early and made a day of it, meeting the boys on the summit. What a wonderful man he was, mentally, spiritually, and physically—a typical Y man. In college he rowed on the Yale crew, and all through his life he indulged regularly in his setting-up exercises. Mrs. Morse told me that once when the doctor told Uncle Richard to stay in bed because he had a cold, when morning came, he begged to be allowed to get up and take his exercise. But his good wife insisted on obedience to the doctor's orders. She left the room to prepare his breakfast and when she returned there was the old athlete

on his feet going through the motions which had helped him keep young. He was born in 1841, and in 1912 I saw him make a two-base hit in a ball game and run safely to second! We celebrated his eighty-third birthday with him at Atlantic City, and he was as spry as any of us in doing the stunts at Steeplechase.

Before we became so civilized at Silver Bay, the circus and the county fair were annual features on our program. These were rough and tumble affairs, with Frank Ober as ringmaster and Fred Rindge as leading clown. There were always a number of side shows. Once when we had Thompson Seton there with the Boy Scouts, we had him in a tent and you paid ten cents to go in and see fire made with rubbing sticks. Next was a tent on the front of which was a picture of an enormous snake. Inside, you paid ten cents to enter, one of the students, dressed as a female snake charmer, held a ten-inch garter snake in his hands. At one circus the county work men had erected a large tent for their side show. Professor Carver was in charge. Their barkers announced that for ten cents you could see a demonstration of how greatly oxen excelled horses in drawing power. On the platform they had a yoke of oxen. When the tent was filled with spectators Professor Carver gave his lecture. This is what

he said, "You see for yourselves the greater drawing power of oxen, for they have just drawn a hundred suckers." That was all. Everybody went out to urge their friends not to miss that show.

Once in a while we held our faculty meeting on the launch. On one such occasion we had sailed into Paradise Bay. It was so calm and beautiful in there that some one said, "Why not swim?" In a few minutes nearly all of us were overboard in our birthday suits and were enjoying the crystal water. But we had not counted on the two other launches which sailed in. They saw our plight and very leisurely, with smiling faces, lingered amid the beauty of the place. After thoroughly enjoying the situation, they departed. One of our company said, "Now you know what it is to see the naked truth."

Negro minstrels were common in those days, usually given by the county work men, though Dr. John Brown, of the physical department, was always a welcome performer. I remember one conversation he had with the middleman, "Say, Mr. —, did you know Frank Ober invited me to his cottage to a chicken dinner?" "No, I didn't know that." "Well, he did. And what do you think he gave me?" "Why, chicken, of course." "No, cracked corn."

Sometimes at our entertainments the collection was taken in a unique way. One night when a goodly number of prominent Y M C A men were present, having come to the Fall Conference of the International Committee, Knowles Cooper, who was presiding, made this announcement: "In our offering tonight, when a bill is placed on the plate a bell will ring, when silver is deposited the bell will ring twice, and whenever it is copper, a pistol will shoot." Then as the collection proceeded he would call attention to the bills and bells. Occasionally the pistol would shoot, and he would remark, "Ah, Mr. Macfarland, of Washington, contributes one cent," or, as the pistol went off again, "There comes Mr. Marling's penny." The offering was especially generous that night.

One evening the faculty gave a representation of the board of directors of a colored association holding its monthly meeting. The board was one of the best ever called together. Knowles Cooper was president. The others were Frank Ober, F. W. Ganse, of Boston, Harry Emerson Fosdick, E. L. Shuey, Dr. George Fisher, F. W. Pearsall, L. E. Hawkins, and A. M. Chesley. I was general secretary.

We had sent to New York for wigs and burnt cork. Dr. Fosdick said he wouldn't need a wig;

all he had to do was to wet his hair and it would curl up tight. I came in first, swept the floor, dusted the furniture, and cleaned up generally. Ganse was the lady president of the women's auxiliary, and read her report from paper with a deep black border. When asked why she did that she replied, "I always use paper with flesh-colored border." Ober was chairman of the educational committee. He reported two new classes, one in navigation, the other in chicken raising: the former so that men wanting to return to Africa would know how to do it, the other to teach them to raise their own chickens, instead of other people's. Shuey, chairman of the entertainment committee, reported a deficit. I remarked that it was a shame to spend on entertainments money that was given for the work of the association, and suggested that we do not hire any more entertainers, but furnish the talent ourselves. Some one asked where it was to be found. And I said I could furnish some of it myself. Upon being urged to show what I could do, I made a cornucopia of newspaper, balanced it on my nose, set fire to it, and balanced the ashes as it burned down, a trick I had learned as a boy. I was then forty-nine. After the meeting, at ten o'clock, we all jumped into the lake and removed the burnt cork.

Sometimes entertainment was furnished without premeditation. Dr. Hutchins was speaking one night and told us about a curious misprint in the hymn book they were using at Berea. The line as printed read, "Land my safe on Canaan's shore." This caused a ripple, but when Goodman gave out the closing hymn there was a roar. He said, "Let us sing number two-seventy-eight. The men will sing it, 'God make us men'; the ladies can sing it as written, 'God send us men.'" I was told that one evening when mosquitoes were annoying everybody in the auditorium, and there was slapping right and left, Mott gave out hymn No. 179, and read the verse, and all unconsciously emphasized the words, "Christian, up and smite them."

I had many enjoyable hours umpiring ball-games between the Mohicans and another tribe, made up of small boys, sons of cottagers. I remember one game when we got into a bad snarl over a new rule with which I was not familiar. Finally, to pacify the crowd, I said I would give each of them a cone of ice cream. That settled it. As we trudged along to the store, one little fellow came up to me and whispered, "Are you sure you've got money enough?"

No story of my life at Silver Bay would be complete without a far more extended reference

to the children than I can give here. They were very nearly the chief attraction of the place for me, and I could devote a volume to the story of our friendship. I met them in a more or less formal way in Sunday school. It was always expected that I would care for the little ones at that time. Some of these gatherings I shall never forget. One Sunday morning when I had the youngsters in the old gymnasium, I started to tell them the story of the Wizard of Oz. I hadn't gone very far before one boy called out, "Is this a fairy story?" "Yes," I said, "this is a fairy story." "Don't you know this is a Sunday school?" he asked again, and I could only say, "Yes, I know it, but this is a Sunday school with a fairy story in it." That satisfied him for a while. In this story the characters are a scarecrow, a tin woodman, and a cowardly lion. For my purpose, I had changed the order in which they appeared. But one boy wouldn't have it, he insisted that the lion came in before the tin woodman, which was according to the book.

One Sunday I took for my lesson Jesus' saying, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings." I wanted to show them that what the old hen was to her helpless little chickens, Jesus is to us. I began by asking if any of them

had chickens. One boy brightened up at once and called out, "Yes, I have chickens. I had some little ones. Do you want to know what happened to them?" I said I certainly did, and he answered, "Mrs. Gray's cat, she lives next door to us, came over in our yard and ate the chickens up." That was not exactly the start I wanted, but everybody's mind was on chickens, and that helped.

The children enjoyed the Sunday school. One morning a little girl came running in, and finding no others there, exclaimed rather ruefully, "Well, I nearly broke my neck getting here, and now I'm early."

But my great hour with the children was when I had a group, larger or smaller, in some quiet spot for paper folding and story telling. Wherever I settled down outside my room the children soon surrounded me and began to chirp, "Make me a bird; tell us a story." How many times I have asked my heavenly Father to make me worthy of this love and confidence, showered upon me by His little ones. So many children came to Silver Bay that a kindergartner was engaged, and did splendid work. A mother told me one day that her little boy came home from the kindergarten, and when she asked him how it was, he said, "It wasn't much good, the real kindergarten teacher, Mr. Murray, wasn't there." I had never

tried to compete with the young woman who was doing so much for the children.

I had cultivated the talent which I seemed to have for telling stories to children, and I kept a goodly number on tap, always brushing up a little before leaving home. My Silver Bay diary is full of entries like this, "Had a lovely hour with the children." Then, too, I had learned to make a great many things out of paper.* This was a never-ending source of entertainment, the only trouble being that with only one workman the demand was beyond the ability of the machine. However, many of the children learned to make the toys, and they made them for each other. Practically every summer the parents, both male and female, asked to be taught how to do it. One of our YMCA secretaries, who had learned the art while at Silver Bay, wrote me that it had been a real help to him in South America in finding a point of contact with the people of his adopted country. A little girl to whom I taught the paper folding story wrote me after she had returned to China, that she had folded the paper and told the story as one of the numbers on the program of their Sunday school Christmas entertainment.

For some years there had been a growing feel-

* See "Fun with Paper Folding," published by Fleming H. Revell Company.

ing that some use ought to be found for this valuable Silver Bay property during the ten months it was idle. In 1917 Harry Wade Hicks suggested the idea of a boys' school. Personally, I was not in favor of the idea, it involved too much financial risk, and we were none too strong as it was. However, it was decided to try the experiment. I wrote in my diary on March 31, 1917, after a meeting of the Silver Bay trustees: "I cannot see that there is need of the school, nor can I see how it can succeed. I shall resign as president as soon as I can, as I do not have the time which the successful running of this school will demand." But under the administration of Charles R. Towson and Dr. French the school has prospered.

The first commencement of the school was held in June, 1920, and I had the honor of being the speaker. There was one lone graduate. I learn that since then at least five of our boys have won Phi Beta Kappa keys in college.

The administration of Silver Bay has not been a sinecure. There was always difficulty in making both ends meet. There were always people who wanted more than they were willing to pay for. Occasionally, in an effort to balance the budget, the quality and quantity of food has been reduced with many comebacks. Experience has been

a good teacher, and we think we have learned pretty nearly "how to do it."

Just before the present administration took hold we found ourselves two hundred thousand dollars in debt and the property not in good shape. That we did not go into the hands of a receiver or the sheriff is due to two men, E. M. McBrier and Charles R. Towson. With unselfish devotion, McBrier gave not only his money, but months of time, to lift the corporation out of the financial morass into which it had settled. The story of the years from 1920 to 1926 reads like a story of a ship which makes port after a stormy voyage. In 1920 we began to be disturbed over finances, and raised the price of board amid a storm of protests. An auditor gave us a discouraging report; again and again board members called at my office with tales of woe. In 1922 I wrote, "I'm glad I'm not president." The skies darkened and the storm continued. There were uncomfortable meetings of the board, many of them luncheon meetings. Special committees were appointed to take soundings. Creditors called and sometimes were a little intense. In September I wrote, "The outlook is far from bright, in fact it seems to grow darker as we seek a way out." And a week later, "It is certainly difficult to see how we can get out of our present unfortunate condition."

And just then the dawn began to break. Michener, our manager, resigned and McBrier took the helm; Towson was secured. In October I wrote, "Things are looking better. McBrier is doing wonderfully." Towson secured William Fellowes Morgan as chairman of the board, and launched the finance campaign in 1926 which brought the good ship Silver Bay into a safe haven.

When I resigned as president in 1917, after serving thirteen years, the following minute was spread on the records:

In accepting the resignation of Mr. Murray as President of the Silver Bay Association and Chairman of its Executive and Business Committees, his associates on these committees desire to record their appreciation of the service to the cause of the Silver Bay Association rendered by him. His period of membership dates from the formal organization of the Silver Bay Association in 1903. Throughout all these years he has acted as President and Chairman. He has been unceasing in his endeavors on behalf of the corporation in all of its developments. To his official duties he has given much time and energy. No friend of Silver Bay has been more intelligently appreciative of the unique place in the religious world held by the summer conferences conducted at Silver Bay since 1902, and no one has equaled him in devotion to their combined interests.

By frequent journeys to Silver Bay, by periods of residence as a leader in the August Conferences,

by many meetings and much correspondence with leaders of the various agencies using the property and by unfailing regular attendance upon meetings of the committees, guidance has been given to the multifarious affairs of the corporation. His sympathy and wise counsel have been a bulwark in season of strain and perplexity. His devotion to the spiritual ideals of Christian character and training has moulded policies and tempered judgment in such a manner as to have impressed all who have shared with him the responsibility of membership in the corporation. This same quality has been a determining factor in the world-wide spiritual influence of Silver Bay.

It is a cause of rejoicing that Mr. Murray remains as a member of the Executive Committee, while voluntarily relinquishing the larger responsibility of presiding officer.

XIX

BOY SCOUTS

Another blessing which has been bestowed upon me is that I have been privileged to be connected with the Boy Scout Movement, particularly in association with the Boy Scouts of America. I am proud to have been one of the organizers of the Boy Scout Movement in the United States.

In May, 1910, two Englishmen, both of whom were vitally interested in work for boys, and who were closely related to the Boy Scout Movement, visited our country. They were W. B. Wakefield and Charles E. Heald. Seth Sprague Terry, chairman of our Boys' Work Committee of the International Committee, invited a number of us to meet them at a dinner at the Union League Club. They told us about the Scout Movement as they knew it. This led to a meeting on June 2 at 124 East 28th Street, the office of the International Committee of the Y M C A. We had at this meeting E. M. Robinson and John Alexander, boys' work secretaries of the International Committee, Dr. Luther Gulick, Ernest Thompson Seton, W. B. Wakefield, and myself. We had a

long discussion. We felt that the time had come to organize the Scout Movement. It was evidently starting itself, and we were anxious that it should begin on right lines. There was another scout movement in the air which we feared would start the movement on the wrong foot. The burden of our discussion was what form the organization should take and what men should be asked to have a part in it. Alexander had been watching the thing carefully and had been devoting a good deal of time to it. A conference was called of representatives of thirty-seven different organizations interested in boys, which resulted in a permanent organization, with Seton as chief scout. In November of that year we established headquarters at 124 East 28th Street, and called a secretary, whom we named Chief Scout Executive. In February of that year D. W. Boyce and ten others had incorporated the Boy Scouts of America in the District of Columbia.

That summer Seton brought a lot of boy scouts to camp at Silver Bay, with himself as camp director. I was at Silver Bay and was nominally the leader. I prepared a leaflet of daily Bible readings for the boys while in camp, which they used faithfully.

The visit of Sir Robert Baden-Powell, in September, gave a real impetus to the young move-

ment and calls came from many quarters of the country for information.

When the National Council was organized, I became a member of the Executive Council and chairman of the Editorial Board, though Seton thought he was the one man for that position. I rather felt that way myself, but the general opinion seemed to be that it would be best to have a chairman who would come to the task without any particular prejudices, good or bad. And now began the preparation of a manual. Seton had the manuscript of such a book and he turned it in for our use. We found, however, that it reflected too much the adult point of view. We spent many weary hours going over this manuscript and others, usually in my office, substituting other material for Seton's, using some of his as it was and adapting other parts. We were working more or less in the dark, although we had the book of the British movement. It was a new kind of book. At last it was ready and made its appearance in June, 1911, under Seton's name as editor. More than three million copies have been sold. It was evident, however, that during the sixteen years, changes had occurred which required a remodeled handbook. In 1927, our editorial board took this matter in hand, and under the encouragement of a gift from the Rockefeller

Foundation we employed Dr. H. W. Hurt to revise the little manual. This resulted in practically a new book, without changes in the fundamentals of scouting. It is said to be the second best seller in America, the Bible being the first.

A growing movement must have an organ, so very soon we began to discuss a magazine for scouts. I was appointed on this committee of investigation. We found a poor little paper being published in Providence, R. I., which had a name suited to our purpose, *Boys' Life*. We entered into negotiations and finally purchased it, giving a note for the purchase money. It is difficult now to realize what a stormy voyage *Boys' Life* has had. At one time it was recommended that we sell it for what we could get for it. I opposed this, and it was not done. Frank Presbrey, whose experience as a national advertiser has been so valuable to us, was appointed a special committee on *Boys' Life* and under his careful steering, and the efficient handling of F. K. Mathews and Frederick L. Colver, it has come into quieter waters. Both Mathews and Colver broke under the strain.

It was only natural that there should be controversy between Dan Beard and Thompson Seton, both of whom, for years, had been real scouts. Each wanted to be recognized as the founder of the Boy Scout Movement. Seton claimed that

Baden-Powell got his idea from him, and Dan Beard said his Boy Pioneers were the forerunners of the present-day Boy Scouts. Seton was planning to start his Woodcraft Indians, claiming that the Indian was the real American. We asked him to hold his movement in abeyance for a while at least, which he generously did. But I always felt that there was danger of an outbreak at any time. I entered in my diary on November 26, 1912, "We had an interesting meeting of the Executive Council of the Boy Scouts of America. Our friend Dan Beard broke out with a personal statement claiming that he had not been treated with due respect." And on December 17 I wrote, "E. T. S. called me up and took me to lunch. He wanted to talk over his differences with the Boy Scouts of America." I think it did him good. Two years later I find an entry, "At Boy Scouts of America headquarters discussing the everlasting question of Seton's relation to the movement." Seton's connection with the Boy Scouts of America ceased when his term expired in 1915. He failed of reelection, partly because he was disqualified under the Constitution, not being an American citizen and unwilling to apply for naturalization.

One day there appeared upon the horizon the United States Boy Scout. This was a private concern organized by some one who realized the

commercial value of a boy's love of uniforms and camp equipment. We put the matter in the hands of Judge Charles E. Hughes's firm. They detailed one of their men to the case. I was a sort of liaison officer. After a year of litigation over the difficult questions involved, they entered a judgment which ended the life of the United States Boy Scout. With the generosity which characterizes that great firm, they never asked for any compensation. It gave our organization the free field which inures to the benefit of every scout in our country.

While Paul Sleman, our counsel, deserves the credit for procuring our National Charter, I had more or less to do with drafting the bill for Congress. When the Constitution was prepared, I was glad to help with it. Dr. Jeremiah Jenks was especially helpful on it, as indeed he was all through the formative period of this organization.

The annual meetings of the National Council, with the reports from all over the land, show us how much scouting means for the present generation of boys, and will mean for our coming generations. I have enjoyed the interconfessional character of these meetings. At one of them a Hebrew, who was presiding at the luncheon, asked me, a Protestant, to return thanks, and, later, a Roman Catholic said to me, "I didn't know you

were a minister." The approval of President Coolidge and Secretary Hoover at our annual meeting at Washington made us feel that we were spending our time in something worth while. It was at the Washington meeting that I was among the first group to whom was awarded the Silver Buffalo for distinguished service to boys.

Because I believe that religion must be at the basis of a successful life, I have always stressed the Twelfth Scout Law, "A Scout is reverent. He is reverent towards God. He is faithful in his religious duties, and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion." I believe this is the general feeling among scout leaders. One day I met a large troop of scouts who were on a tour. I noticed that their pockets bulged out, and when I asked one of the scouts about it he drew out his New Testament. Every scout had one. In 1917 I was asked to prepare Bible reading in the New Testament on the scout law, and appropriate general readings from the Old Testament. These were incorporated in the scout Bible bearing our insignia, published by Thomas Nelson and Sons.

The Boy Scouts of America have been fortunate in the men who have held the office of president. Our first president, Colin H. Livingstone, of Washington, D. C., served for fifteen years,

coming to New York regularly each month for the meetings of the Executive Board. He was followed by James J. Storrow, of Boston, an old Harvard oarsman. I was sure I got a glimpse of the real man at one meeting, when we were discussing the ethics of our men asking for railroad passes. After remarks pro and con, Mr. Storrow quietly said, "I think I see a moral question here." This was the last meeting he attended before his death. The mantle of Livingstone and Storrow has fallen on the broad shoulders of Walter Head, of Chicago, who is maintaining the high moral standards of his predecessors.

Occasionally there has been friction between the YMCA and the Boy Scouts in their work for boys. I have always felt that there were so many boys untouched by either organization that there was no reason for controversy. The difficulty usually arose in a small community. I was appointed on a committee to meet with representatives of both organizations to try to arrive at a working program.

For some time there has been a strong feeling that we should provide a program for young boys, and probably for boys above what we usually consider scout age. One little fellow once said to me, "Can't I be half a scout until I am twelve?" Dr. Jeremiah Jenks, Dr. John H. Finley, and I were

appointed a committee to look into this problem. We engaged Dr. Hurt, who had rendered such valuable service in preparing the revised Boys' Handbook. His extensive studies are sure to result in a fine program for younger boys.

The Boy Scout Movement was fortunate when it secured James E. West as Chief Scout Executive. A born lover of boys, with a unique boyhood experience and with boys of his own, he, more than any other one man, sensed the situation, and through many years has given wise direction to the movement. He has tried to do more than his share of the work, and in justice to himself and his family he ought to be relieved of a mass of detail. A reorganization resulting from an examination made by Mark Jones will no doubt bring this about.

That boys are boys the world over is seen in the way the Scout Movement has appealed to all boys everywhere. When I was in Tokyo, Japan, the Boy Scouts of the American School gave me a hearty greeting. They showed the real scout spirit by acting as waiters at the Anniversary of the Chinese YMCA in that city. On two Sunday mornings I met with the Greek Boy Scouts in the great marble stadium in Athens. They had been to church, as was their custom, and had listened to a talk by the Metropolitan, and then

marched in a body to the stadium where they had their outdoor activities. In France I saw the Wolf Cubs in charge of young women, and in Prague a fine young scout master was very helpful to us.

XX

WAR WORK

At a meeting of the International Committee on April 14, 1898, we discussed "the organization of a body similar to the Christian Commission to go with the Navy in the event of War with Spain." Two weeks later, the war having become a reality, a committee of which I was a member was appointed to take steps to organize associations at state and national camps. In a few days a New Jersey Committee had been appointed and held its first meeting in my office. The first actual work was when our secretary, Reeder, was put aboard the auxiliary cruiser *Badger* on June 17, 1898.

May 4 of that year was a holiday, but I went to New York to attend the meeting of the Army Committee, later called the Army Christian Commission. Besides the secretaries, we had present Colonel John J. McCook, C. W. McAlpin, A. E. Marling, and myself. We authorized the raising of twenty thousand dollars. After this the work grew apace; I spent a good deal of the time presenting it in churches seeking funds.

The story of what happened when the World

War came on has been told in great detail in the two volumes "Service with Fighting Men." I am glad that I was privileged to have a part in it. My first contact was when I was asked to help in interviewing prospective secretaries. I remember one little fellow whom Towson and I were questioning. He saw we were a little doubtful about him, and as we parted he said, "If you do turn me down, don't do it on account of my size." Our ignorance of the conditions these men would face is indicated by the questions we asked, "Do you smoke? Could you give it up for the cause?"

Like other good Y M C A men, I had my part in raising money, buying and selling bonds, and finding men. As a lawyer, I was frequently called upon to help men going abroad about their wills and their property.

In September, 1917, we had a great meeting at the Bankers' Club in New York. Dr. Mott said he had never seen as influential a gathering of the lay forces. At that time I volunteered and agreed to spend the week-ends in camp in the religious work, teaching Bible classes, speaking at meetings, and holding interviews. In October I donned the uniform and had my first Sunday with the soldiers in Hut No. 6, at Camp Dix, New Jersey. It was then in charge of H. E. Parker, who had been our secretary in Plainfield. The camp was

only a few hours from my home, so I usually went down Friday night and came back Monday morning. I kept this up until the following July. The critical illness of my father prevented me from being permanently away from home; as a matter of fact, he died one night when I was in Camp Dix.

That first visit was typical of many that followed. In my diary I wrote, "I had a hard time finding the Y M C A headquarters, there are so many buildings here. At last I reached No. 6. I found it swarming with men and everyone was telling what a wonderful thing the Y was. I talked with some of the soldiers, mere boys—some of them cry themselves to sleep."

After recording the moving picture show, I wrote, "We had on the platform the nineteen men who start for France and I led in prayer for them. It was really a solemn time. I wouldn't miss the opportunity of being with them for a good deal." Of that first Sunday I wrote, "We had breakfast at seven. I go to the men's mess with my kit and wash it and put it up when I am through. The meals are good. I attended the Catholic mass in our building at 7:30, the seats were filled. The priest told the men that the great expenditure of money and life was useless unless they had Almighty God with them. He also told them never

to forget to thank the Y M C A for what it was doing for them.

"At 8:30 I took Communion at the Episcopal service and was helped by it.

"At 9 I organized a Bible class of thirty soldiers. We took for our lesson the parable of the talents. The men, a fine lot, one a minister, another a Williams College graduate, were splendid. I would go a thousand miles to have such a class.

"At 10:30 I spoke at Hut No. 4. I took as my subject the help we get from memory, 'Did not I see thee in the Garden with Him?'

"During the afternoon, I mingled with the men and had some interesting talks. At 7 I spoke to the men in our building, repeating the talk of the morning. The men seemed interested. Some of them stayed afterwards and I played the piano while we sang hymns. These soldiers are just like other people and most of them are contented."

While at the camp, I was simply a secretary. I swept the floors, a frequent operation because of the mud in which we lived, sold stamps and money orders, gave out writing paper, in short, did the chores. I kept in touch with my Primary Department, and often wrote the weekly birthday letters from camp.

That winter was bitterly cold. I frosted one ear while I was asleep in bed. One day when a

soldier asked me how to spell temperature, I knew what he was thinking about. For a while a coal shortage was hard on the men.

Sunday, of course, was my great day. For several months I had two Bible classes each morning, some of them with fifty men. I tried to take topics which would interest them—the Parables, Lessons from the Life of Peter, Heaven, Hell, Bible study, the Claims of Christ. I found the men using their Testaments. One man asked me where he could find the verse beginning, “Ask and ye shall receive.” “I get great comfort out of that verse,” he said. Another soldier showed me his Testament and said he had read it through once and was now up to John 17 on the second reading. I called his attention to the Y M C A verse, John 17:21.

On more than one Sunday I spoke four times in different buildings, or outdoors. I spoke many times on “Why a man is like a watch,” and on “The Wizard of Oz,” “Sowing and reaping,” “The Temptations of Christ.” The great Communion services, with officers distributing the elements, led by Bishop Wilson or Dr. Charles Erdman, were times of spiritual refreshing. Talks by Dr. Schurman, George E. Vincent, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and others, I am sure, were helpful. I heard Mr. Rockefeller tell that once when he was in a camp an Italian soldier asked the sec-

retary, "Where is Mr. Rockefeller?" "Why, there he is," the secretary said, "in that group of soldiers." The Italian looked at him, he said, from the east, and the west, and the north and the south and then went back to the secretary and said, "He ain't a devil; he's a man." Contact had destroyed false notions, as it generally does.

I think the most solemn day I ever spent was Mother's Day in camp, a Sunday in May. Some of us had visited the hospital, which was pretty well filled, giving to each boy a white carnation in remembrance of his mother, and saying a cheering word. The address of the day in our hut was by a mother. She told them how the mother carried the unborn babe in her body for many months, how she took care of him in his helpless infancy for years, and how she dreaded the day when the boy would go his own way, and urged them never to forget what their mothers had done for them.

The culmination of my war work was the sixteen weeks spent in January, February, March, April, and May, 1919, in a tour of the Near East. My companions were Dr. A. G. Studer, of Detroit, and E. O. Jacob, of Constantinople. The former soon became "Doc," the latter "Jake," and they dubbed me "Judge." As a group, a variety of names were given to us as we

moved about. Because so often we had to occupy a single room we were "The Three in One." Then we were the Three Musketeers, The Three Wise Men from the East, Three Kings of Orient, Three Men in a Boat.

It was a great journey; although ten years older than Doc and more than twenty years older than Jake, I think I enjoyed the best health during the trip. They could walk my legs into paralysis, but I could sleep when they couldn't, and I escaped all insects, which is more than they did.

The voyage out on the *Lapland*, in January, 1919, was an interesting one. It couldn't help being such so soon after the Armistice. Most of the passengers were business men rushing over to the stricken countries to revive their trade contacts. One of them was Fleming H. Revell, whom I taught to make paper birds. Now he has published my book on Paper Folding. Oscar Straus was on his way to the Peace Conference in Paris. Because of his connection with the Near East, we found him a helpful friend. He said that there was one thing he knew how to do and that was to run Christian missions. He had been brought up in an Episcopal Sunday school and had been its superintendent. He said the missionaries had been a great help to him when he was in Constantinople. Then there was that wonderful Syrian,

Rev. A. M. Rihbany, pastor of a church in Boston, whose articles in *The Atlantic Monthly* had fascinated me with their pure English. He was on his way to plead for his people at the Peace Conference. We had a group of S.O. men on their way back to Roumania, out of which they had been driven by the Germans, and a group of women going over to work in the Y M C A. Captain Bradshaw, commander of the ship, was a genial man. He was father-in-law of one of our American secretaries. I taught him to make paper birds. Then there was Chief Engineer Mackey, who had served in the war on a hospital ship at Gallipoli and was brimful of strange experiences.

We reached London in the evening of a cold February day and were sent to a hotel which had no coal. To have a fire in your room you had to get a doctor's prescription. When we went to a restaurant for our evening meal, we found neither sugar nor napkins. The first words spoken to us were by a waitress, "Have you your coupons?" Of course, we hadn't; we had never even heard of them. A couple of Australian soldiers sitting nearby recognized our uniforms, and immediately turned to us and said, "Here's your coupons." It was a pleasant contact with the men we had come across the ocean to serve.

We visited Paris, Bucharest, Constantinople,

Smyrna, Athens, Salonica, Rome, and a number of smaller intermediate centers. In the course of our journey, besides our own Y men, we had opportunities of talking with many men who were most helpful to us. Dr. Barton, of the A. B. C. F. M., President Gates, of Robert College, Dr. John H. Finley, Dr. Howard Bliss, of Beirut, Professor Moore, of Harvard, Dr. W. W. Peet, the best informed man on Near Eastern affairs, Admiral Bristol, our Commissioner at Constantinople, who was most friendly, but who saluted us with the question, "How did you get here?" Gypsy Smith, President King, Dr. Ross Stevenson, Dr. MacLachlan, at Paradise, Professor Huntington, and all the American Ministers and Consuls. Here and there I met one of my Silver Bay pupils. Nearly all the men we met spoke well of the Turks; this was especially true of Admiral Bristol and President Gates.

Travel was hard. In general it was uncomfortable. Usually it was free. In one place before we could proceed on our way we had to be deloused, and in another we had to be examined for venereal disease. Each carried thirty photographs of himself for use on passports. My passport was stamped over forty times. This consumed many precious hours. Trains were few. The diplomatic train from Paris to Bucharest was an excep-

tion to the general run. It was elegant, but it ran only once a week. We got into a little town on the Sea of Marmora where we had to wait several days until train day arrived. But people were good to us. When we reached Constanza on the Black Sea, we found that twenty rooms had been requisitioned for the "American Commission," and German prisoners of war, carrying our baggage, led us to our hotel. In the large cities hotel accommodations were surprisingly good; but in smaller places they were simply vile. In Smyrna, we found a rumor in circulation that Roosevelt was coming to be King of Armenia. This originated in our expected visit.

We had planned to look over the work in Egypt and Palestine, but we were caught like rats in a trap in Athens. Our expected stay of a day or two stretched out into three weeks. We groaned under the expense and the loss of time, but were unable to move. Every morning, day after day, we called on the American Minister and at the British Embassy, both of whom were trying to help us, but without avail. Not until we had secured our transportation for Rome did the permit come from the British at Cairo, but then it was too late. One day, to cultivate patience, I read the book of Job from beginning to end. Another day, a Sunday, I read the Gospel of Mark and Acts 17, seated on one of the stones on Mars Hill.

One thing that made it hard to bear was that we got no news from home. I received only one letter during the four months. In Constantinople a few items trickled through by wireless to the *Scorpion*, the admiral's ship. One important item that came by wireless was that Christy Mathewson had signed up with the New Yorks; another was that Yale had beaten Cornell at basketball!

The story of the work of our commission had been told and the report is on file. I need not repeat it here. On our return, Dr. Mott was good enough to write to me: "I have taken time to read carefully the report of yourself and your associates on your recent mission to the Near East, and improve this first opportunity to renew my expression of deep and sincere appreciation of the invaluable service which you have accomplished. I find myself in hearty accord with the recommendations of your commission."

Yet I feel that I must say a few words, at least, about the work as we saw it. In London, the very first city we visited, we found criticism of the Y M C A and again in Paris. In London we met Jessup fresh from Egypt and Palestine. He told wonderful stories of the work in that part of the world, e.g., sixty Moslems went back with wooden legs given to them by the Y and having Y M C A

stamped on them. Over the fireplace in Eagle Hut we read:

America has kept her word
And been to freedom true,
Her answer all the world has heard
Because of men like you.

Wherever we went we became active workers while in the city and we were glad to know that we had brought cheer to not a few of our lonely, discouraged workers.

It seemed to me that there was a large number of workers congregated in Paris, but I suppose that was unavoidable. The men, and the women, were longing for home. Everything was being done to keep them sweet. In the foyer was a placard reading, "Our last work for the boys must be our best." Another read, "If you do not get the job you like, like the job you get."

However, when we met soldiers there was nothing but praise. On one ride we passed a train load of soldiers who called out to us, "Good old Y." When we landed in the boot of Italy a youngster from a submarine chaser asked eagerly for the Y. In every city in the Near East we were heartily welcomed and lavishly entertained because we were American Association men. The people knew what the Y M C A had done for their boys.

A most interesting lecture about the Y M C A was given one afternoon in Athens by the Minister of Religion, attended by the Metropolitan and the theological students. I couldn't understand his Greek, but whenever the word Henderson was spoken there was instant applause. Henderson was our secretary in Greece during the war. In Paris, among the places we visited was a hut for American MPs in charge of three American college girls. One of them told me that one of the soldiers said to her one day, "I never cared for religion at home, but since I've been here and have seen what a Christian really is, I want to be a Christian like you." Away down in dilapidated Salonica, the whole place one great camp, we visited a hut kept by two Frenchwomen, mother and daughter. There they were like white lilies, growing out of the mud.

The work at Brest was noteworthy. There was that great Y M C A hotel. While we were there, three of our American generals were living in it. Down by the waterfront was Flag Hut, covering an acre or two and ministering to thousands of our sailors and soldiers. And up in the great camp, deep in mud, weary men, longing for home, were carrying on to the limit of their strength. The war was over and it wasn't easy to handle the homesick men. I had seen many of our soldiers in

the making at Camp Dix, but when I saw these men who had been in the Argonne, I wrote in my diary, "They look so real."

The journey home on the *Noordam* was a delightful experience, for we had fifteen hundred of our boys on board. Mott, Brockman, Watson, and best of all, Johnny Mott, the soldier, were with us. The chaplain of the regiment was an enthusiastic Y man and between us we did a good deal for the boys. One thing they wanted, after army rations, was pickles; we had cigarettes, but no pickles.

The sea was rough most of the time and there was a good deal of suffering. One noon when our entire party appeared at table, Dr. Mott suggested that we rise and sing, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!"

I served on the War Work Council and was appointed a member of the legal committee with Noah Rogers and Dr. Charles R. Watson. When the Committee of Nine was appointed to take charge of the work for prisoners of war, I was asked to serve under that devoted man who gave himself so freely for the soldiers, L. A. Crosset.

As I look back on my Army work the big thing that stands out is the pathos of it all. The millions who were sent into hell on earth, mere boys. One of them asked me if I could tell him where he

could find a candy store. I told a boy who had put a stamp on his letter that it needed another, and like a child he asked, "Shall I put it right on top of the other?" One man told me the thing he dreaded in going to France was that he might get seasick! An Italian in Camp Dix went to his officer and said he wanted his pay, he was going to quit, and another Italian wanted an Italian stamp for his letter to Italy. A lot of children, and we sent them off into what?

Some day nations are going to settle their differences in some other way, and we who now know by experience, that bitter teacher, what war is, ought to see to it that a better method is quickly adopted. When we were in the Near East we saw many war orphans. Among them were boys wearing trousers made from empty flour bags from America. One of the workers said to me one day, "You would have been amused if you had seen one of our boys wearing one of these suits. Right across the seat of his trousers were the words: 'Eventually, why not now?'"



PAPER FOLDING IN NANKING, CHINA

XXI

MY BOOKS

I have had the pleasure of producing eleven books of various sorts. The first was a *Life of Christ*, the last, "*Fun With Paper Folding*." These two are not so far apart as their titles would imply, for unless the study of the *Life of Christ* brings joy into life something has gone wrong. Not only has it been a pleasure to write my books, but the evident help they have brought to others has been most gratifying. I have felt this especially because I am a layman and my religious books have been so well received.

My first book, "*The Life and Works of Jesus according to St. Mark*," is a simple study of that great life, of which many thousands have been used. Some of our YMCA secretaries felt that such a series of studies was needed for boys in Preparatory Schools. Knowing of my work at Northfield, they appealed to me to prepare them; in fact, they suggested the outline of such a book. After numerous consultations, I agreed to undertake the task. I wrote the book, parts of it while at the Northfield Student Conference, a most con-

genial atmosphere for such work. It appeared in 1900, and I sent the first copy to my mother. About four thousand copies were sold the first year. The little book was most kindly received. A notice in the *Christian Endeavor World* said, "Among the many helps to the study of the Life of Christ, William D. Murray's Life and Works of Jesus, deserves an honorable place." A Baptist weekly began to run it for daily studies. It has gone into nearly a dozen languages, much to my surprise. The first translation to be published was in Chinese. This was by Dr. D. Willard Lyon, who wrote, "Your studies in the 'Life of Christ according to St. Mark,' which I translated and adapted about two years ago, appeared in book form last autumn. We have already exhausted the first edition of one thousand copies and the second edition of the same size is about gone. You will be interested to know that in Boone High School at Wuchang, your studies in Mark have been introduced into the curriculum and last year's class used about twenty-five copies of the English edition. The Chinese edition has been retranslated into the Ningpo colloquial, when it was used for a year in the Sunday school of the Presbyterian Mission. Some months ago a request from some of the missionaries at Amoy came, asking for permission to translate it into the Amoy

colloquial. Gillett is also having the book translated into Korean."

It was soon reprinted in English in India, and later in Urdu. It seems to have become the Life of Christ for India, judging by a page from *Young Men of India* for August, 1905, with the heading:

NEARLY EVERY ASSOCIATION SEEMS TO
BE ORDERING

Better Make it Unanimous

A few recent orders of Murray's "The Life and Works of Jesus according to St. Mark."

Then followed extracts from letters from all parts of India.

Five years later a secretary wrote from Shanghai, "Of Lyon's adapted translation of W. D. Murray's Life and Work of Jesus According to St. Mark, over 6,000 copies have been sold and the current demand is greater than ever." In 1923 it was placed in the curriculum of the Shanghai American School.

In Ceylon a hundred men were studying it. It seemed to stimulate Bible study. In an article in *Young Men of India* in 1906, the writer says, "A short time ago a member of the Association at Colombo called on a missionary at Trincomali. He found him studying Murray's Mark. On in-

quiring the reason he was told that the work had got such a hold on the soldiers, that he was forced to follow their example."

It continued to be popular among Indian young men. A fourth edition was published in Calcutta in 1911. Dr. Farquhar had written me in 1907, "We are all deeply thankful to God for what that little volume has done."

This item appeared in *Association Men* for July, 1920. "That was an unusual contract one of the elders made with a neighbor who was a scoffing skeptic. They made an appointment to meet every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock to talk over Murray's course of studies in the Life of Christ. The man agreed to read the daily comments. After a few weeks, the skeptic was asked what his main impression of the Christian life had been. 'It meant not doing a lot of things, but now, to my mind, it means doing a lot of things worth doing.' Six months later he was a member of that church and a teacher of a class himself."

Then came requests which of course were granted, for permission to publish it in English in other countries. Other translations were into Japanese, Siamese, Portuguese, Norwegian, and German; in English it was published in Australia, New Zealand, and Mexico. In connection with the Norwegian translation there was sent me a review

of the book from a paper called the *Excelsior*, "In the enlarged work which has been undertaken by the Norwegian Student Christian Union for Youth, studying in the gymnasia and normal schools, there has been felt for a long time the need of a practical guide to Bible study. It was necessary that it should be a book for thoughtful youth and yet not be too difficult. When Mr. Mott came to Christiania in January of this year, we asked him what book he would recommend to meet the purpose named. He recommended particularly Mr. Murray's book and now Pastor Ridervold has translated it. According to my judgment this meets the purpose admirably."

Later I got a letter of thanks for permitting the translation.

From Christchurch, New Zealand, came this word, "Perhaps it will interest you to know that we are following one of your courses of Bible study out here in New Zealand in the church of which I am a member. . . . Thanking you for the help I have received from your researches into the Book, I remain, Sincerely yours."

I need not say that I was pleased when I learned twenty years after the book appeared that it was being used in a young men's Bible class in St. Paul, Minn., taught by the good woman who had been my high school teacher nearly fifty years before, and to whom I have already referred.

For many years I had been speaking to young people in schools and colleges, and particularly in our own Primary Department. My son had enlisted in the Navy when we entered the war, and it occurred to me that both of us would enjoy putting these talks into book form. One by one, I wrote them out and sent each one to him for revision from his point of view. Finally, I had written and he had passed upon forty-five of them. They were published by Association Press, under the title "*My Three Keys*." This was the title of one of my talks. I took it from the only three keys I carry, to my home, to my office, and to my church, symbolical of the three essentials in a man's life, a place to live, a place to work, and a place to worship. I sent a copy of the book to each of our foreign secretaries, 206 in number at that time, because many of them had heard some of the talks at Silver Bay, and I thought they would enjoy seeing them in print. I was astonished at the cordial reception they gave it. Charles R. Scott, on a tour of the world, wrote me from Hongkong, "Just a few lines to let you know how much the men appreciate your new book which they received a few days ago. In every one of the secretaries' homes we found your 'Bunch of Keys' on the center table and before we left either

the secretary or his wife referred to it." The wife of the headmaster of one of the preparatory schools where I had given some of the talks wrote, "I haven't for a long time received a book which gave me so much pleasure, help and strength as does your *Three Keys*." That boyhood is the same the world over was abundantly shown by the letters I received from many lands saying that the book was most useful in dealing with their boys. One from Constantinople said, "I have had time to read most of the stories in the book, and can therefore speak with even more intelligent appreciation. You will know that this gift fills a real need and a double one, when I tell you that I have a growing son and daughter, and that in the new Stamboul Association we have just organized several extra-mural boys clubs. Already I have read each group the first story in your inspiring book, and I shall go right through with most of it at succeeding meetings. The boys, ordinarily as lively as any group of American boys, gave steadfast attention to every word, and I am sure the stories are going to be an increasing revelation and influence for them."

I was deeply touched by a letter from the wife of a secretary in Poland. She had been reading the book to her son nine years old. He was attracted by the talk on the Lord's Supper. He

knew that his parents and other missionaries were accustomed to meet and take bread and wine together in remembrance of their Lord, and he asked why he couldn't join with them. His mother said the book had made the subject perfectly plain to him, and that he understood as much of it as any of us. She consulted some of the other missionaries and they could see no reason why this little disciple should be kept from his Lord's table. Ever since he has been one of the company.

A most interesting letter came from a friend in Central China. I wrote in my diary, May 18, 1926, "Here is a letter that helps to make life worth living. It is from Cline, our Y M C A secretary at Kaifeng, enclosing a photo of the children referred to. He says, 'I came home a few Sundays ago, to find Mrs. Cline reading 'My Three Keys,' to the children. She had brought down your photograph from my study and put it above the fireplace around which the stories were being read. Mrs. Cline told me that they were just right for the two older children, and she was so happy to have the little book.'"

I have in my library a copy of my book, "*What Manner of Man Is This?*" which I greatly prize. It was given to me by W. C. Bunn, who was then secretary of the Y M C A at Lakewood, N. J. He had been using it with one of his classes. On the

front page it bears this inscription: "Aug. 9, 1909. This little book is blessed by a saint who was the chiefest of sinners. F. Bertchly." The next day, August 10, this man was executed in the State Prison at Trenton, N. J., paying the penalty for the crime of murder. Bunn had been appointed his spiritual adviser, and had given him this book to read. Bertchly professed conversion before his death, wrote the inscription in the book and gave it to Bunn on his final visit.

I had never thought of such use being made of my book. I had been asked to prepare a series of simple studies in the life of Christ for younger boys, and this book was the outcome. In order to get into the right atmosphere, I made a point of associating with boys of the age of those for whom the book was to be written. I talked with them, found out what they were thinking about, what they were reading and talking about. This was part of my education for this particular task. The book appeared in 1907, and was immediately popular and widely used. Fred Goodman, at the head of our Association Bible work, wrote after reading the proof, "From my examination of the proofs, I am confident that you have done a splendid piece of work and one which will prove to be a fine and lasting contribution to our literature of Bible study. I congratulate you."

A copy fell into the hands of a secretary in the South, who was greatly disturbed because the International Committee of the Y M C A, through its publication department, was putting out a book advocating immersion as a form of baptism. In the story of the Baptism of Jesus, I had quoted a definition of baptism as "a rite wherein by immersion in water the participant symbolizes and signalizes his transition from the impure to the pure life." This secretary wrote that if the International Committee was putting out denominational literature he was through with it. The letter was sent to me and I wrote him that I was a Presbyterian elder and had never been immersed. I never heard from him again.

One of the men who inspired me in Bible study was Edwin F. See, a trained and accomplished teacher, general secretary of the Brooklyn Y M C A. In the last year of his life, he prepared, very hurriedly, a useful book called "*The Teaching of Bible Classes*." As has been well said, "It marked the beginning of a new era in the history of religious education in Young Men's Christian Associations." I had found this book most helpful and had had very satisfactory classes in it at Silver Bay and elsewhere. In teaching it, I had gathered a great deal of new material, and valuable suggestions which I felt ought to be in-

cluded in the text. I felt, too, that the book would be more useful if it were brightened up a bit by using some of the experiences I had had. For instance, in an examination in one of my classes, I had asked the question "Tell why a boy is like a watch." Among many answers two men said, "A boy is like a watch because sooner or later there's a girl in the case." In another class when we were discussing the contagion of example, one of the men told me that he took his three-year-old son to have his hair trimmed and when the barber asked him how he would like to have it cut, he replied, "Like daddy's, with a bare spot in the middle."

I was asked to prepare a revised edition, incorporating my suggestions, and in 1914 I sent my manuscript to be published.

The revision gave the book a new lease of life. Dr. Barbour, now president of Brown University, in writing a review of the book, was perhaps too gracious in what he said, but it was pleasant reading nevertheless. "In the years which have passed since the appearance of the book, new material has been made available and Mr. Murray, to whom we owe so much, has done an extremely useful piece of work in his revision." I wrote the good doctor, thanking him for his kind words, and he replied, "I assure you that I said nothing in my review

which I did not mean. I regard the work you have done on Mr. See's book as exceedingly valuable. I do not know how you manage to do so much and to do everything so well. You are a wonderful source of strength to the brotherhood."

I had led a Primary Department in the Sunday school for so many years that it was only natural that I should put my experiences into a book. Many people have looked upon me as a sort of Sunday school curiosity, a man, and a lawyer at that, leading little children in worship and Bible study. I felt, however, that I had some qualifications which fitted me for such a service. I was the eldest of eight children in our family, so I had always been with children. But best of all I have a deep love for little children which they invariably reciprocate. I recall one day when I visited a family I hadn't seen for a year. At once the five-year-old jumped into my arms. His mother was surprised and told me that he never before had done that with anyone. I was not surprised, for such things were always happening to me.

It was out of such experiences that my fifth book came, "*Our Primary Department*." It is the story of how we do things in our class. From time to time I had been sending scraps of information to the *Sunday School Times* and other papers and the book is very largely made up of these little

articles. When I sent the manuscript to the *Sunday School Times*, they wrote back, "We shall count it a privilege to publish your proposed book, '*Our Primary Department*.' I should think it would be of great service to Primary workers in all directions."

Some one has said, "The imagination of children may be the wings whereby they rise." And Dr. Hodge once said, "Imagination is the essence of faith. Children live in dreams if permitted to be more than conventionalized adults in miniature." And because stories stimulate the imagination, I have tried in my teaching to make the Bible stories live before them. "The story is the perennial teacher of children in home and school."

In telling these great stories, I found it helpful to write them out in order to have them clearly in my own mind. For some years I had been doing this and I found I had quite a sheaf. I was talking to Paul Moody, who was then with Fleming H. Revell Co., about it and he suggested that I let them print them. This they did in 1910, under the title, "*Bible Stories to Tell Children*."

I have been gratified at the favor with which the book continues to be used. Parents have often told me, and written to me, about their children's love of the stories.

One time the bookstores of the International

Committee received a letter from a man who told of a friend of his who was losing his faith and asking if something could be sent to him that he could read to his little girl, thinking that he might be helped in this indirect way. They sent him a copy of my book and I learned later that in reading it to his little daughter his own interest had been awakened.

I have told how Dr. Harper's exposition, at Northfield, of the Minor Prophets aroused my interest in those books. Until I heard him I had not realized what great messages they contained, and how modern they were. I began to study them in my devotional Bible study and finally organized a class of business men in our local Y M C A. The teachings of these old-time seers gripped them and led me to believe that others would profit from such study. I was well aware that very few laymen knew anything about these interesting books and were ignorant of their timely messages. As a result of our studies, I published in 1904, "*The Message of the Prophets.*" For several summers I taught this course at Silver Bay, and in many associations men got inspiration from it.

I quoted freely from George Adam Smith, always enclosing his words in quotation marks. I received a very favorable review of my book from

an English magazine, to which the Higher Critics, of whom George Adam Smith was one, were anathema. In this review the writer called special attention to the helpful quotations I had used, not recognizing their source! How many times we let prejudice blind our eyes! The next year it was translated into Chinese and I had letters from China telling me how helpful it was.

My studies in Mark had been so popular that one of our student secretaries suggested that I prepare a book of "*Daily Reading in Mark*." This I did in 1913, and David Porter graciously wrote in the *Preparatory School Magazine*, "I want to recommend especially that every fellow who has been in an Association Bible Group this year should take this little book of Mr. Murray's for daily use. Some leaders will want to get it as a gift for the members of their groups."

This is a very little book, but it has one association that I cherish. When Sherwood Eddy's son died at the Hill School in 1917, this book was found by his bedside. He had been following it daily.

I have spoken elsewhere of my book, "*Principles and Organization of the Young Men's Christian Association*."

For many years I had amused and entertained children of all ages, and grown-ups too, by making various objects—birds, frogs, boats, hats, etc.

—by folding paper. And for years I had been urged by parents and teachers, as well as children, to tell them how to do it. My difficulty was in describing the art so that novices could understand it. One day I ran across Francis J. Rigney, art editor of *Boys' Life*. His ability as an artist really made the thing possible and together, in 1928, we published "*Fun With Paper Folding*." I feel sure that a great many people will find recreation and entertainment from this book. I have referred to this paper folding a great many times in these pages.

President Hadley, of Yale, wrote concerning one of my books which had been sent to him, "Let me thank you for the charming 'human document' which has come into my hands. A real genuine diary is a rare thing. A diary of Yale undergraduate life so near to my own time is a thing to be praised beyond words. I have already neglected the morning's business of the office in order to read a number of pages of it and I expect to read it all very soon. This is more than can be said of almost any book that has come to my table within the last few weeks."

This book had a rather curious birth. During my four years at Yale I had carried on a weekly correspondence with a boy who had prepared with me for college. I was greatly surprised when,

twenty years later, he handed me all the letters I had written to him. These letters were full of the information one college boy would write to another.

Then, too, I was the only boy in the class who had kept a diary. As our thirty-fifth anniversary reunion approached, our class secretary asked us to send in anything which might interest the boys. I sent in the letters and the diary for the four years. A member of the class committee wrote me just before the reunion, "You are really contributing more to the pleasure of the reunion than any other man in the class. Your letters which were sent to Bentley and your diary will afford intense enjoyment to all of us, as they recall so vividly our days together in New Haven." The letters were printed and the diary typewritten, arranged in the four years, three or four copies of each year, and were literally devoured during the days of the reunion. One thing pleased me: there was not an unkind word about any classmate in all the long story, which of course was not written for publication. So entranced were the boys with the story that the class, having printed the letters, published the diary under the title "*Billy of '80*," and a copy was sent to each of the class. A copy also went to each one of our teachers who was still living. One of them, then a professor in Chicago University, wrote to our

class secretary: "Please accept my thanks for 'Billy of '80,' just received. It carries me back to days in which I have no pride, but I hope you and the other members of your class have forgotten and forgiven my early mistakes. I wonder who the diarist is. To begin with, I assumed it was you, but the reference to you on page 22 seems to exclude that theory. If my memory were better I could identify him easily enough, but I can't. He seems to have been a wholesome fellow and I hope he made good and that he still breathes this upper air." Another professor wrote, "One impression the diary makes is that I really knew little of student life at Yale. I judge he was a clean minded, fairly earnest and manly fellow and that he gained steadily in his college course in breadth of view and that he always had the power of clarity."

A widow of one of our classmates wrote: "Billy's Diary came safely and I cannot find words with which to thank you for sending it to me. '80 can scarcely mean more to any graduate than it meant to my poor George who took only half the course. Billy is a human, lovable boy and I have enjoyed following the days of his fresh young life. Well, he is young again now, and so is George. When he was dying he spoke the name of each one of his classmates who had gone before and was confident he was soon to see them again."

AS HE JOURNEYED

He kept his soul unspotted as he went upon his
way,

And he tried to do some service for God's people
day by day;

He had tried to cheer the doubter who complained
that hope was dead;

He had time to help the cripple when the road was
hard ahead;

He had time to guard the orphan, and one day
well satisfied

With the talents God had given him he closed his
eyes and died.

He had time to see the beauty that the Lord
spread all around;

He had time to hear the music in the shells the
children found;

He had time to keep repeating as he bravely
worked away:

"It is splendid to be living in this splendid world
today!"

But the crowds—the crowds that hurry after
golden prizes said

That he never had succeeded when the clods lay
on his head;

He had dreamed—"He was a failure," they com-
passionately sighed,

For the man had little money in his pockets when
he died.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

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